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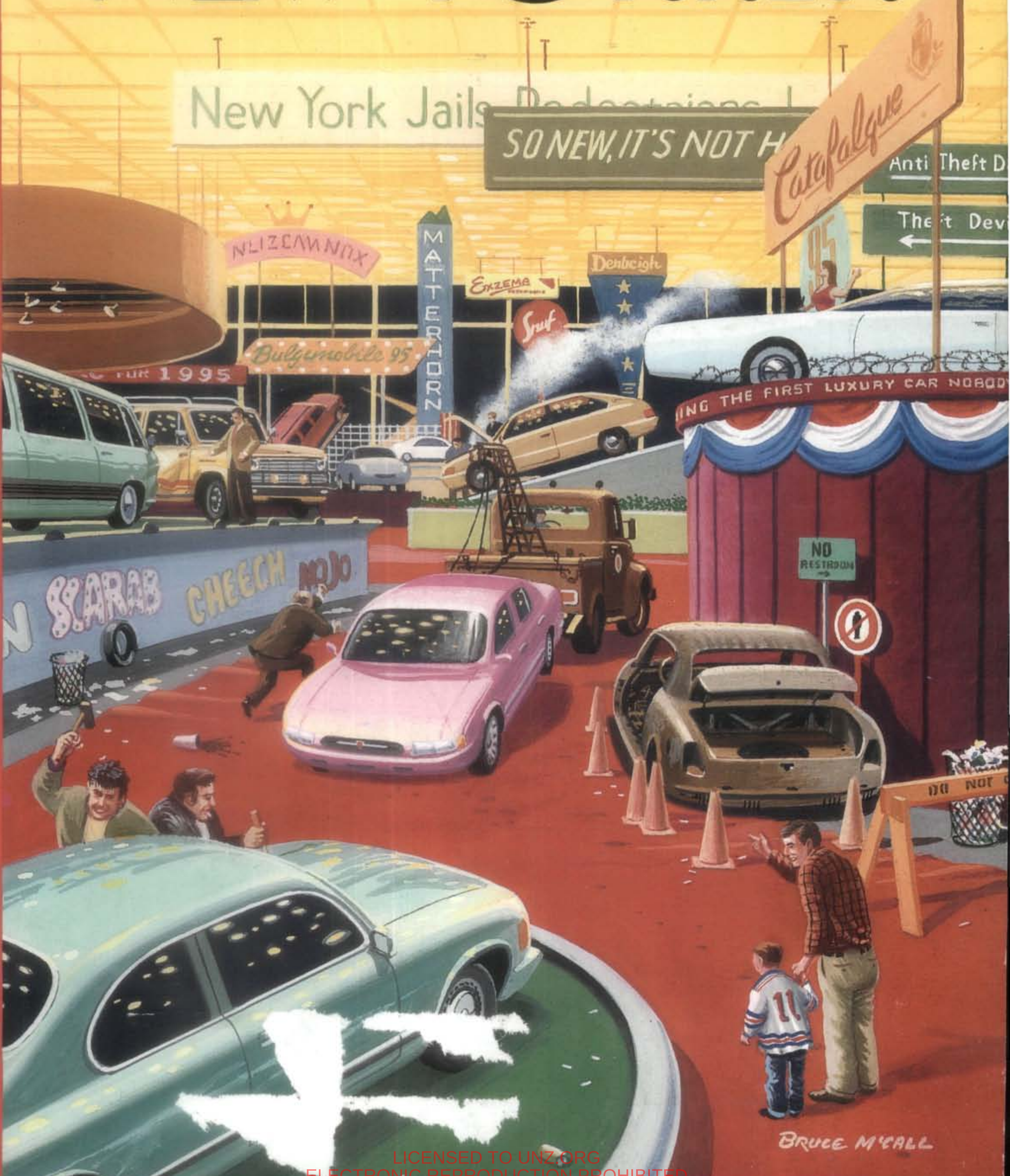
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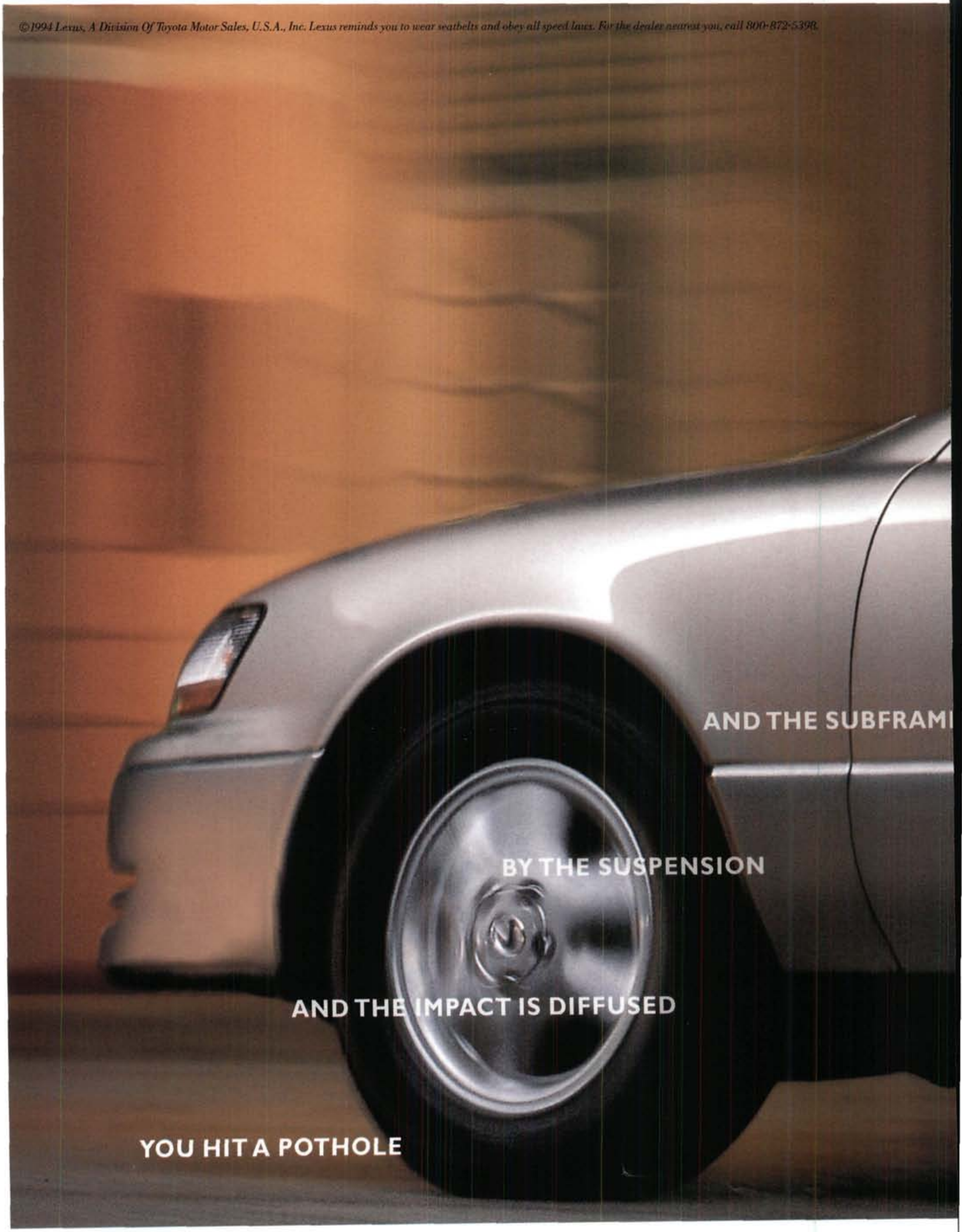
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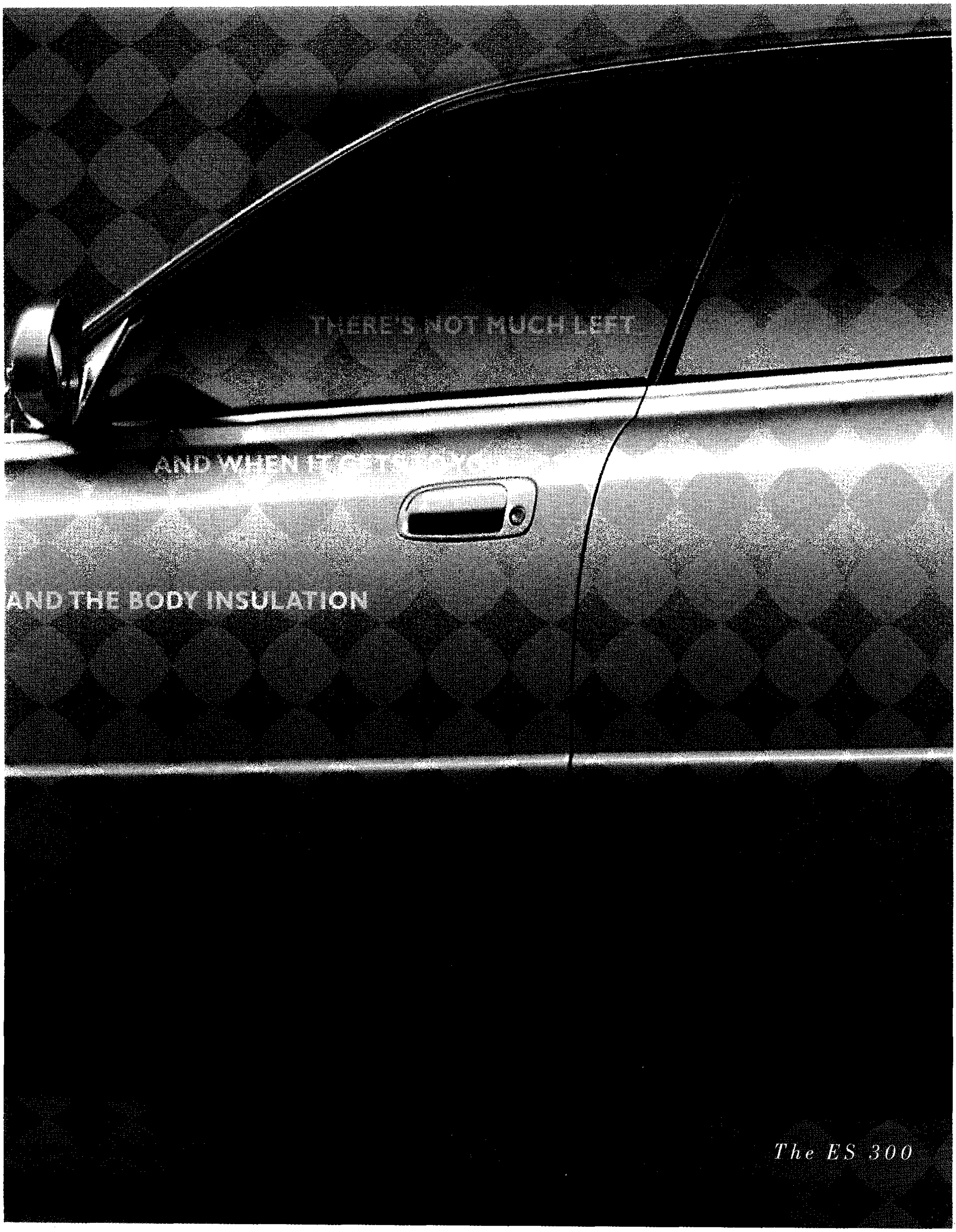
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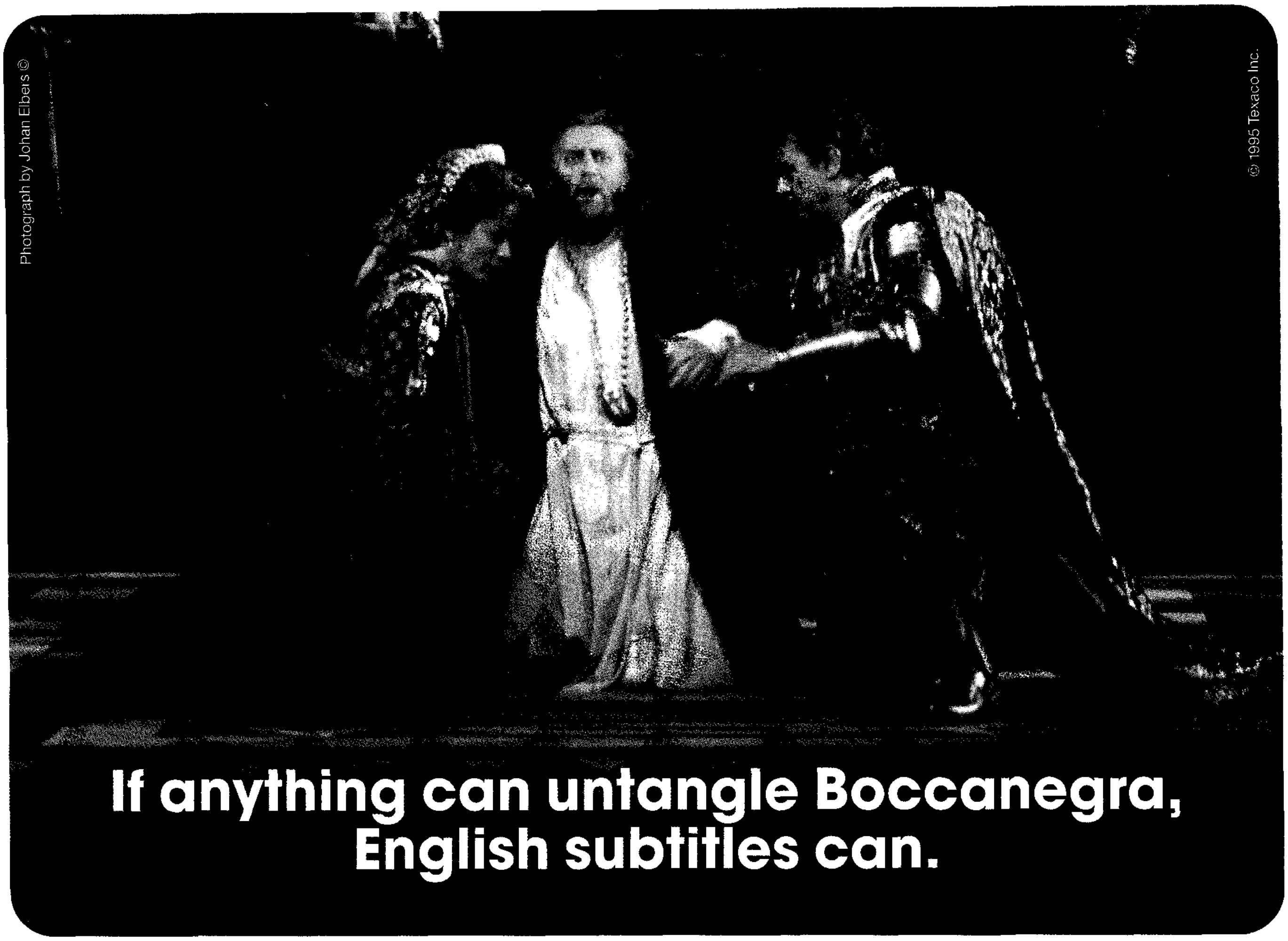

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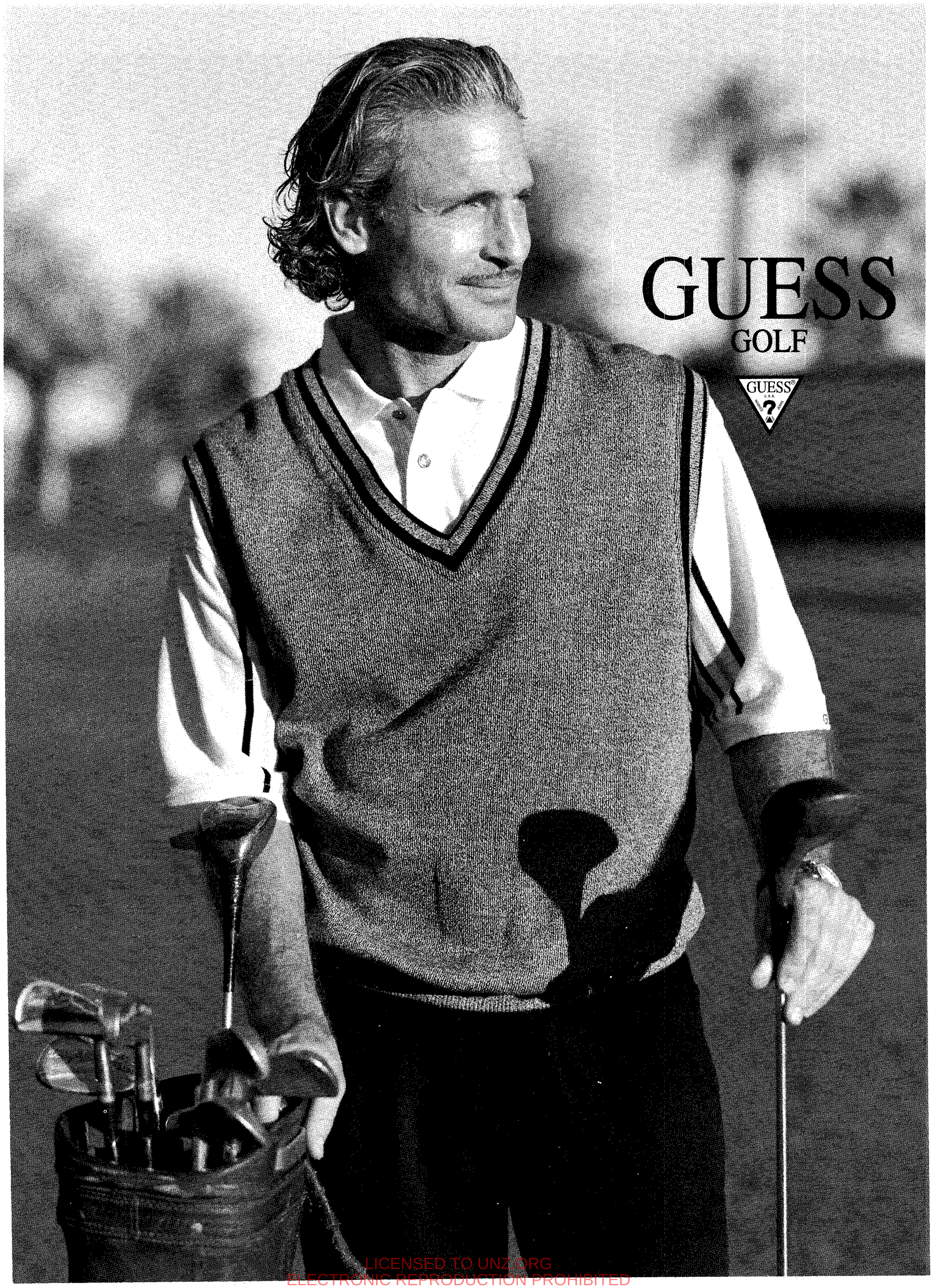
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# COMMENT

## THE INSEPARABLES

*For Israel, "separation" from the Palestinians is a chimera.*

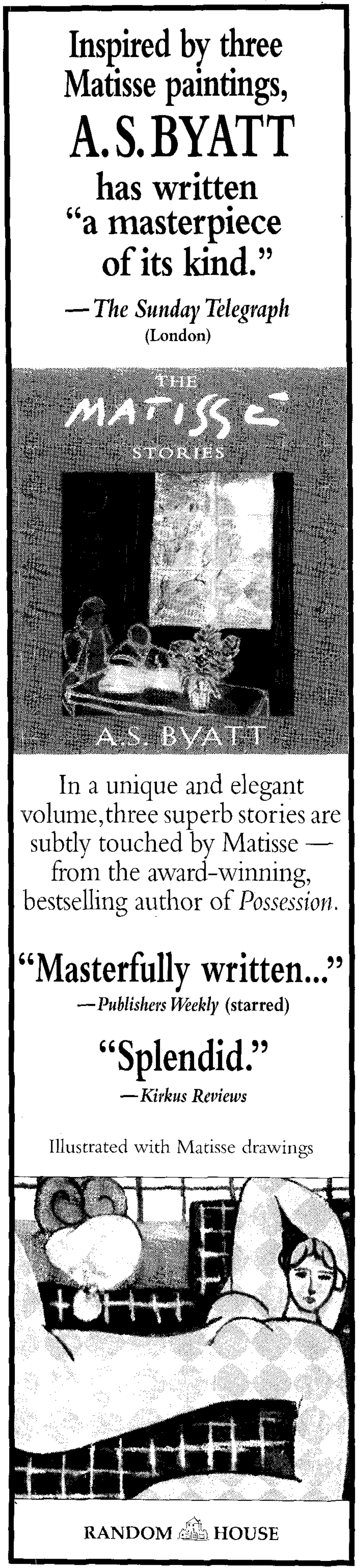
A WEEK ago, after two car bombings that took eight lives, the Israeli Army closed the main road in the Gaza Strip. Traffic was rerouted through the town of Dir el-Balah. Drivers read fresh graffiti on the walls: "We will knock on the doors of Paradise with the skulls of Jews."

Over the past six months, more than sixty Israelis have been killed in outrages for which Hamas and Islamic Jihad have claimed responsibility. Yasir Arafat, it seems, can no more control Islamic terrorists than the Lebanese could control Arafat's own terrorists during the nineteen-seventies. Every Israeli faction has seen its prescription for peace shattered. Likud hawks thought they could annex the occupied territories and intimidate the Palestinians; they got the *intifada*. Labor doves thought they could build confidence in peace during a vague five-year transition; they are getting car bombs.

No wonder, then, that there is increasing interest in what Thomas L. Friedman, writing in the *Times* not long before the latest round of blood revenge, called "new thinking"—specifically, the idea of "separation," which is to say the physical fencing off of Israelis from Palestinians. "Sooner or later Israel will have to recognize that there is no 'peace' to be had with the Palestinians," Friedman wrote. All that can be hoped for is to "lower the level of violence" by means of "real separation into two separate states," he went on. "Coexistence begins with barbed wire, not block parties."

As it happens, Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin's own ministers and supporters have themselves been saying this sort of thing lately, and Rabin has been getting the message. His government has all but closed the Israeli economy to Palestinian workers; as many as seventy thousand "guest workers" from Thailand, the Philippines, and other countries have been imported to replace them. It is not clear what will be gained by increasing the desperation of Gazans, who have been made utterly dependent on jobs in Tel Aviv construction and services. And there is talk of spending a half-billion dollars on a high-tech security fence on the West Bank, like the one on Israel's border with Lebanon. But what else can be done, now, to deal with terrorism?

One obvious way to approach the



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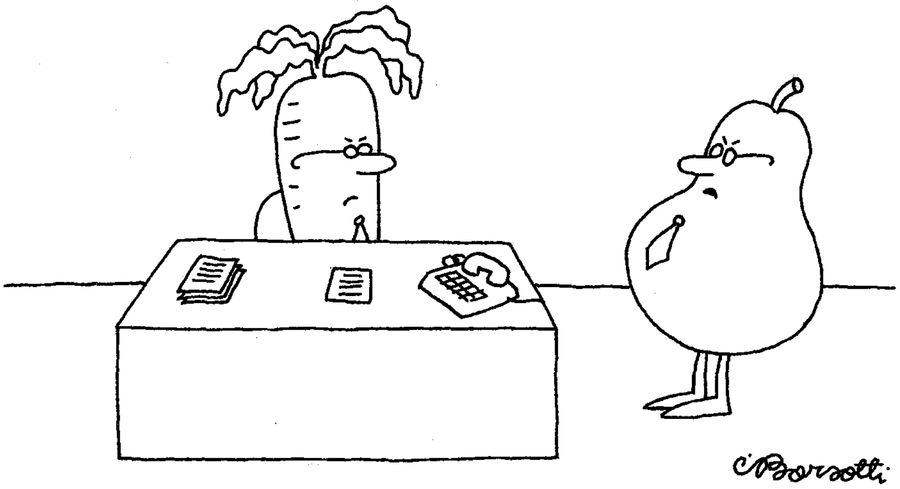

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problem is almost never seriously considered: to have Israelis and Palestinians establish a joint security force, perhaps with United Nations assistance, that would patrol both Arab towns and Jewish settlements in Gaza and the West Bank. Israelis trained Palestinian police, after all, and there has been much secret coöperation. Why not share responsibility for internal security, so that failures, too, could be seen as shared? Why keep negotiations hostage to the next anguished younger brother?

That an approach so reasonable—shared jurisdiction when it serves both sides—now sounds so outlandish suggests that negotiators are chasing a mirage. In any event, separation is not new thinking at all. It's a new word for a very old thought—the ideal of "partition," the (understandable) wish that Israelis could have their culturally homogeneous state and Palestinians would, gratefully, get on with building their own. Partition made sense when Arab opposition to Israel's existence was fixed and immutable. After 1967, Labor, which had always dreamed of a homogeneous Jewish state, felt uncomfortable that the occupation had brought so many Arabs under Israel's roof, creating what was delicately called a "demographic problem." Long before the bombings, the writer and peace activist Amos Oz was demanding that Israelis and Palestinians get a "divorce." Can they?

They can't. They hate each other, but they can't. More than a hundred and forty thousand Israelis now live on the West Bank and around Jerusalem, thousands of them in outposts like Gaza's Netzarim, one of the targets of the recent bombing attacks. Negotiators can draw a border (though they will need a French curve to do it). What they can't do is conjure up a pair of coherent nation-states separated by that border—not without massive transfers of populations, and there is little chance that that could be accomplished without a fight to the death. And even if forced separation were possible nine hundred thousand Palestinian Arabs, Israeli citizens all, would remain in Israel proper—a sixth of Israel's population. Most of them live in the Galilee and speak both Hebrew and Arabic, and they would find themselves fenced in by the same fence that would fence Gazans and West Bankers out. They are quiescent at the moment, but they were deeply politicized by the *intifada*. Its conditions would be quickly reproduced if some radical separation were forced on them.

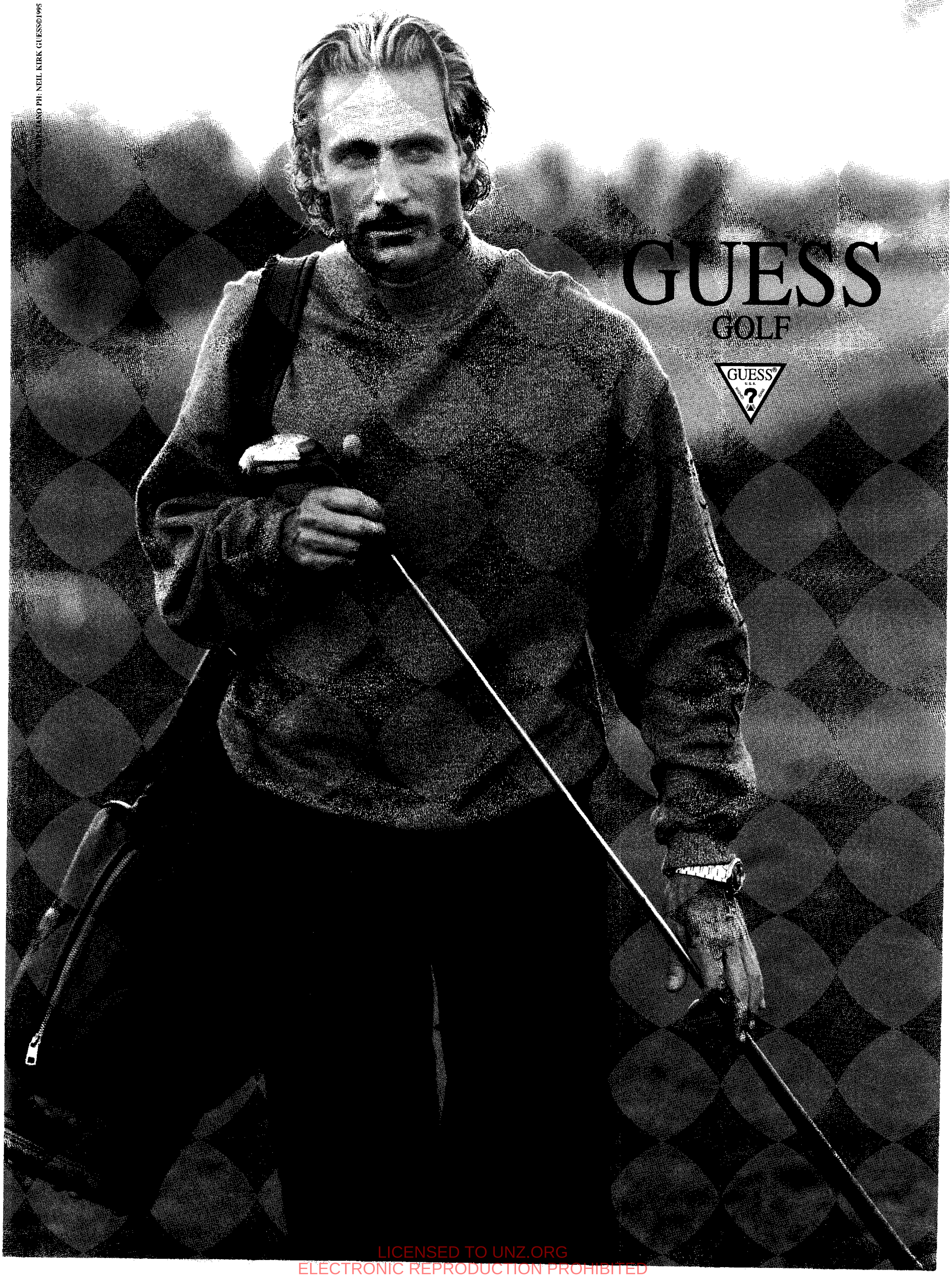
The worst thing about talk of separation is how it slights Israel's great achievement of the last decade: the participation of its new generation of managers and scientists in global markets. Israel's gross domestic product, which ten years ago was less than twenty-five billion dollars, is now approaching seventy billion. Israeli entrepreneurs are getting agreeably rich by fitting themselves into the product-development and marketing strategies of global companies, specializing in high-tech design, electronics, and software. With the help of European and American investment, Israel is thriving in an increasingly borderless world economy. And Israel's economy is the Palestinians' only hope, not only because the undereducated of Gaza need service jobs but also because the graduates of Bir Zeit University, much as they hate Israel, are going to need to learn the managerial and technological skills that only Israelis would teach them. But Israel cannot be both open for business and closed to its neighbors—not without adopting racialist policies and a war footing that would persuade European and American companies that investment in Israel is more trouble than it's worth.

Even so, notions like partition and its offshoot, separation, die hard, wrapped as they are in the prestige of classical Zionism. There are no longer any serious threats to Israel's existence or even to its military superiority. The point is that Jews and Arabs *do* have a demographic problem, and a more complex one than anything in Canada or Belgium or Sri Lanka. But their leaders keep promising them something like two tidily separate Japans. Just what, exactly, could two such hermetically sealed states do, what jurisdictions could they exercise, without binding their sovereignty in permanent, coöperative institutions with each other—and with Jordan, which is itself half Palestinian? Think not only of terrorism but of Jerusalem, water rights, telecommunications, public health.

When peoples with a demographic problem are not warring, they build federal structures and transnational arrangements. If there is still hope for a "transition" period, it is that the leaders of Israel, Palestine, and Jordan, in the manner of European leaders after the Second World War, will start building toward this complex future, and not toward a simplified two-state program, which car bombs easily discredit, barbed wire or no. The much underestimated peace treaty between Israel and Jordan and the joint development of the Jordan Valley it portends suggest that a start can be made even when advance on the West Bank seems impossible. It doesn't really matter which side of the triangle you draw first.

What does matter is that talks not try to solve the wrong problem—the one shaped by a romantic first wish—or be seen to depend on whether the two sides trust each other. Not even a good marriage can survive on that.

—Bernard Avishai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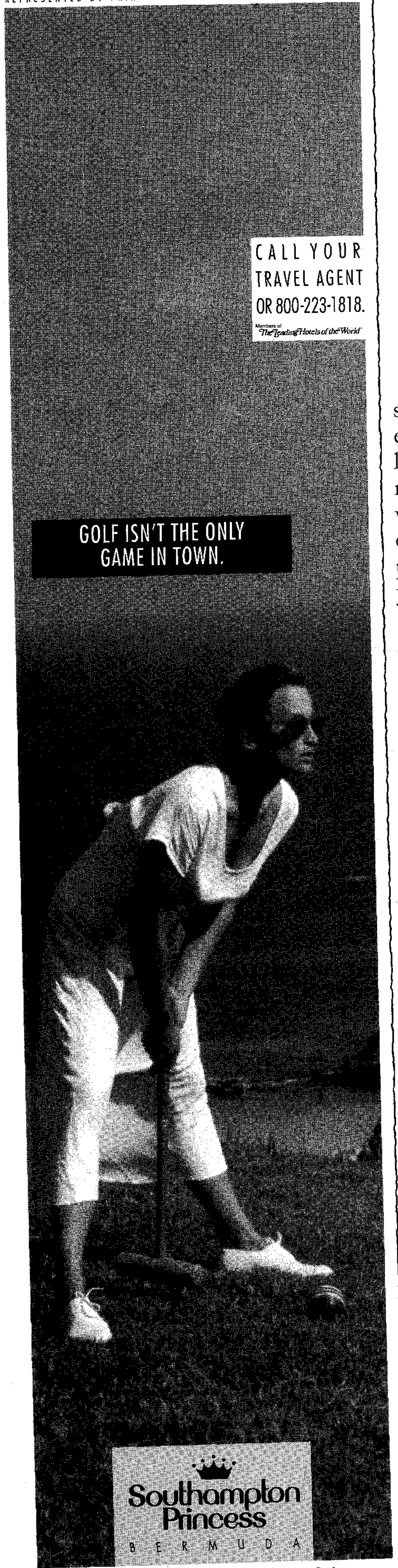

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# IN THE MAIL

## VETTING VIOLENCE

I admire Robert Wright for cogently showing how evolutionary psychologists explain violence ("The Biology of Violence," March 13th). But in his zeal to reconcile, as it were, Charles Darwin with Hubert Humphrey, he makes an error. The new Darwinists, he says, implicitly agree with liberals: inner-city youths will be violent until their self-esteem (along with their serotonin) is raised by better-paying jobs and better public schools. He fails to realize, however, that the new Darwinists implicitly agree with conservatives, too, in that religion—seeing oneself as a child of God—also raises self-esteem, and so does feeling important as a member of a family. Liberals and conservatives think that equality of opportunity and solidity of character are opposed solutions to inner-city crime. Until they become combined solutions, the quotidian tragedies of the South Bronx and Cabrini-Green will only continue.

Tom McBride
Beloit, Wis.

All the scientists who have been confronting one another over the issue popularly known as "nature versus nurture" would have less to quarrel about if those advocating the "nurture" argument would recognize that ultimately all human actions must have some biological foundation, and if proponents of the "nature" thesis spent as much time on the positive elements in "human nature" as they do on the anti-social ones. Considering our evolutionary ancestry, it is not surprising that humanity has inherited a capacity for violence and competitiveness. A far more difficult evolutionary accomplishment has been to render us capable of suppressing such negative impulses in favor of an equally important inherited quality called love. It has long been known that social mammals require the licking and petting that mothers give to their infants and that without such expressions of affection (as we human beings see it) the nerve cells will not mature. It is this need for affection (and perhaps other, inherited behavioral traits) that has helped to establish the comparatively high degree of social interaction regularly expected of human beings, and that has laid the foundations for the uniquely human trait we call culture. And it is culture, finally, that prompts people everywhere to behave in ways designed to counterbalance the beastly behavior of the human animal.

Walter Goldschmidt
Professor Emeritus,
Anthropology and Psychiatry
University of California, Los Angeles
Los Angeles, Calif.

In presenting the interesting theory that variability in aggression among human beings might be understood as an evolutionary adaptation to different environments, Robert Wright implies that this theory is inconsistent with a public-health approach that treats repeated violence as disturbed behavior. But if Wright had given full consideration to some important data I gave him it would have been clear that there is no inconsistency: sixty to eighty per cent of today's acts of violence can be traced to just six to eight per cent of young males; the great majority of the poor are not violent; race does not correlate with violence; six to eight per cent of children of all social classes and races show aggressive, impulsive conduct problems at an early age, and these children are at very high risk of becoming repeatedly violent adolescents, particularly if they grow up in bad environments. Intensive psychosocial treatment for these children and their families shows promise in reversing this progression, but only if it is available when the children are still young and

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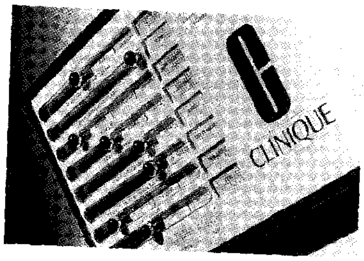

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not yet in trouble. These points were central to my message to the National Mental Health Advisory Council three years ago; the two or three sentences that subsequently got all the attention were not.

FREDERICK K. GOODWIN, M.D.
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

As a sociologist, I would like to suggest that serotonin may be the twentieth-century analogue of phlogiston, the nonexistent substance that seventeenth- and eighteenth-century scientists believed was responsible for combustion. In explaining inner-city "combustion," we need no intervening variable between social experiences and low self-esteem. I propose a simple alternative to mass injections of serotonin. If, as Wright explains, "from an evolutionary point of view, the leading cause of violence is maleness," why not, pending human parthenogenesis, establish vast sperm banks from present living males and then abort all male fetuses or kill them at birth? Too Swiftian? Then throw out Darwin, genetics, and biology in favor of restructuring the relationship between the cultural goal of success and the means available to attain it.

HELEN M. HACKER
New York City

## UNCOMMON SENSE

After reading Carlin Romano's review of Philip K. Howard's "The Death of Common Sense: How Law Is Suffocating America" (Books, March 13th), I couldn't help remembering one of the first things I learned while I was a recruit at the Milwaukee County Sheriff's Department Training Academy. A training sergeant gave a lecture in which he said, in his rather rough-and-tough, straightforward manner, "If there was such a thing as common sense, everyone would have it." He was right. The reason we must have laws, codes, and other regulations, for good or for bad, is that universal common sense simply cannot exist.

CHESTER LOEFFLER-BELL
Forest Acres, S.C.

*Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.*

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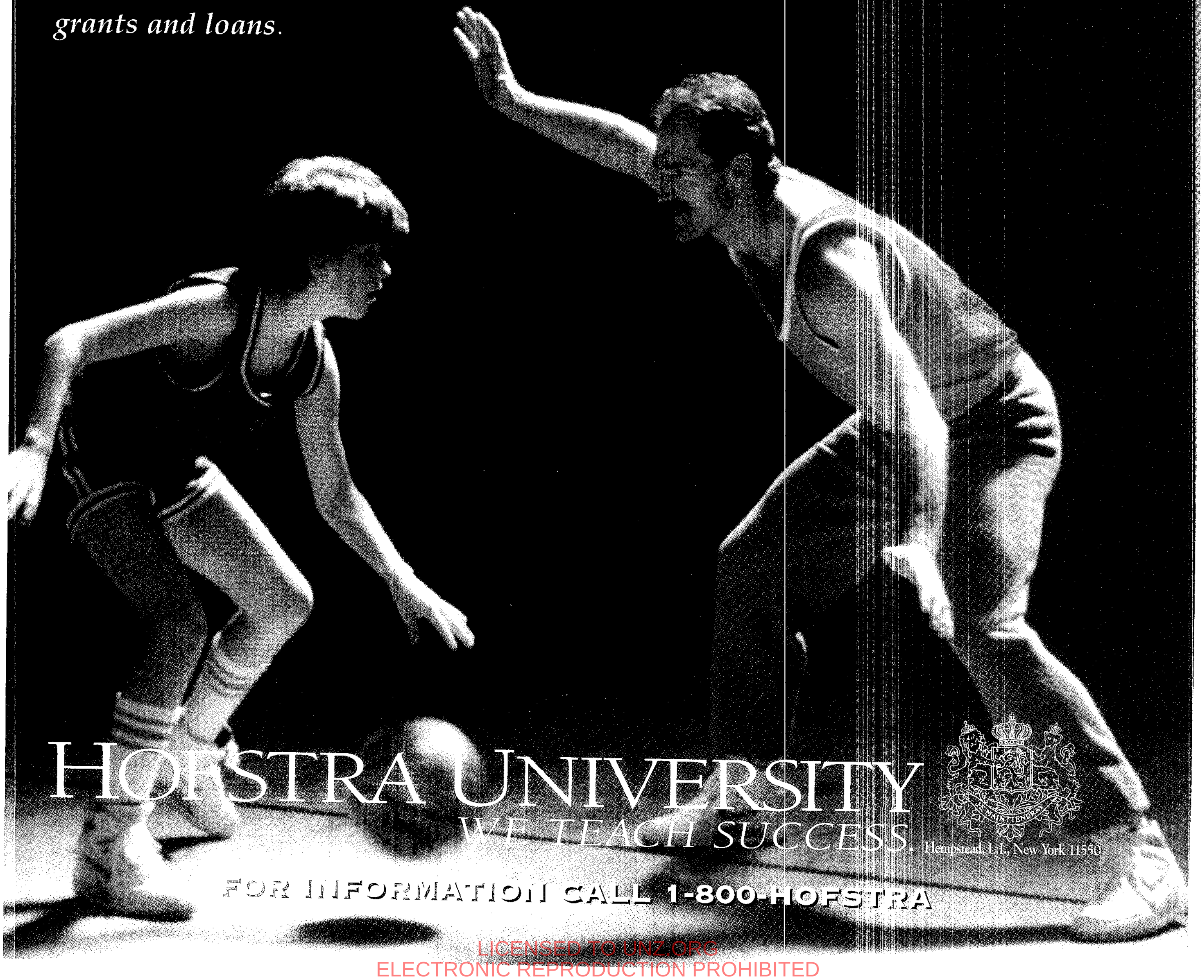

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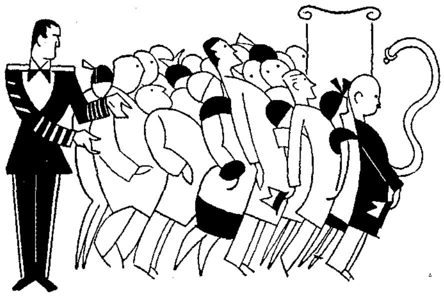

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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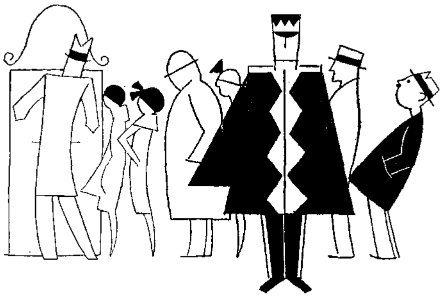


## THE THEATRE

### OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

*(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)*

**Amphitryon**—An adaptation of an adaptation: Eric Overmyer puts his spin on Heinrich von Kleist's version of Molière's farce. In previews. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

**Clothes for a Summer Hotel**—The York Theatre Company's revival of Tennessee Williams' 1980 drama. Preview on April 19. Opens April 20 at 8. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

**Dancing on Moonlight**—Keith Glover's drama, set in Harlem in the early sixties, stars Terry Alexander, Anna Maria Horsford, and André De Shields. Previews through April 22. Opens April 23 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

**Dog Opera**—In Constance Congdon's new comedy, Kristine Nielson and Albert Macklin portray a pair of insecure city dwellers looking for love. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

**Ecstasy**—A play about the friendship between two working-class couples, by British filmmaker Mike Leigh ("Life Is Sweet," "Naked"), in his American playwriting début. Preview on April 19. Opens April 20 at 8. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 924-0077.)

**Greenwich Village Follies**—André Gregory, Joel Grey, Cynthia Harris, Ron Rifkin, and Sarah Jessica Parker are among the cast of this one-night revue, a benefit for the Greenwich Village Society for Historic Preservation. Brendan Gill and Laurie Beckelman narrate. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. April 24 at 7:30. For information and reservations, call 924-3895.)

**Hamlet**—Ralph Fiennes is the Prince of Denmark in a production brought to our shores by London's Almeida Theatre Company. In previews. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

**Indiscretions**—The first Broadway staging of "Les Parents Terribles," the 1938 play by Jean Cocteau. Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon make up the cast. In previews. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

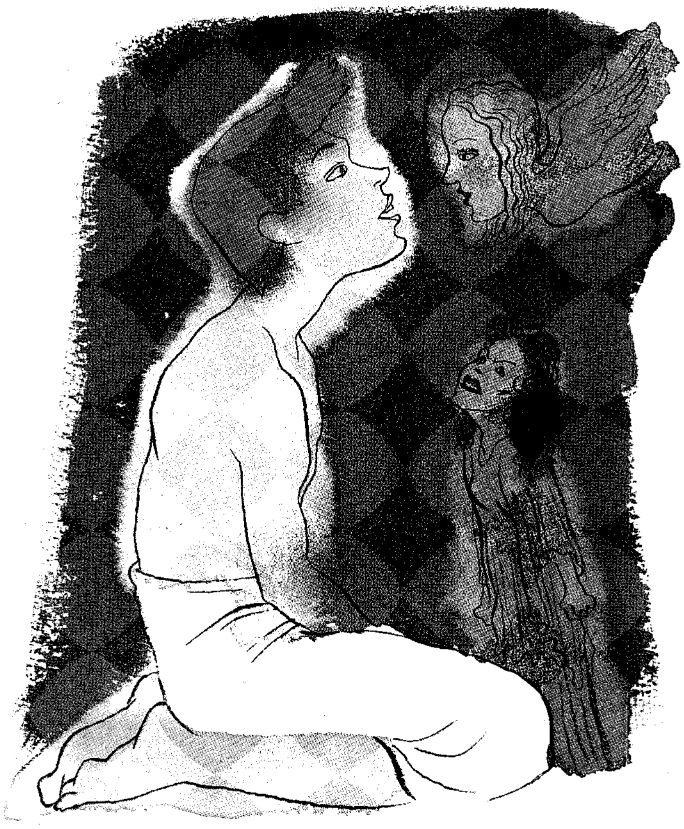
**A Language of Their Own**—A drama by Chay Yew. The central characters are four gay men, played by B. D. Wong, Alec Mapa, Francis Jue, and David Drake. Preview on April 19. Opens April 20 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

**A Month in the Country**—The English actress Helen Mirren makes her Broadway début in the Roundabout's staging of the Turgenev classic. With Ron Rifkin and F. Murray Abraham. Previews through April 23. Opens April 25 at 8. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

**My Thing of Love**—Infidelity is the subject of Alexandra Gersten's new work, which stars Laurie Metcalf. Also with Brian Kerwin, Sheila Kelley, and Mark Blum. Previews begin April 21. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**Night and Her Stars**—A play by Richard Greenberg, about the quiz-show scandals of the fifties. Presented by Manhattan Theatre Club. In previews. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

**On the Waterfront**—Budd Schulberg and Stan Silverman have adapted Schulberg's screenplay of the 1954 movie for this new drama. The cast includes Penelope Ann Miller, Kevin Conway, and Ron Eldard. In previews. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)



*Jude Law, Cynthia Nixon, and Kathleen Turner, in "Indiscretions."*

JAMES McMULLAN

**Party**—Seven gay men spend an evening playing truth or dare in this comedy written and directed by David Dillon. In previews. (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

**Phaedra**—Elizabeth Egloff's adaptation of the Greek myth, directed by Evan Yionoulis. Previews begin April 21. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

**Police Boys**—Playwrights Horizons presents Marion McClinton's new play, about the repercussions on a city police precinct of the arrest of a fourteen-year-old gang member for rape and murder. In previews. (416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

**The Rose Tattoo**—Mercedes Ruehl and Anthony LaPaglia star in this forty-fifth-anniversary production of Tennessee Williams' play. Previews begin April 21. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

**Shabbatai**—A new musical by Michael Schubert and Michael Edwin, starring Maggi-Meg Reed. Previews begin April 22. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

**Village Light Opera Group**—In "The Desert Song," by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II. Opens April 22 at 8 and runs through April 30. (Haft Auditorium, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200.)

### OPENED RECENTLY

**Arcadia**—Despite some casting glitches, the American première of Tom Stoppard's 1993 play, which shuttles back and forth between 1809 and the present, is an elegant production of an enormous theatrical feat. In a kind of intellectual mystery story, Stoppard provides the audience with the exhilarating illusion of omniscience, allowing us to solve the riddle of history from clues and connections that the characters, caught in time, do not see. Directed by Trevor Nunn. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/17/95.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

**Camping with Henry & Tom**—Henry Ford (John Cunningham), Thomas Edison (Robert Prosky), and Warren Harding (Ken Howard) go camping together in Mark St. Germain's fictional account of an actual woodland episode from 1921. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

**Carmen**—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company's take on Prosper Mérimée's tragic tale. Everett Quinton is in top form as the hot-blooded, coldhearted gypsy. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271. Closes April 22.)

**The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)**—This slapstick hour and a half romp through the Bard's œuvre, carried out by three fine young gentlemen in high-tops, is utterly sophomoric and a complete waste of time—like some of the best things in life. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

**The Cryptogram**—David Mamet's new play dramatizes a child's emotional abuse from the child's point of view. With Ed Begley, Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

**Damn Yankees**—Jerry Lewis, the King of Comedy and the King of France, is now, in his Broadway début, the Prince of Darkness—the Devil himself. The old pro delivers the goods. And Charlotte d'Amboise, a sensational Lola, delivers the goods and then some. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

**Death Defying Acts**—Three subpar one-act comedies, by David Mamet, Elaine May, and Woody Allen, that have the words "Written to Order" stamped all over them. (3/20/95) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

**The Family Business**—Ain and David Gordon wrote, directed, and appear in this self-

TOMMY
HILFIGER

conscious comedy about a family of plumbers with artistic yearnings; Valda Setterfield (mother of Ain, wife of David) rounds out the cast. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989. Closes April 23.)

**Fragments from Three Sisters: A Work in Progress**—East Coast Artists' version of Chekhov's play. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes April 30.)

**Funky Crazy Boogaloo Boy**—A Naked Angels production, written and directed by Ned Eisenberg. (The Space, 114 W. 17th St. 727-0012. Closes April 29.)

**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes**—KT Sullivan is Lorelei Lee in a revival of the 1949 musical. Presented by the National Actors Theatre. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

**Goose and Tomtom**—The Willow Cabin Theatre Company offers David Rabe's play. (28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 886-1889. Closes April 30.)

**Hamlet**—This one is a production of the Jean Cocteau Repertory. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

**Having Our Say**—Gloria Foster and Mary Alice star in an adaptation of Sarah Louise and Anne Elizabeth Delany's best-selling book. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**The Heiress**—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 adaptation of Henry James' "Washington Square," directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Cherry Jones, who plays the heiress of the title, is exquisitely—almost unbearably—vulnerable; Philip Bosco brings a terrible authority to the role of her dutiful but soul-crushing father. And the wonderful Frances Sternhagen is touching and funny as a widowed aunt. Mr. Bosco leaves the cast after the performance on April 23; Donald Moffat takes his role starting April 25. (3/20/95) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

**How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying**—Matthew Broderick is the ambitious window-washer J. Pierrepont Finch in this revival of the 1961 musical. The score and lyrics are by Frank Loesser. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

**Hunger and Thirst**—Eugène Ionesco's play, presented by the Independent Theatre Company. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088. Closes May 6.)

**James Lecesne's Word of Mouth**—The actor's remarkably varied solo show. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

**Jelly Roll!**—The snakily elegant Vernel Bagneris plays Jelly Roll Morton, in a terrific show that traces the musician's transformation from New Orleans dandy into jazz legend. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)

**London Suite**—A new comedy by Neil Simon, with Carole Shelley, Paxton Whitehead, Kate Burton, and Jeffrey Jones. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

**Love! Valour! Compassion!**—The eight gay men in Terrence McNally's beautifully written drama connect in ways that almost any nuclear family would envy. Under the nimble direction of Joe Mantello, the actors present humbling evidence of what love is and can be. (11/14/94) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

**Marcel Marceau**—The mime is in town April 25-30. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448.)

**Memories of an Unknown Celebrity**—Michael Mindlin's monologue about his famous friends. Directed by Phyllis Newman. (William Redfield, 354 W. 45th St. 279-4200.)

**Mrs. Warren's Profession**—The Pearl Theatre Company wraps up its season with Shaw's drama. (80 St. Mark's Pl. 598-9802. Closes May 7.)

**Morticians in Love**—A dark comedy by Christi Stewart-Brown. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 307-4100.)

**The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me . . .**—Dan Butler, in his one-man show, takes a look at contemporary gay culture. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 307-4100.)

**Rob Becker's Defending the Caveman**—A hundred-minute standup routine. Some of Becker's examples of discontent between the sexes are very funny (a lot of vigorous nodding goes on in the theatre—never by men and women at the same time), but a fair amount of them are shopworn. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

**A Royal Affair**—An illegal alien and some aristocrats meet up in this comedy by Luis Santeiro. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes May 7.)

**Seduced**—The 1978 Sam Shepard play, starring Paul D'Amato as the Howard Hughes figure. (Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. 332-0727.)

**Show Boat**—Harold Prince's epic-size production of the 1927 Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein II musical: full of life and full of vision. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

**Smokey Joe's Café—The Songs of Leiber and Stoller**—A feast of music by those cool cats Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, performed by a cast with Grade A lungs and legs. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

**Sunset Boulevard**—Glenn Close continues her triumphant run as Norma Desmond. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

**Swingtime Canteen**—A re-creation of a 1944 U.S.O. concert, performed in a night club. Extraneous bits of plot threaten to derail the show, but the lovely songs, done with verve and charm, carry the day. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

**The Ten Commandments**—Gary Hill and Perry Arthur Kroeger's spoof of the 1956 Cecil B. De Mille epic. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes April 22.)

**Three Viewings**—Jeffrey Hatcher's play, which is set in a funeral home, consists of three fine comic monologues. Margaret Whitton, as a blue blood turned casket robber (she sucks a pair of ruby earrings from the lobes of a rich stiff), and Penny Fuller, as a widow who has inherited more debt than her husband's frozen assets can cover, are both funny and affecting. Buck Henry, as a lovesick undertaker, is Buck Henry. Mary B. Robinson directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes April 30.)

**Too Jewish?**—Avi Hoffman sets about reviving Yiddish—with music—in this revue, a mixture of songs and stories. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

**Travels with My Aunt**—Jim Dale and Brian Murray in Giles Havergal's adaptation of the Graham Greene novel. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 307-4100.)

**Yepeto**—A comedy by the Argentine playwright Roberto Cossa opens the twenty-ninth-anniversary season of the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre. Performances in Spanish alternate with ones in English. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

### LONG RUNS

**ALL IN THE TIMING:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **AN INSPECTOR CALLS:** Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JACKIE MASON: POLITICALLY INCORRECT:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. . . . **THAT'S LIFE!:** Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. . . . **THREE TALL WOMEN:** Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

## DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—The spring season opens April 25 at 8, with "Donizetti Variations," "Opus 19 / The Dreamer," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 25.)

**American Ballet Theatre**—The spring season here opens April 24 at 8, with "Giselle." . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: "Les Sylphides," "A Brahms Symphony," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 17.)

**Elisa Monte Dance**—"I have to be in very high gear or very low gear," says the choreographer, a former principal dancer for Martha Graham, explaining her creative process. "The middle gears don't impel me." Her low gear, most recently seen in the Alvin Ailey company's première of her "Mnemonic Verses" (danced in this engagement by her own company), has a snaky, almost underwater smoothness. It usually takes a year, she says, before one of her pieces feels right to her—and it helps that her ten dancers can read her mind. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 19-22 and April 25 at 8, and April 23 at 2 and 7:30. Through April 30.)

**"JohnnySpot"**—Kyle deCamp, a choreographer who translates works from other mediums into dance-theatre pieces, here takes on film, staging scenes from movies of the thirties to the fifties. Accompanied by two other dancers and an actress, she plays the heroines as if she were a one-woman Oscars montage. "We're trying to reënact what the camera saw—split-second changes of focus and angles, quick cuts, etc.," she explains. "We're treading this funny little line, re-creating illusion but limited by what the performer can actually—physically—do." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 20-22 at 8 and April 23 at 3.)

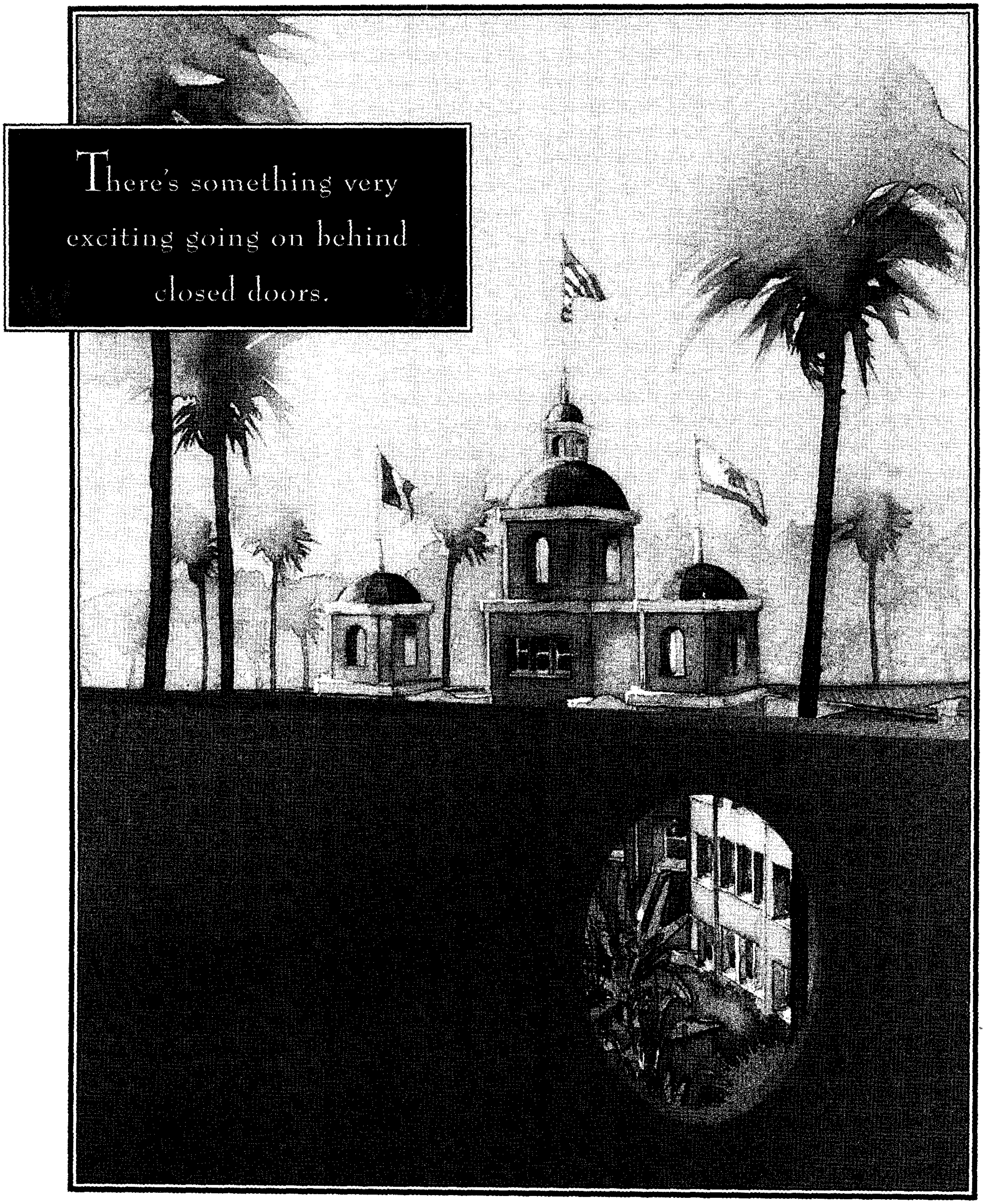
**"Tango-Babe"**—Iréne Hultman fronts a quintet of dancers while bandonionist Raul Jaurena and bassist Pablo Aslan lead the New York–Buenos Aires Connection in a suite of tangos. Hultman and Jodi Melnick will also perform "Three by Eartha"—one duet and a solo apiece—to the purrs of Eartha Kitt. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. April 20-23 at 8:30.)

**Sally Silvers & Dancers**—The thirteen-member company, in three premières ("Bite the Pillow," "Radio Rouge," and "Hush Comet") and a reprise of Silvers' pretzelly solo, "Braceletizing." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. April 20-23 at 9.)

**"Face the Music and Dance"**—Mark Dendy and his dancers face tenor saxophonist David Murray and pianist John Hicks. The duo precedes the dancers, then everyone joins forces for a final set of improvisations. Dendy brings a religious impulse to dance (his "Bardo" borrows its structure from the "Tibetan Book of the Dead" and its movements from yoga); Hicks and Murray bring celestial thunder. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 20 at 8.)

**Urban Bush Women**—The dance world's answer to Sweet Honey in the Rock, in a workshop production of "Bones and Ash: A Gilda Story." (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway. 966-9774. April 20-22 at 8.)

ROBERT DEMICHELLE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# NIGHT LIFE

## *Naked in New York*

YOU might not expect a woman who sings about the joys of sex to suffer from performance anxiety. But Liz Phair has stage fright. The twenty-seven-year-old singer had originally intended to promote her 1994 album, "Whip-Smart" (the follow-up to her acclaimed 1993 début, "Exile in Guyville"), with a high-profile tour last fall. But after a disastrously insecure appearance on Letterman in October, the singer told her band to unpack their bags. By the time she reconsidered, the musicians had already made other plans. So when Phair appears solo this week at Town Hall, on April 24-25, she'll be more exposed than ever, with nothing but her electric guitar for musical and moral support.

As a songwriter, Phair is clever, she's irreverent, and she packs a liberal-arts degree. Her crass-literate lyrics, spare arrangements, and flat delivery capture bourgeois postadolescent ennui in its purest form—but she also brings along a nifty hook or two to hold up all the verbiage. Whether she's worked up the confidence it takes to pull off a burning live show, especially a solo one, remains to be seen. But if her nerve fails her, she can always take a tip from one of her more notorious songs and—to paraphrase slightly—pluck and run.

### CONCERTS

**William Hooker and Elliott Sharp**—Two Knitting Factory regulars take their freaky jazz uptown. (Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. April 21 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

**B. B. King, Bobby (Blue) Bland, and the Manhattans**—A blues god and two great R. & B. acts. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. April 21 at 7 and 11.)

**Betty Carter's Jazz Ahead '96**—The diva and talent scout hosts this annual coming-out party for a new crop of jazz hopefuls. Former participants who have gone on to greater fame (if not fortune) include Marcus Printemp, Brian Blade, and Teodross Avery. The suit sitting to your right might just be an A. & R. guy hungry for the next Wynton. (Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. April 22 at 8 and April 23 at 3.)

**Rachelle Ferrell, Bobby McFerrin, Cassandra Wilson, and Jacky Terrasson**—Three jazz vocalists and a celebrated young pianist. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. April 23 at 7:30. 496-7070.)

**Liz Phair**—A solo performance. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 24-25 at 8.)

**Van Halen**—Ever since David Lee Roth hit the road, Van Halen just hasn't been the same. It was always Diamond Dave's wacky neo-Vegas shtick that subverted the band's sophomoric metal leanings; without him they sound generic. The newly groomed Eddie Van Halen is still a guitar superhero, but even his mighty wang bar can't save the world from Sammy Hagar. With Collective Soul. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. April 25 at 7:30.)

### CLUBS

*(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)*

**A.K.A.**, 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Hip-hop, jazz, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club. April 22: **CHUCKLEHEAD** and **MIDNIGHT JONES**. April 24: Hasidic hardcore with **PIAMENTA**.

**Blarney Star**, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night. April 21 belongs to **JACK & JIMMY COEN**, a father-and-son flute-and-guitar duo from County Galway.

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—April 25: Singer **HOWARD HEWETT** makes a comeback. The vocal trio known as Shalamar was the epitome of post-disco L.A. pop and soul; the band oozed hits until it split up in the early eighties. After the breakup, both honey-voiced Hewett and foxy Jody Watley went solo. While Watley became a star, Hewett disappeared, but he's taken another shot with "It's Time," an album of romantic ballads. Apparently he's developed a taste for the mystical. "Spirituality is at the heart of my music," he says; "real romance is always spiritual."

**Café Sin-é**, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—April 21-22: **SIMON BONNEY**, who once sang for the Australian band Crime and the City Solution.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—April 20: **JUNKYARD ANGELS**. April 25: **FORESKIN 500**.

**Chicago B.L.U.E.S.**, 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—A native of Clarksdale, Mississippi, **BIG JACK JOHNSON** (in on April 19-20) is one of the few delta bluesmen to howl about topical issues—one of his songs is about the airline industry. Guitar-and-harmonica monster **ROOSEVELT (BOOBA) BARNES**, who takes over on April 21-22, is another Mississippi native.

**The Cooler**, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—Booming, spongy bass. Rattling drums and scratchy industrial blips. No, it's not Portishead. It's Night of the Living Dub, which goes down here on April 19. Dub, for the uninitiated, is a trippy musical aberration born in Jamaican recording studios some twenty years ago. Like a Doppler effect with a beat, it ebbs and amplifies, creating a carpet for rushy bits of keyboard, guitar, and vocals that surge, then fade. Word Sound Productions hosts live dub—a recent development in the genre—and spins the latest records, including their own.

**Fez**, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—April 19: **MARK KOZELEK**, the singer for the Red House Painters, a crushingly dark little pop band. April 21: **SOPHIE B. HAWKINS**. A few years back, Hawkins appeared out of nowhere with a sly slice of funk called "Damn, I Wish I Was Your Lover." It seemed like the start of a stellar career. In the great Madonna tradition, she posed provocatively for the press (a topless spread in *Interview*) and talked a lot about sex. Her second record, a credible piece of work called "Whaler," seems to have suffered from what is commonly referred to as the sophomore jinx: no one heard it and it bombed. As a performer, she's sort of a cross between Stevie Nicks and Prince (or whatever his name is)—and she should be in good form in this intimate room. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

**Irving Plaza**, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—April 19: **THE SAMPLES**. April 25: **DINOSAUR JR.** . . . ¶ Soul Kitchen, the original seventies funk and R. & B. party, goes down (late) every Tuesday. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday. The dancers share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

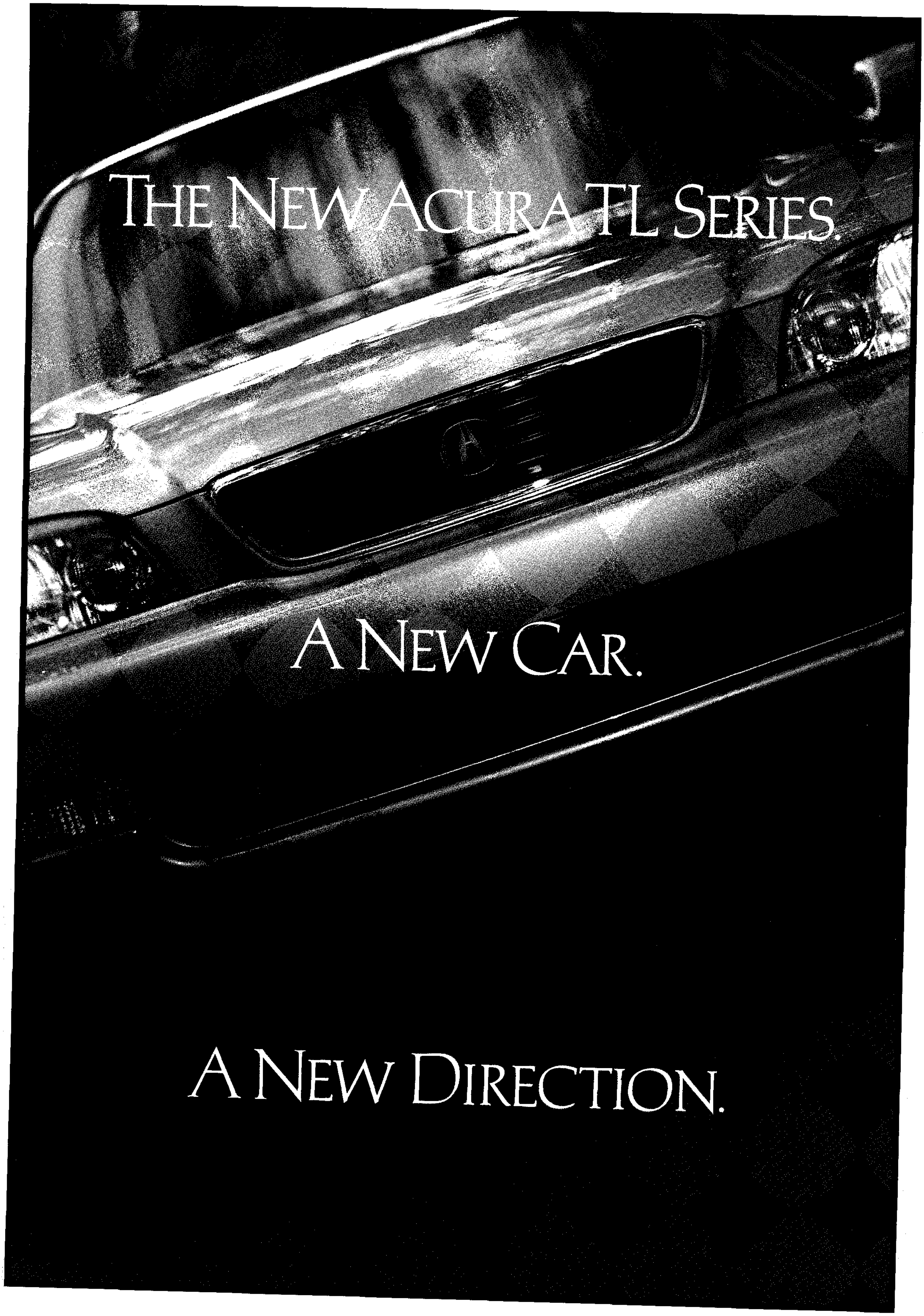
**Kaptain Banana**, 101 Greene St. (343-9000)—French cabaret *en travesti* in SoHo. Three drag queens and eight dancers re-create the Court of Versailles, a carnival in Rio, Marlene Dietrich, and the Andrews Sisters. There's also a singing gorilla. Dining.

**Knitting Factory**, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—April 20: Rock with the **CUCUMBERS**, the **ZIMMERMANS**, and the **HUMPHRIES**. April 25: **LUKA BLOOM**. Three years ago, this Irish folk-rocker had a brilliant idea: he took a rap song, LL Cool J's "I Need Love," and turned it into a hearty, brogue-inflected ballad. (At the Newport Folk Festival, he claimed that the song was actually written by his grandfather, "Mr. LL O'Cool J.") Bloom's own material is a bit less inspired, and he seems to have dropped off the radar screen. But he remains an eclectic gem and a hell of a guitar player, too.

**Limelight**, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—April 23: **QUIET RIOT**. Back when Ozzy Osbourne was still biting the heads off pigeons, these cloven-hoofed metalheads had their fifteen minutes of fame, thanks to "Cum on Feel the Noise," a slick, chant-along version of the old Slade song. These days, they

*The Flying Neutrinos, at Nell's.*

RICHARD MERKIN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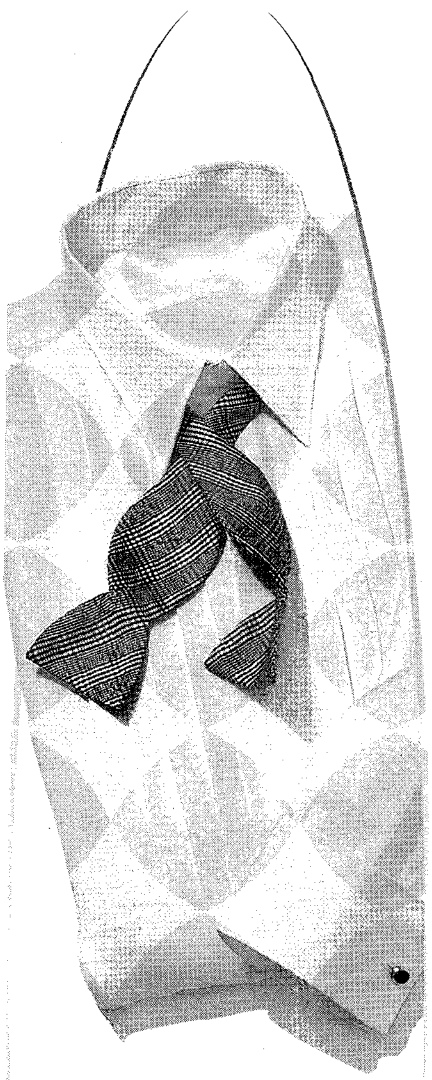

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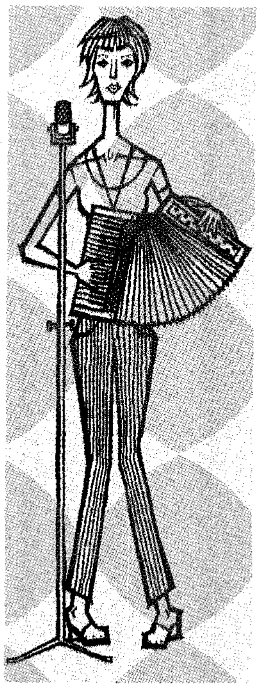
can usually be found playing at your local amusement park, opening for the puppet show. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

**Manny's Car Wash,** 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side blues. April 20: **ANSON FUNDERBURGH & THE ROCKETS.**

**Markham,** 59 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (647-9391)—April 20: **ANNA DOMINO.** A year before Sade turned the sultry-chanteuse act into a money-spinner, Domino—whose Filofax includes old home addresses in Japan, Italy, and Belgium—released her own cool collection of international jazz, but she never hit the big time; a pity and (for her fans) a blessing. Domino's voice, unlike Sade's, is more sandpaper than filigree. She almost never emotes, and she likes to ride her melodies deep in the lower registers. She also plays a bitching accordion.



*Anna Domino, at the Markham.*

**Match,** 160 Mercer St. (343-0020)—This hip SoHo *boîte* is the place to be every Sunday night, thanks to the **SHORTY JACKSON LEGACY BLUES BAND.** Dining.

**Maxwell's,** 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—In the ambidextrous early eighties, when punk and New Wave were losing their flavor and the airwaves were saturated with synth-pop and heavy metal, a few bands started playing vintage Vox guitars and Farfisa organs, wearing Beatle boots, and singing about the big issues—cars and beer and, of course, girls. The garage revival was short-lived, but the **LYRES,** one of the genre's ablest practitioners (here on April 22), will prove that in the right hands a good riff, a solid beat, and sneering, adenoidal vocals are never tiresome. Indiana's own **JUNIOR BROWN** (in on April 25) is the hippest country act around: a great poker-faced singer and hotshot guitarist who sings the praises of his "Hillbilly Hula Gal" while tossing off burning solos on a thingamajig he calls a guit-steel—a custom-made hybrid of an electric guitar and a lap steel.

**Mercury Lounge,** 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—April 19-20: **ALEX CHILTON.** Is he the most underrated or the most overrated artist in the history of rock and roll? It's a question that remains unanswered about the man from Memphis who (as a high-school sophomore) put the gravel into the Box Tops' classic, "The Letter." Over the past three decades, he's been the leader of Big Star, the Cramps' producer, a dishwasher, and the subject of a Replacements song; these days, he seems content to cut records that showcase his sardonic approach to blues, rockabilly, country, and R. & B. (his latest is "A Man Called Destruction"). Like any self-respecting cult hero, Chilton can be a surly pill who occasionally disses his worshipful audience with a lousy show. But the risk is worth it—he's the closest thing we have to a one-man timeline of American pop. April 22: **GIANT SAND.** April 24: The amazing cheekbones of **CHARLIE SEXTON.** April 25: **SOPHIE B. HAWKINS** swings over from Fez.

**Monkey Bar,** 60 E. 54th St. (838-2600)—Beyond the monkey murals, there's a bright see-and-be-seen dining arena that's perfect for committing high-profile indiscretions in a strapless gown. But the place to be is the dark and crowded bar up front, by the grand piano, where the bar stools look like plump olives. You perch on the pimiento. Dining.

**Nell's,** 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—April 21: **THE FLYING NEUTRINOS.** This peripatetic New Orleans jazz band is a family affair. Cousins Ingrid Lucia, twenty-four, and Todd Lundagin, nineteen, lead the group. Lucia's lowdown singing, sassy patter, and mischievous grin are a lot like Billie Holiday's, and wonder boy Todd plays trombone, tap-dances, and has a disarming Chet Baker-style voice. They grew up playing the streets down South, took a brief detour through Europe, and wound up adrift in the East River on a homemade paddleboat.

**Paddy Reilly's Music Bar,** 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** plays on Saturdays and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

**Les Poulets,** 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, a cha-cha. Dining.

**S.O.B.'s,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—April 19: **IVAN NEVILLE.** Whereas Ivan's father, Aaron, is best known for his cherubic falsetto, Ivan's own gruff, exuberant voice suggests Randy Newman, of all people. The younger Neville is also an accomplished keyboardist, having toured and recorded with the Stones and with Keith Richards' X-pensive Winos. Neville's second album, "Thanks," is packed with ballads and full-tilt blues numbers, and it features a host of distinguished guests, including Richards, Bonnie Raitt, and dear old dad. Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s presents Flipping the Script, a set of rap and poetry. Thursday nights belong to Giant Step, a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop. Dining.

**Tramps,** 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—April 20: **ARCHERS OF LOAF,** a great droning-guitar combo. With **BEN LEE.** April 21: **LONNIE MACK,** the man with the Flying V guitar.

**Webster Hall,** 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays offer grunge acts and cheap beer.

**Wetlands,** 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—April 20: **THE RIGHT REVEREND DADDY LOVE AND THE DISCIPLES,** *featuring former Living Colour vocalist* **COREY GLOVER.**

## JAZZ AND STANDARDS

**Algonquin Hotel,** 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **JULIE WILSON** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

**Arthur's Tavern,** 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, Fridays and Saturdays to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

**Birdland,** 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. April 21-22: The **PANAMANIACS.** Dining.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Pianist **GONZALO RUBALCABA,** in through April 23, is a virtuoso—a fact he demonstrates with cascading phrase after cascading phrase. Bassist **RON CARTER** will be on hand to help stem the flood. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Through April 22: a trio featuring **JOHN HICKS, RUSSELL MALONE,** and **RAY DRUMMOND.** April 23: The **ERIC REED** trio. On April 24, **KENNY BARRON** and **MULGREW MILLER** begin a weeklong run. Dining.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and—holy hotcakes, Batman!—the amazing **EARTHA KITT,** who is still a fierce and

HIROSHI TANABE

funny performer with a feral grip on her audience. She inhabits her material: when she sings "I Wanna Be Evil," you don't doubt for a second that she could spit tacks.

**Eighty Eight's,** 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—Every Wednesday in April, comic actress **julie halston** performs "The Millennium Approaches: And I'm Not Ready!," a one-woman show. On Thursdays, Justin Bond stars in "AnarcKiki!," a gender-bending rock-and-roll revue. With accompaniment by Joe McGinty, the man behind Fez's long-running Loser's Lounge.

**Fat Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Home to one of the city's top mirror collections. Through April 23: jazz vocalist **lynn arriale.** On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **les paul** leads a trio. Dining.

**Fifty Seven Fifty Seven,** 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **donald johnston** is the featured pianist. Dining.

**Iridium,** 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. Through April 23: **mulgrew miller** and Wingspan. Miller was part of the Betty Carter trio in the early eighties, before he got tapped for the coveted piano slot in Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

**Knickerbocker,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. April 19-22: Piano-and-bass duos with **steve kuhn** and **david finck.** Dining.

**Knitting Factory,** 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—April 21-22: **steve coleman.** The man who brought the jazz world M-Base (a subversive combo dedicated to thumbing its nose at the neocon movement of the eighties) continues to stir up his R. & B./hip-hop/bebop brew. If the music doesn't always hold together, concentrate on Coleman—he's one of the best saxophonists of the past twenty years. April 23: The Last Klezmer with **yale strom.** April 24: The **david murray** big band. He may have had his thunder stolen by the recent explosion of fresh-faced young turks, but Murray is still a contender; he topples buildings with his galvanic tenor sax.

**Le Madeleine,** 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **gene bertoncini** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

**Metropolis,** 31 Union Sq. W. (675-2300)—The basement of this swank café is now hosting a series of high-profile gigs. Boogie-woogie pianist **johnnie johnson** grabs a handful of keys on April 21-22. Tuesdays are given over to the **george gee orchestra,** a seventeen-piece swing band, fronted by the polymorphously energetic Mr. Gee. Dancing is encouraged.

**Rainbow & Stars,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Through late April: **liliane montevecchi** and **david staller,** in a program called "April in Paris." . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

**Smalls,** 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—A new contender in New York's ever-changing jazz topography, this aptly named club features young and up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Although saxophonist **kenny garrett** (in through April 23) played in Miles Davis's late-eighties bands, the high-profile gigs didn't show off half of what he could do with a horn. His pedigree includes stints with two other swing academies: the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra and Freddie Hubbard's band. His current high-powered excursions into the modal-bop mainstream make up for lost time. The **vincent herring** quintet takes over on April 25. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **miles evans** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

**Tavern on the Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—Through April 23: vocalist **judy argo.** April 25: **frank sinatra, jr.,** and his twenty-piece orchestra swing by for two weeks. Dining.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through April 23: the **geri allen** trio. Allen is one of the most gifted and original pianists of her generation, and she keeps reinventing herself. If her latest recording, "Twenty One," is any indication, she now wants into the big leagues. For this gig she'll have a crack rhythm section—**ralph armstrong** on bass and **lenny white** on drums—to help her in her quest. The **vanguard jazz orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

**Visiones,** 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—April 19: The **bruce barth** quintet. Having made his mark as Terence Blanchard's pianist, Barth now enters the fray on his own. He's a young modernist in the manner of early Herbie Hancock. April 21-22: The **james spaulding** quartet. Back in the sixties, this alto saxophonist was doing some serious listening to Eric Dolphy and other avant figures. A robust stylist, he has returned to straight-ahead blues and bop, but he still has that vinegary edge. Dining.

**Zinno,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through April 22: a trio featuring **john bunch, bob haggart,** and **bucky pizzarelli.** Dining.

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# ART

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Portraits of George Sand, Delacroix, Baudelaire, Berlioz, and a very young Sarah Bernhardt are among those on view in an exhibition of works by the master photographer Nadar (Félix Tournachon, 1820-1910). . . . ¶ "An Egyptian Bestiary," a large non-petting zoo of falcons, baboons, hippos, and ibis, in stone, ivory, gold, bronze, and wood. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute has come up with a fresh take on the old spring flower show: in "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Gardens," one wanders among stands of gowns, blouses, and waistcoats adorned with tropical exotica, blue-blood roses, black fleurs du mal, and a host of other flora. . . . ¶ "R. B. Kitaj," a retrospective of more than seventy paintings by the American expatriate who for nearly four decades has lived and worked in London. Through May 14. . . . ¶ "I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin," a selection of paintings by a self-taught black artist from Pennsylvania (1888-1946). Through April 30. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of video installations, sculptural objects, walk-in environments, and sound pieces by Bruce Nauman. Through May 23. . . . ¶ "Helen Chadwick: Bad Blooms," another variation on the spring flower show: large, round photographs of flowers suspended in different substances (dandelions in hair gel, narcissi in bath bubbles, bluebells in oil and milk). . . . ¶ "Kandinsky: Compositions." Through April 25. . . . ¶ Tom Friedman's deadpan sculptures are the subject of the current "projects" show. A self-portrait has been carved from a regular-sized aspirin tablet; other pieces incorporate bubble gum, spaghetti, and dust. Through May 18. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

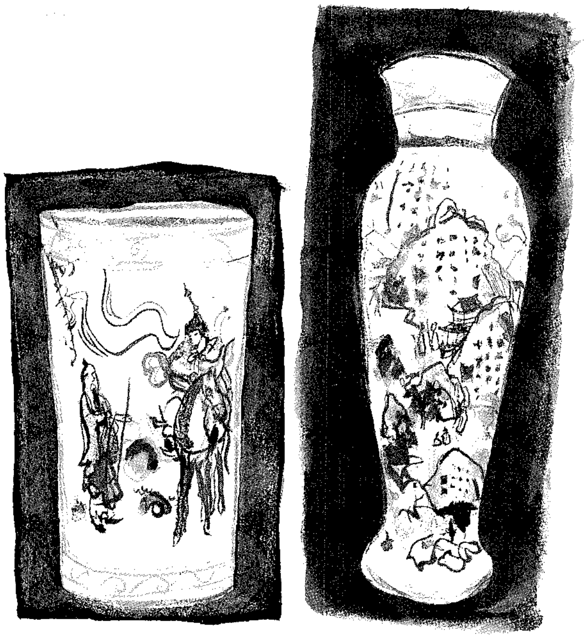
**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A mid-career retrospective of seventy paintings by Ross Bleckner. Through May 14. . . . ¶ A ten-year survey of the work of Felix Gonzalez-Torres. Through May 10. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1995 Biennial exhibition. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; and Fridays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6 and live music and performances in the lower gallery.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway—"The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." By 1941, Gottlieb (1903-74) had had it with the prevailing American provincial realism and European geometric abstraction. The "Pictographs" series—gridded paintings with Native American, Freudian, Joycean, and other imagery, in free-associative compositions—began the evolution of his style toward maturity. Sixty works are on view, supplemented by objects from the museum's tribal-art holdings, many of which had been part of the artist's own collection. . . . ¶ The African galleries have reopened, greatly expanded, and now contain more than two hundred and fifty works. . . . ¶ Two other displays are new: the Arts of the Pacific gallery, which has works from Melanesia, and the Arts of the Andes, in the Great Hall. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS,** 1040 Grand Concourse—"Division of Labor: 'Women's Work' in Contemporary Art." Fifty pieces, by both women and men, that use unconventional techniques (sewing, knitting) and have nontraditional subject matter (domesticity, housework). The artists include Judy Chicago, Miriam Schapiro, Charles LeDray, Yayoi Kusama, and Kiki Smith. Through June 11. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**CHINA INSTITUTE,** 125 E. 65th St.—Manchu invasions and imperial infighting in the mid-sixteen-hundreds forced potters in the major cities of southern China to search out new patrons. Luckily, the scholar-gentry and merchant classes of the region were wealthy and eager enough to step in. "Chinese Porcelains of the Seventeenth Century: Landscapes, Scholars' Motifs, and Narratives" illustrates this shift in style and design, with sixty vases, brush pots, jars, and bowls. Starts April 22. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



*Porcelains at the China Institute.*

**COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Beach parties, cocktails, airplanes, and modern-art patterns, in an array of colors and textures, are the stars of "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper from the 1950s." . . . ¶ Books, catalogues, signs, and stationery, mostly from the fifties and sixties, by the graphic designer Elaine Lustig Cohen. Through May 23. . . . ¶ "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism in the Applied Arts 1880-1930." . . . ¶ A display of jewelry and accessories from the museum's collection, including Egyptian mummy beads and gold snuff boxes. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**FRICK COLLECTION,** 1 E. 70th St.—"Romantics, Neoclassicists, Realists: European Drawings from the Stanford University Museum of Art" includes works from the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Fragonard, Turner, Delacroix, Fuseli, and others. Through May 14. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**JAPAN SOCIETY,** 333 E. 47th St.—"Gems of the Floating World," a large exhibition of seldom displayed ukiyo-e prints from the Kupferstich-Kabinett, Dresden. Works by Harunobu, Utamaro, Kuniyoshi, Hokusai, and Hiroshige, among others, are on view. Starts April 21. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY,** 29 E. 36th St.—"The Painted Page: Italian Renaissance Book Illumination, 1450-1550" demonstrates that Renaissance artists expressed themselves just as exuberantly in illuminated manuscripts as they did in panel painting and sculpture. Every item on display is superb. A map of Italy in Ptolemy's "Geography" has the coloristic bravado of an Ellsworth Kelly; the massive choir books from Milan, Lodi, and Cesena have the impressive heft of Richard Serras. Through May 7. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART,** 593 Broadway—Antelope, leopards, hyenas, snakes, chameleons, buffalo, pangolins, and warthogs—they can all be seen in "Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

## GALLERIES—UPTOWN

*(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following lists lead off with new shows.)*

**LAWRENCE GIPE**—"Approved Images," new paintings based on romantic genre photographs that satisfied Nazi ideological requirements and were published in the "German Annual of Fine Art Photography" during the years 1934-39. Opens April 19. Through May 27. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

**PHILIP GUSTON** (1913-80)—Paintings and drawings from the fifties, when, for a few years, the artist's work consisted of small patches of color on larger fields. Opens April 22. Through June 3. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**ODD NERDRUM**—Old Master techniques and mythological, Biblical, and apocalyptic imagery coalesce into something strange indeed in the Norwegian figurative painter's new works. Opens April 20. Through May 26. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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**PETER CAIN**—Two paintings, two manipulated photos, and several drawings that continue this young artist's slice-and-reassemble treatment of automobile imagery. Through April 25. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**SUSAN CRILE**—Vivid black, orange, and yellow canvases from the "Fires of War" series, inspired by the burning oil fields in Kuwait. Through April 22. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**ANDY GOLDSWORTHY**—Two installations: a cone of green Vermont slate, and a group of rocks from Scotland with natural indentations that hold pools of red water. Also on view are large color photographs of other works made in Scotland. Through April 22. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

**AL HELD**—Uninflected paintings rendered in poisonous acrylic colors. Held's floating polygons dazzle the eye and then, almost immediately, turn dull. An enormous amount of effort has gone into creating pictures that look exactly like something a computer hack could have generated with a few keystrokes. Through April 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**GIUSEPPE PENONE / DAN GRAHAM**—New works in wood and glass, the fruit of arboreal inspirations, by an Arte Povera master. Penone, it seems, shall never see a sculpture lovely as a tree. / A re-creation of this Conceptualist's 1974 installation "Opposing Mirrors and Video Monitors on Time Delay" creates an illusion of infinite recession in which viewers can not only watch themselves but also watch themselves watching themselves. Through April 22. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**JOEL SHAPIRO**—Spare painted-wood sculptures that hover in an intriguing middle ground between geometric abstraction and figuration. A group of flying rectangles, which are unfinished except for a light stain of gray, gently suggests an acrobatic figure. Another work, in which black pigment has been splashed across a blood-red surface, toys with Abstract Expressionism. Shapiro has a sure touch; this is an exhibition to linger

CHLOE CHEESE

over. Through April 22. (Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St.)

**"Drawings, Pastels, and Watercolors"**—A hodgepodge of nineteenth- and twentieth-century works, some of them gems. Delacroix's study of a crouching tiger is a tightly composed bundle of energy. An exquisitely finished fleshy nude by Pissaro, in pastels on blue paper, practically begs to be pinched. A surprising caricature by Monet, of a man who is the spitting image of Charles de Gaulle, is as droll as anything by Daumier. David, Picasso, Bonnard, and Gauguin are well represented, too. Through April 21. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Short List**—**MARCEL BROODTHAERS,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; through May 6. . . . **FRITZ BULTMAN,** Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. Opens Saturdays at noon; through April 29. . . . **STEVEN CONROY** and **LARRY RIVERS,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through April 29. . . . **BURGOYNE DILLER** and **CHARLES SELIGER,** Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. Through June 3. . . . **SIDNEY GOODMAN,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Through April 29. . . . **DUANE HANSON,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Through May 6. . . . **JOYCE KOZLOFF,** Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through May 13. . . . **JOAN NELSON,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through April 29. . . . **PETER PAUL RUBENS,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Through May 19. . . . **GEORGE SEGAL,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Through April 29. . . . **JAMES VALERIO,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. Through April 29.

## GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

**Annette Lemieux**—The Dahn gallery's inaugural exhibition is a group of works from 1987 to 1992 by an artist whose poetic installations are composed of paintings, drawings, sculptures, photographs, or combinations thereof. Opens April 22. Through June 17. (Dahn, 39 Wooster St.)

**"Drawings from the Albertina: Landscape in the Age of Rembrandt"**—Ninety-five large-scale and intimate views of rivers, forests, dunes, cities, and, of course, windmills from the golden age of Dutch drawing. Opens April 21. Through June 3. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

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**Matthew Barney**—An installation derived from the artist's new video work, "CREMASTER 4," in which Barney roams around elaborate sculptural tableaux on the Isle of Man. Screenings are held at the Public Theatre on Thursdays at 4, and on Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3. For reservations, call 431-5794. Through May 6. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

**Dinos and Jake Chapman**—Naughty sculptures reminiscent of Charles Ray's, by two young British brothers who have taken ordinary department-store mannequins and . . . *altered* them. The results suggest some of the more outré acts on "The Robin Byrd Show." Through April 29. (Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 558 Broome St. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7.)

**Stan Douglas**—Color photographs and 16-mm. film loop installations by a Canadian artist prominently featured in the current Whitney Biennial. The structure of the art world demands that each year a star must be born; Douglas is the latest addition to the firmament. His oblique thematic riffs are demanding, but the somber poetry of his grainy black-and-white projections draws you relentlessly into his world of reverie and displacement. Through April 29. (Zwirner, 43 Greene St.)

**Maureen Gallace**—Small oils in muted palettes, evocative of Watteau and the Hudson River school. A certain deliberate awkwardness in these landscapes and still-lifes further thickens the moody, even depressed atmosphere. Through April 22. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

**Allan McCollum / Sol LeWitt**—In "Natural Copies: From the Coal Mines of Central Utah," recastings of dinosaur footprints in various sizes and colors (including turquoise, orange, and bubble-gum pink) cover the entire floor of the gallery's main space. McCollum has always played on the tension between originals and copies; in this imposing installation, he extends his investigation to nature and nature's own copies, the fossil record. / Working drawings from the sixties to the present by the pioneering Conceptualist. Through April 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

**Ed Ruscha**—"Anamorphic Paintings," recent grisaille works by the California master of deadpan irony. In these stretched-out, panoramic formats, Ruscha's characteristically blunt or loopy texts—"Land," "Sand," "Long Stormy," etc.—are distended almost beyond recognition. Through April 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Gary Simmons**—Five large paintings, plus a sculptural installation, "Sound Garden," that incorporates a parquet floor, a square planter full of white pansies, and four black speakers suspended from the ceiling. Through May 13. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

**Jessica Stockholder**—Bracingly crazy assemblage sculptures, electric with color, featuring a wide variety of eccentric materials—plastic piggy banks, an old sweater, silicone caulking, yarn, etc. Though Stockholder labors to keep the now rather shopworn junk aesthetic fresh and vigorous, she doesn't really do much more than find new off-kilter ways to make things pretty. Through April 29. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

**Robert Whitman**—"Backtrack" (1994-95), six multimedia installations by an artist who came to prominence in the late fifties as part of the group that staged the first "happenings," at the Reuben Gallery. His works, which fused art, technology, theatre, and dance, are relatively unknown today, but his influence—particularly on Robert Wilson and other avant-garde theatre artists—has been enormous. Standouts in the current show include a piece in which a stream of mineral oil douses an illuminated light bulb (it seems slightly dangerous) and another in which images of blue sky and clouds, projected onto a scrim of men's dress shirts, create shifting patterns on the wall behind. Through May 6. (Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St.)

**Thomas Woodruff**—"The Secret Charts," a new series of paintings, labelled "Figure A" to "Figure Z," which are complex, theatrically rendered amalgams of sources ranging from Warner Bros. cartoons to Victorian mourning jewelry. Through April 22. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

**Short List**—**PETER BOYNTON,** Merians, 76 Greene St. Closed Tuesdays; through May 20. . . . **ROGER BROWN,** Kind, 136 Greene St. Through May 6. . . . **R. CRUMB,** Cutler, 379 West Broadway. Through April 29. . . . **AUDREY FLACK,** Meisel, 141 Prince St. Through April 29. . . . **BETTY GOODWIN,** Fawbush, 76 Grand St. Through May 13. . . . **SEAN LANDERS,** Rosen, 130 Prince St. Through May 20. . . . **KEVIN LARMON,** Marcus, 578 Broadway. Through April 22. . . . **MELISSA MILLER,** Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. Through April 22. . . . **BYOUNG OK MIN,** Sigma, 379 West Broadway. Through April 29. . . . **FRANK MOORE,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through April 22. . . . **MEL PEKARSKY,** Einstein, 591 Broadway. Through May 26. . . . **RONA PONDICK,** Freire, 130 Prince St. Through May 20. . . . **ELLIOTT PUCKETTE,** Kasmin, 74 Grand St. Through May 13.

## AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

**Sotheby's**—The house will be hopping on April 22. At 9:30: Collectible wines, including such unusual large-format offerings as Mouton Rothschild nebuchadnezzars from three vintages. . . . ¶ At 10:15: An exceptional collection of sixty-two Tiffany lamps. . . . ¶ At 2:00: English furniture, mostly from the eighteenth century. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

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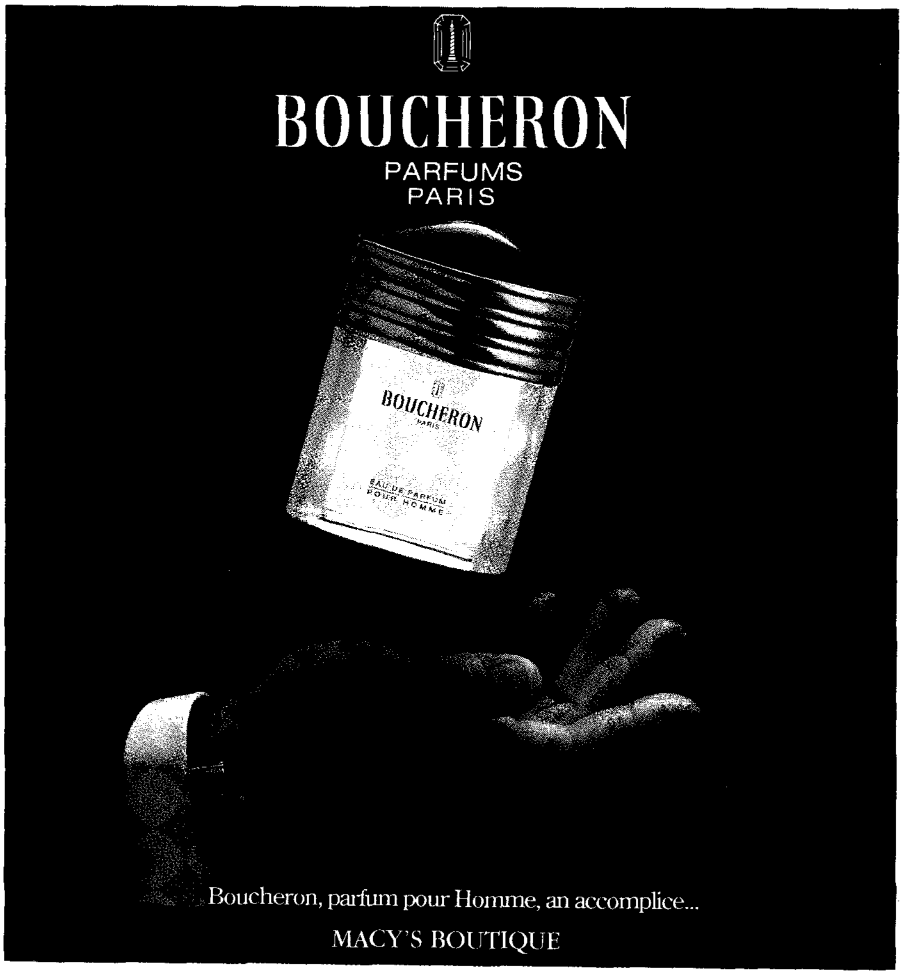

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first trumpet with an upturned bell. (219 E. 67th St. 546-1000. April 25 at 1.)

**For a Good Read**—The New York Antiquarian Book Fair. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. 777-5218. April 21-23.) . . . ¶ Auctions of rare books and incunabula. (Swann Galleries, 104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. April 20 at 10:30. . . . Christie's, Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000. April 25 at 10 and 2.)

**Metropolitan Antiques**—The twentieth-century design show. (110 W. 19th St. 463-0200. April 21-23.)

# PHOTOGRAPHY

## *Modest Accomplishments*

Until recently, Marjorie Content (1895-1984) was, like a lot of women artists, missing from the official histories. Born into a wealthy New York family, and early on a member of the Stieglitz circle, she was unknown as an artist even to her art-world friends, because she underplayed the fact that she was taking photos. Now that she's finally gaining recognition—Norton brought out a volume on her last December—the forty-seven-picture exhibition at the Washburn Gallery (20 West 57th Street; through April 29) provides an opportunity to examine her range, her compositional strength, and her talent for creating memorable images without overinflating them. Her work is a compendium of early-twentieth-century styles: a 1932 photograph of a rock formation flirts with abstractionism, and elements of Cubism, Constructivism, and Neue Sachlichkeit show up in other pictures. There are also simple, natural portraits (Marsden Hartley; Jean Toomer, Content's fourth husband; Georgia O'Keeffe, smiling). The style radar betrays Content's insider status, but it's her unpretentiousness that gives the pictures their identity and their artistry. They're a testament to the power of modesty.

**Tina Barney**—New, funny, sometimes caustic pictures of the artist's family, this time loosely centered on couples. Opens April 20. Through May 31. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

**Sally Gall**—"Water's Edge," landscapes from the past seventeen years. Opens April 19. Through May 20. (Saul, 560 Broadway.)

**Sebastião Salgado**—The Yancey Richardson gallery's inaugural show is a sampling from the "Workers" series—images of harvesters, miners, builders, and haulers from many countries. Opens April 19. Through May 27. (Richardson, 560 Broadway. . . . ¶ A large exhibition from this series is at the International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8. Through May 26.)

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**Short List**—**adam fuss,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through April 29. . . . **yorghos kontaxis,** O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through April 29. . . . **dorothea lange,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through April 30. . . . **jerome liebling,** Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. Through May 20. . . . **robert riger,** Danziger, 130 Prince St. Through May 20. . . . **aaron siskind,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through April 29. . . . **doug and mike starn,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Through April 29.

# CLASSICAL MUSIC

*(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for the Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7799.)*

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Final performances of the season. **parsifal,** with Gwyneth Jones, Plácido Domingo, Wolfgang Brendel, Robert Lloyd, and Donald McIntyre; conducted by James Levine. (April 19 at 6:30 and April 22 at noon.) . . . **madama butterfly,** with Maria Spacagna, Yun Deng, Richard Margison, and Dwayne Croft; Mr. Domingo. (April 20 at 8.) . . . With Diana Soviero committing harakiri. (April 22 at 8.) . . . **the ghosts of versailles,** by John Corigliano, with Teresa Stratas, Marilyn Horne, Allan Glassman, Gino Quilico, and Hector Vasquez; Mr. Levine. (April 21 at 8.) . . . **note:** On April 23 at 7, the winners of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions will perform with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra; Julius Rudel conducts. (Metropolitan Opera House.)

**New York City Opera**—Final performances of the season. **la traviata.** (April 19 at 8.) . . . **lucia di lammermoor.** (April 20 at 8 and April 23 at 1:30.) . . . **harvey milk.** (April 21 at 8.) . . . **la bohème.** (April 22 at 1:30.) . . . **the merry widow.** (April 22 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—Leonard Slatkin conducts Poulenc's "Suite Française" (in an orchestration for small ensemble), Argento's song cycle "Casa Guidi" (with mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade), Copland's "Rodeo," and the première of Takemitsu's "Family Tree" (with narrator Sarah Hicks). (Avery Fisher Hall. April 20 and April 22 at 8 and April 21 at 2.) . . . **note:** On April 22 at 2, Mr. Slatkin leads a Young People's Concert.

**Hello, Hildegard**—Angel Records has recently called the twelfth-century abbess Hildegard von Bingen to the service of Mammon by elevating her to the status of pop icon: "Vision," a disk that mixes Hildegard's hymns and sequences with a New Age soundtrack, has spent the last four months at the top of *Billboard*'s classical crossover chart. Sister Germaine Fritz, a modern Benedictine prioress and one of the recording's solo singers, will re-create the magic, backed up by the Schola Cantorum and an instrumental group called the Abbey Orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. April 19 at 7.)

**San Francisco Symphony Orchestra**—Herbert Blomstedt makes his final New York appearances as the orchestra's musical director, conducting a pair of concerts at Carnegie Hall. April 19 at 8: Nielsen's "Little Suite" (Op. 1), Sibelius's Symphony No. 6, and Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." . . . ¶ April 20 at 8: Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (with Peter Serkin) and Schubert's Symphony No. 9.

**London Symphony Orchestra**—Pierre Boulez celebrates his seventieth birthday (which occurred on March 25) with three Carnegie Hall performances of his works and other twentieth-century pieces. April 22 at 8: Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Boulez' "Pli Selon Pli" (with soprano Laura Aikin), Webern's Six Pieces for Orchestra (Op. 6), and Berg's Violin Concerto (with Anne-Sophie Mutter). . . . ¶ April 23 at 3: Boulez' "Livre pour Cordes," Messiaen's "Poèmes pour Mi" (with soprano Maria Ewing), and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ April 24 at 8: Ravel's "Ma Mère l'Oye," Berg's "Seven Early Songs" and "Altenberg Lieder" (with soprano Jessye Norman), Stravinsky's "Le Chant du Rossignol," and Boulez' "Notations I-IV."

### RECITALS

**A Big Week for String Quartets**—Given the physical and emotional stress of a performing career, it's not uncommon for chamber ensembles to replace a member now and then. Some long-established string quartets have changed personnel so often that links to their original aesthetic have become strictly genealogical. Not so the **guarneri quartet,** which is celebrating its thirtieth-anniversary season still intact, with all four founding members. The musical ménage à quatre—violinists Arnold Steinhardt and John Dalley, violist Michael Tree, and cellist David Soyer—performs Beethoven's F-Major Quartet (Op. 18, No. 1), and, with the assistance of violist Ida Kavafian and cellist Colin Carr, Strauss's Sextet for Strings from "Capriccio" and Tchaikovsky's "Souvenir de Florence." (Alice Tully Hall. April 19 at 8. . . . **note:** On April 23 at 2, the Guarneri Quartet will play music by Haydn, Bartók, and Debussy at LeFrak Concert Hall, Queens College; call 1-718 793-8080 for tickets.) . . . **leontóvych string quartet,** in quartets by Barber, Shostakovich (his Third), and Schubert (the "Death and the Maiden"). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. April 23 at 3.) . . . **juilliard string quartet,** performing Mozart (the "Hunt"), Debussy, and Brahms (his Clarinet Quintet, with Charles Neidich). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. April 24 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.) . . . **cassatt string quartet,** performing quartets by Mozart and Borodin to inaugurate Hunter College's Lang Recital Hall. (North Building, 695 Park Ave. 772-4448. April 24 at 8.) . . . **takács string quartet,** presenting music by Schubert, Haydn, Webern, and György Kurtág. (Miller Theatre. April 25 at 8.)

**Beaux Arts Trio**—Unlike the Guarneri foursome, the Beaux Arts Trio has negotiated several personnel changes in its forty-year lifetime, and with great success. The gracious, elfin pianist Menahem Pressler has anchored the group from the outset, but cellist Peter Wiley has been part of the team only since 1987, and Ida Kavafian is now completing her third season in the violinist's chair. In the last of their "Met" series concerts this season, they'll perform piano trios by Mozart (in G Major, K. 564), Dvořák (in B-Flat Major, Op. 21), and Tchaikovsky. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 21-22 at 8.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—Performing string quintets by Boccherini (in E Major) and Brahms (in F Major), as well as Schubert's "Arpeggione" Sonata and the première of Joan Tower's Clarinet Quintet. (Alice Tully Hall. April 21 at 8 and April 23 at 5.)

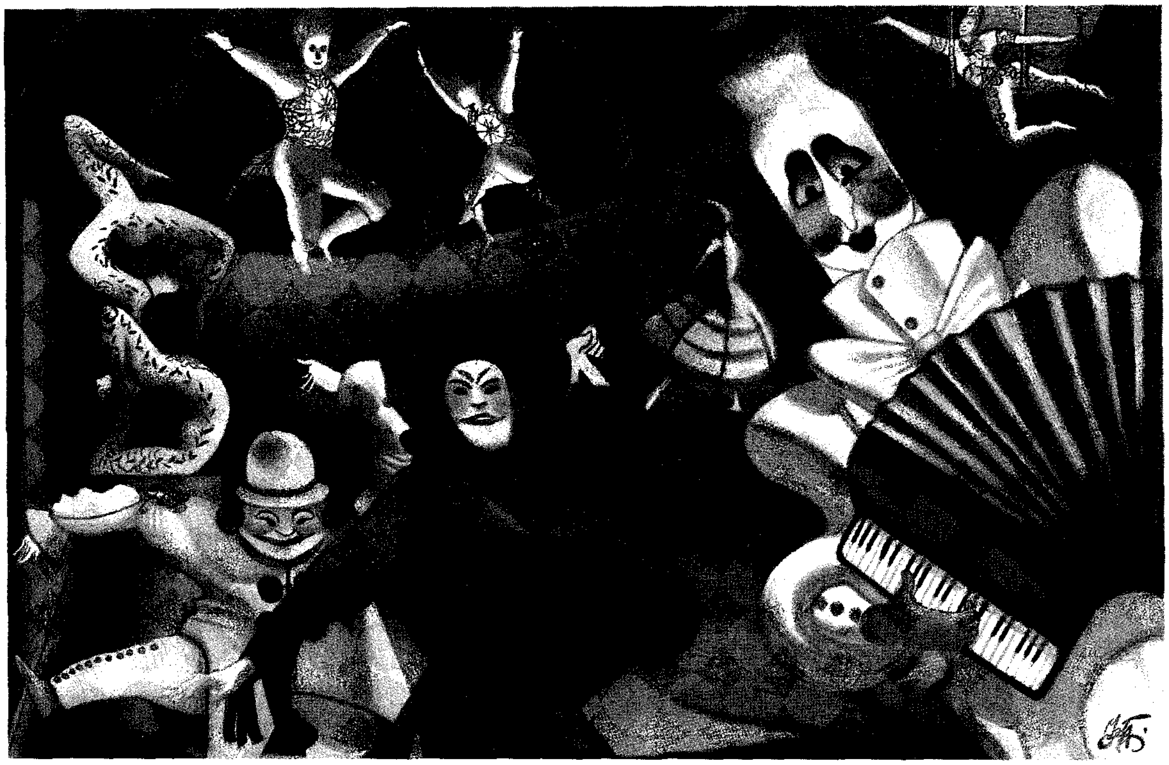
**Conservatory Modern**—Invigorating programs of new music regularly emanate from New York's conservatories, two of which test the avant-garde waters this week. April 23 at 2: The New Juilliard Ensemble offers premières of Conlon Nancarrow's "Study for Orchestra" and Manuel Sosa's "Contemplatio," in addition to recent works by Osvaldo Golijov (his "Yiddish Ruakh"), Jan Morthenson, and Virko Baley. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.) . . . ¶ April 24 at 8: The Mannes Contemporary Music Festival opens with a program that spotlights works by Takemitsu, Glenn Lieberman, Ma Shui-Long, and Wilfried Hiller. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. No tickets necessary. The festival concludes on April 27.)

**Krosnick and Kalish**—Cellist Joel Krosnick (of the Juilliard String Quartet) and pianist Gilbert Kalish (of the unlimited musical curiosity) have made their marathon explorations of twentieth-century music a much anticipated annual affair. This year, they'll range through sonatas by Debussy, Hindemith, Carter, Poulenc, Ginastera, Prokofiev, and Hall Overton, as well as the première of Ralph Shapey's "Evocation No. 4" (in which colleagues will assist). (Miller Theatre. April 23 at 3 and 7:30, with one ticket providing entrée to both programs.)

**Lovefest**—Kent Tritle directs the Choir of St. Ignatius Loyola in ten madrigals by Monteverdi, to illustrate a lecture by David Rosand on depictions of lovers in Italian art. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University; enter at Broadway and 116th St. April 25 at 8. For information about tickets, call 854-1540.)

### ALSO OF INTEREST

**DMITRY SITKOVETSKY:** Violinist, in sonatas by Beethoven and Schnittke. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 916-1100. April 19 at 8.) . . . **PARNASSUS:** Offering works by Hindemith, Knussen, and others. (Miller Theatre. April 19 at 8.) . . . **MUSICIANS FROM MARLBORO.** (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 20 at 8.) . . . **BARGEMUSIC.** (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. April 20 at 7:30 and April 23 at 4.) . . . **PHILIP WEST:** Oboist and English hornist, anchoring a program of solo and chamber works composed since 1940. (Miller Theatre. April 20 at 8.) . . . **LOS ANGELES GUITAR QUARTET.** (Weill Recital Hall. April 21 at 8.) . . . **RIDGE ENSEMBLE:** Oboe quartets by Mozart and Britten (with oboist Douglas Boyd), among other works. (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. April 23 at 11 A.M. For information about tickets, call 875-5050. . . . ¶ Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 23 at 2.) . . . **ANGELIKA KIRCHSCHLAGER:** Mezzo-soprano, with pianist Jean-Yves Thibaudet. (Alice Tully Hall. April 23 at 2.) . . . **CECILE LICAD:** The pianist's program includes Schumann's "Carnaval" and Chopin's Sonata No. 2. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 916-1100. April 23 at 3.) . . . **MUSICA VIVA:** Choral and instrumental works by Bach. (All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. April 23 at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . **MARVIS MARTIN:** Soprano. (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. April 24 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.) . . . **KRYSTIAN ZIMERMAN:** The pianist performs Debussy, Chopin, and others. (Carnegie Hall. April 25 at 8.) . . . **FESTIVAL CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY:** Mozart, Pierné, and Brahms. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. April 25 at 8.)



*Present tents: Cirque du Soleil, under the big top at Battery Park City.*

LORENZO MATTOTTI

## ABOVE AND BEYOND

**CIRQUE DU SOLEIL**—Big-gasp showmanship at its most intimate: Mad Max tumblers, broad-shouldered trapeze artists, scissor-legged sylphs with silver hula hoops, tiny contortionists who can touch their heads to their backs, and—a real feat—likable, bittersweet clowns. (Battery Park City. 952-1200. Through June 4.)

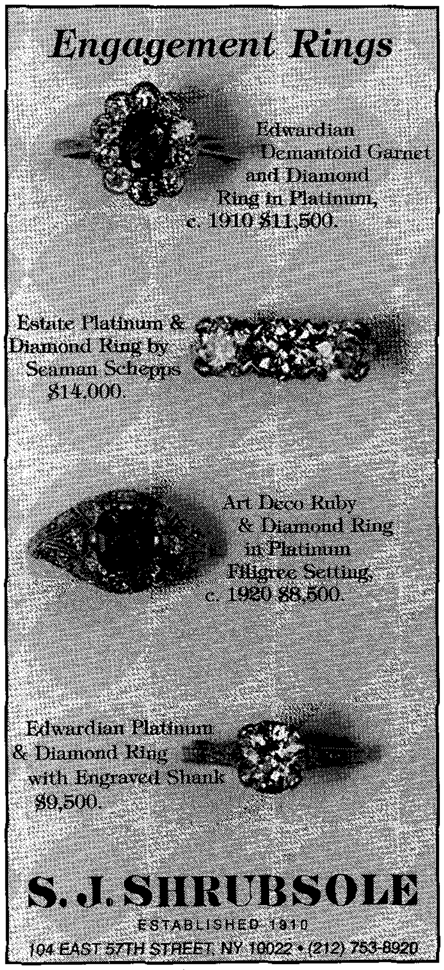
**WEARING OF THE GREEN**—Earth Day. One day for your mother, after all she's done. Is it too much to ask? April 21 at 7: At the Synod Hall of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, David Brower, founder of the Earth Island Institute, presides over Earth Day Eve festivities, then leads a candlelight procession into the Cathedral for the première of "Green Tara," with tenor Robert White and a five-member ensemble. (Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. For reservations, call 869-1630.) . . . ¶ April 22 at 10: Lenny Librizzi, from the Council on the Environment of New York City, and botanist Kathy Venezia identify native Manhattan plants and explain their medicinal uses. (105 E. 22nd St. For more information, call the Trust for Public Land, at 677-7171.) . . . ¶ April 22 at 11: The Earth Day Parade, on Sixth Ave. from 42nd St. to 57th St. . . . ¶ April 22-23: The Local Produce Festival displays its wares at the Prospect Park Picnic House and offers more than thirty individual and company performances—chamber music, piping, Afro-Caribbean dance, storytelling, drill-team routines, ballroom dance, and other homegrown Brooklyn delights. (Workshops take place in the mornings, performances follow in the afternoons and evenings. For schedule information, call 1-718 857-5158.) . . . ¶ April 23, from 10 to 4: Arbor Day artisans at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden plant saplings, and climbing teams climb trees, in a day of horticultural events and lectures. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. For more information, call 1-718 622-4433.)

**BREAD AND CHOCOLATE**—Pastry chefs and bread bakers bring competition samples to the James Beard House. After the cooks pick their winners, the tasting public crowns a popular favorite. (167 W. 12th St. 675-4984. April 23 at 3:30.)

**READINGS**—April 19 at 8: Artists and writers (Larry Rivers, Jane Freilicher, Alex Katz, Elizabeth Murray, John Ashbery, Kenneth Koch, et al.) gather to honor artist and writer Joe Brainard and to read from his memoir, "I Remember." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ April 20 at 6: Critic Joel Conarroe, poet Alfred Corn, and *New Yorker* poetry editor Alice Quinn read from the work of Theodore Roethke and Elizabeth Bishop. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 221-7676.) . . . ¶ April 23 at 6:30: Scott Heim ("Mysterious Skin") and Heather Lewis ("House Rules") read from their first novels. (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 24 at 7:30: A posse of Nuyorican poets—Miguel Algarin, Maggie Estep, Bob Holman, and Adrienne Su—travels uptown. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.) . . . ¶ April 25 at 7: Toni Morrison, Fran Lebowitz, and Paul Beatty read from their work. (Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. 570-3633.)

**TALKS**—April 20 at 8: Marjorie Garber, author of "Vested Interests: Cross-Dressing and Cultural Anxiety," brings literature to heel in "Canines and Canons: The Literary and Cultural Dog." (Bobst Library, New York University, 70 Washington Square S. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 24 at 6:30: Ronald D. Chin, president of the architectural firm Space Alignment, explains the practice of fêng-shui, the Chinese art of harmonious placement—of mirrors in a room, homes near a river, computers in a cubicle, etc. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For more information, call the Institute for Asian Studies, at 338-0159.) . . . ¶ April 25 at 7: Jane Goodall, who has been spending time with our closest relatives, drops by to talk about them behind their hairy backs. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. For more information, call 769-5606.)

**TOUR**—April 22 at 1: John Kriskiewicz handles the history and aesthetics and Clark Wieman uncovers the rust and bureaucracy, when Cooper Union takes a sailboat tour under the bridges of the East River. For more information, call 353-4195.



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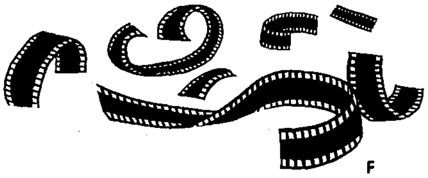


# THE MOVIES

## FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

**The Basketball Diaries**—A movie based on Jim Carroll's 1978 memoir of his years as a New York City high-school basketball star turned heroin addict, with Leonardo DiCaprio as the diarist. Directed by Scott Kalvert. Written by Bryan Goluboff. Opening April 21. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

**Burnt by the Sun**—Nikita Mikhalkov stars in a film that he wrote and directed; set in 1936, it covers a day in the life of an aging Soviet revolutionary hero now living on a country estate. With Ingeborga Dapkounaite as his young wife and Oleg Menchikov as her former lover, an agent of Stalin's secret police. In Russian. Opening April 21. (Eastside Playhouse, Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

**Crumb**—A documentary about the underground-comics artist R. Crumb, by Terry Zwigoff, a longtime friend who spent six years shooting interviews with his subject's family, friends, and ex-lovers. Opening April 21. (Film Forum 3.)

**The Cure**—One summer with a young neighborhood tough (Brad Renfro) and his new friend (Joseph Mazzello), a boy who has been ostracized because he has AIDS. With Annabella Sciorra, Diana Scarwid, and Bruce Davison. Directed by Peter Horton. Written by Robert Kuhn. Opening April 21. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

**Kiss of Death**—David Caruso and Nicolas Cage star in a thriller loosely based on the 1947 film of the same name, involving car thieves, cops, and the mob. With Kathryn Erbe, Helen Hunt, and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. Written by Richard Price. Opening April 21. (Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center.)

**New Jersey Drive**—A drama written and directed by Nick Gomez, about a gang of teen-age car thieves in Newark. Starring Sharron Corley, who last year, as a high-school senior, was the focus of "The Ville: Cops and Kids in Urban America," Greg Donaldson's book about life in inner-city Brooklyn. Opening April 19. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

**Swimming with Sharks**—George Huang wrote and directed this dark comedy, in which an aspiring screenwriter (Frank Whaley) lands a job with a Hollywood mogul (Kevin Spacey). With Michelle Forbes. Opening April 21. (Village Theatre VII and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

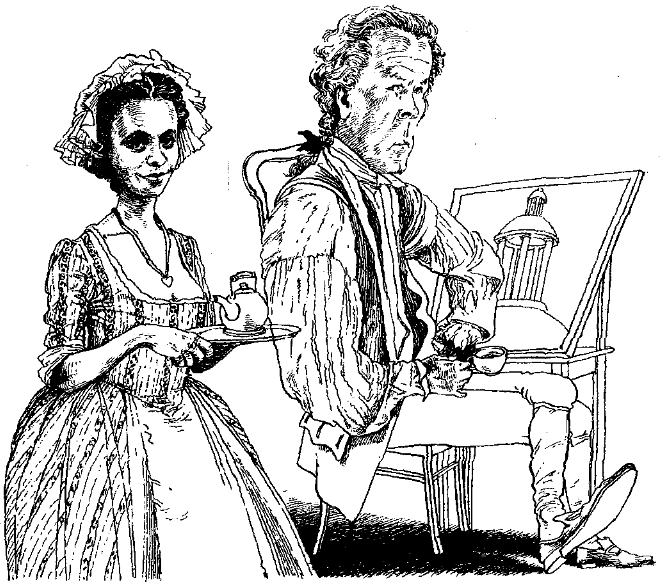
**While You Were Sleeping**—A romantic comedy in which a Chicago transit worker (Sandra Bullock) rescues an unconscious stranger (Peter Gallagher) from an oncoming train, and then, while he lies comatose in the hospital, is mistaken by his family for his fiancée. With Bill Pullman, Peter Boyle, Glynis Johns, and Jack Warden. Directed by Jon Turteltaub. Written by Dan Sullivan and Fred Lebow. Opening April 21. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and Lincoln Square.)

**Wings of Courage**—The first IMAX 3-D drama, about French fliers in the Andes in nineteen-thirty, stars Craig Sheffer and Elizabeth McGovern. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening April 21. (Lincoln Square.)

## CURRENT FILMS

*(The signed notes are by Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 32.)*

**Amateur**—In Hal Hartley's fourth feature, a lively and very peculiar sort of thriller, an amnesiac (Martin Donovan), an ex-nun (Isabelle Huppert), a porn star (Elina Lowensohn), and an accountant (Damian Young) are on the lam from a sinister European arms merchant. As usual in this director's movies, all the characters turn out to be running from themselves—from identities that have let them down. Hartley's Godardian manner is occasionally irritating, but Huppert's delicate, surprisingly witty performance keeps the picture grounded in recognizable human emotions. The movie is best seen as a comedy about the virtues of amnesia: in Hartley's world, waking up not knowing who you are is a blessing—even a miracle.—T.R. (4/17/95) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)



*Thandie Newton and Nick Nolte in "Jefferson in Paris."*

WOJCIECH WOLYNSKI

**Bad Boys**—A potential money factory from Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer (the producers of the "Beverly Hills Cop" movies), starring Martin Lawrence and Will Smith as a pair of Miami detectives who have four days to prevent a huge heroin score. The casting is shrewd—the two leads are relaxed and funny together—but nervous: Lawrence, known for his physical and often sexually explicit comedy, plays a timid and faithful husband, while polite, sweet-faced Smith plays an oversexed loose cannon. The car chases are unimpeachable. With Téa Leoni in a lame-duck role as a material witness. Written by Michael Barrie, Jim Mulholland, and Doug Richardson; directed by Michael Bay.—S.K. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

**Bar Girls**—A seriocomic look at a love affair between two women (Nancy Allison Wolfe and Liza D'Agostino) who frequent the same neighborhood bar. Directed by Marita Giovanni. (Quad Cinema and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

**Blessing**—As the twenty-three-year-old daughter of a Wisconsin dairy farmer, Melora Griffis must choose between the love of the local milkman (Gareth Williams) and the love of her family, in a drama written and directed by Paul Zehrer. (Angelika 57.)

**Clean, Shaven**—A psychological horror film about a schizophrenic (Peter Greene) searching for his daughter (Jennifer MacDonald). Written and directed by Lodge H. Kerrigan. (Quad Cinema.)

**The Cormorant**—Ralph Fiennes and Helen Schlesinger star in Peter Markham's 1993 BBC thriller, about a couple who discover that the cottage they've inherited in Wales comes with a malevolent waterfowl. (Little Theatre; through April 25.)

**Dolores Claiborne**—The title character of Taylor Hackford's film is a middle-aged Maine housekeeper (Kathy Bates) who is suspected of having killed her boss and—years ago—her husband. Bates is superb, and the dark-toned cinematography (by Gabriel Beristain) is evocative, but by the end you feel about the movie the way Dolores feels about her life: that it looked good for a while and then somehow went terribly wrong. Jennifer Jason Leigh, as the heroine's sullen, petulant daughter, plays her scenes with a morose intensity that seems to suck the energy out of the picture. Screenplay by Tony Gilroy, from Stephen King's rambling novel.—T.R. (4/3/95) (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Baronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

**Don Juan DeMarco**—A young man in a mask (Johnny Depp), who calls himself Don Juan and has been seducing every woman in sight, is put under the care of a psychiatrist (Marlon Brando); the doctor tries at first to cure the youth of his illusion and then begins to wonder whether there might be something to it. The writer and director, Jeremy Leven—himself a former shrink—has taken a heavy conceit and lightened it into comedy, which is what it deserves. Rather charmingly, he falls into the same trap the doctor does, lingering over flashbacks of Juan's carnal past as if to bolster their claim to reality. The movie looks too soft for its own good, and it's far too tasteful to turn anybody on, but Depp's placid sweetness keeps it pleasant, and Brando, realizing that there is fun to be had here, enjoys himself hugely—especially in his scenes with Faye Dunaway, who plays his wife. In defiance of the laws of gravity, the big man rises to the occasion and lifts the movie with him.—A.L. (4/10/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through April 20.)

**Fun**—Two teen-age girls (Renée Humphrey and Alicia Witt), who become friends at a suburban bus stop, spend a day together shopping, talking, and killing. With Leslie Hope as a counsellor and William R. Moses as a tabloid reporter. Directed by Rafael Zelinsky. (Film Forum; through April 25.)

**A Goofy Movie**—Disney's long-eared dog gets his own animated feature. Directed by Kevin Lima. (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Lincoln Square. . . . ¶ Guild; through April 20.)

**Jefferson in Paris**—Thomas Jefferson spent five years, beginning in 1784, as the American ambassador to France. This film, by the producing and directing team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory, deals with his passion for French political reform during the approach of the Revolution, his ambiguous attitude toward slavery (exemplified in his alleged affair with a black maid, Sally Hemings), and his love for a married woman, Maria Cosway. The subject is so rich and engaging that it should be impossible to

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make a dull film about it; nevertheless, Merchant and Ivory have pulled it off. The period detail is numbing, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script sounds like a stash of letters being read aloud, Ivory's direction is courteous and coy, and Nick Nolte's rough spirits have been dampened—nothing sparks between his Jefferson and Greta Scacchi's Maria, and the high point of his ardor for Sally (Thandie Newton) is the furtive unbuckling of a shoe. The only honors go to Gwyneth Paltrow, who plays Jefferson's impatient daughter. When she tears off her fancy wig and stuffs it into a vase, we know just how she feels.—A.L. (Paris.)

**Jury Duty**—A comedy in which Pauly Shore fulfills his civic obligation. With Tia Carrere, Brian Doyle-Murray, Stanley Tucci, and Abe Vigoda. Directed by John Fortenberry. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

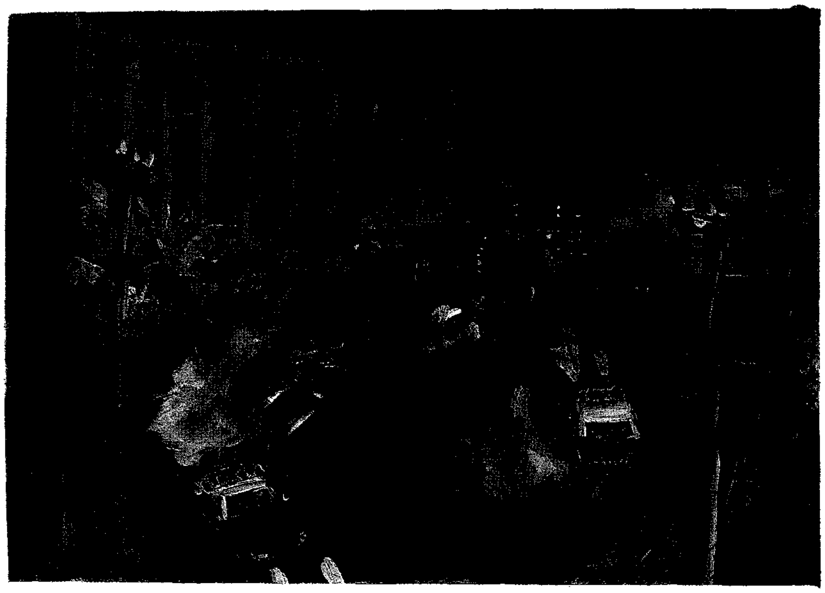
**The Last Good Time**—Armin Mueller-Stahl delivers a moving and subtle performance as Joseph, a retired violinist and lonely widower in Brooklyn; Olivia d'Abo is fine in the role of a twenty-two-year-old cool girl who needs a place to stay; Maureen Stapleton is poignant as Joseph's frail upstairs neighbor; and the great Lionel Stander, in his last film role, is hilariously lewd as the senile old friend Joseph visits in a nursing home. Bob Balaban and John McLaughlin based their script on Richard Bausch's 1984 novel, but the film has the thin beauty of a short story. It's hard to believe that this sentimental bouquet was directed by the same Balaban who made "Parents," a dark, heavily allegorical comedy about a boy raised by cannibals.—S.K. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**The Madness of King George**—Alan Bennett's stage play has moved to the screen, with the same star (Nigel Hawthorne), the same director (Nicholas Hytner), and the same story, about the King of England's decline, in the years 1788-89, from cheerful disciplinarian to lewd, unsleeping ranter. It's a fine dramatic predicament—and that's how it stays, never really pressing forward or pulling us into a plot. But there is plenty of relish here—in Ian Holm's fierce turn as a country physician, and in Hawthorne's blend of thundering and whimpers. With Helen Mirren (underused) and Rupert Everett (overweight).—A.L. (1/16/94) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

**Martha and I**—Jiří Weiss tells a story that's based on his own memories of the dark years leading up to the Second World War, and his leisurely, sensual, tragicomic style evokes Czech cinema in the brief period of freedom that preceded the Soviet crackdown in 1968. The movie focusses on the unusual, doomed marriage of an educated Czech Jew (Michel Piccoli) and his German housekeeper (Marianne Sägebrecht). Piccoli gives an extraordinarily touching performance. He's the soul of the movie: the gleam of lechery in his eyes seems to express everything the director has stubbornly continued to believe in—the remembered sweetness of life before catastrophe. In German.—T.R. (4/3/95) (Quad Cinema.)

**Muriel's Wedding**—Toni Collette plays Muriel, the shyest member of a bored and bulbous family living in Porpoise Spit, Australia. Her only resource is old Abba tapes, her only dream to marry; the identity of the bridegroom is immaterial. P. J. Hogan's directorial début is being sold as a feel-good picture in the same groove as "Strictly Ballroom," but there's a major difference: Hogan's movie doesn't feel good for long. The loud and lurid comedy, verging on caricature, soon grows bleak with bad news—divorce, cancer, suicide—none of which deepens the film; they just turn it into a downer. But the fine, edgy performances by Collette and Rachel Griffiths, as her best friend, keep things afloat.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

**Outbreak**—Wolfgang Petersen's biohazard thriller is a textbook example of Hollywood's ability to make something new look very old and very familiar. The screenplay invents a rain-forest virus called Motaba, which migrates from Zaire and runs amok in a Northern California town. But the filmmakers keep it contained—locked into an action-movie structure that reduces an unsettling subject to a predictable this-time-it's-personal conflict between a good-guy scientist (Dustin Hoffman) and a bad-guy general (Donald Sutherland). Also with Rene Russo, Morgan Freeman, Kevin Spacey, and Cuba Goodings, Jr.—T.R. (3/20/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)



*Opening April 19, "New Jersey Drive."*

JOE DAVIS

**The Pebble and the Penguin**—Martin Short, James Belushi, Tim Curry, and Annie Golden provide the voices for an animated musical about young penguins in love. (Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Lincoln Square. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through April 20.)

**Priest**—Young Father Greg (Linus Roache) arrives in Liverpool ready to spread the word, but there are serious obstacles to his zeal: a laid-back, liberal colleague (Tom Wilkinson); a Catholic population that doesn't want to hear about original sin; and his own furtive homosexuality. Just when it seems that his troubles can't get worse, a young girl who is being abused by her father comes to him, and, forbidden to break the confidence of the confessional, he feels powerless to help her. The movie, written by Jimmy McGovern and directed, somewhat hysterically, by Antonia Bird, is almost comically determined to pile on the big issues and ethical wranglings that face the modern clergy. Angry and unfair, it wants to expose the hypocrisy of the Church without bothering to show how the institution really works.—A.L. (3/27/95) (Angelika Film Center, Cinema II, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

**Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker**—An epic set in early-twentieth-century China, about a nineteen-year-old woman (Ning Jing) who has been raised as a man because she is the sole heir to a fireworks empire, and the artist (Wu Gang) she falls in love with. Directed by He Ping. Adapted by Da Ying from the novel by Feng Jicai. In Mandarin. (Quad Cinema and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

**Rob Roy**—Michael Caton-Jones's film about the eighteenth-century Scottish outlaw Robert MacGregor uneasily straddles the line between swashbuckler and prestige picture. In Alan Sharp's screenplay, Rob (Liam Neeson) is a rugged, principled man at war with artful English fops (Tim Roth and John Hurt). This should make for rousing spectacle, but somehow it doesn't. With Jessica Lange as the hero's loyal wife, the picture is actually more effective as a conjugal-love story than as a ripping yarn. Although it's an agreeable movie, Caton-Jones's direction is too discreet—too civilized—to stir the viewer's blood. Even the glorious Highlands setting is disappointing; the cinematographer, Karl Walter Lindenlaub, gives the landscapes a subdued, overcast look. The film's heart is in the right place, but its eye isn't.—T.R. (4/17/95) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, Lincoln Square, and Metro Cinema.)

**Stuart Saves His Family**—Harold Ramis directed this "Saturday Night Live" spinoff, starring Al Franken as the host of the public-access TV show "Daily Affirmations." With Laura San Giacomo and Vincent D'Onofrio. Written by Franken. (Village Theatre VII, Tower East, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Embassy 1.)

**Tommy Boy**—The slow but earnest heir to a small-town Ohio auto-parts business (Chris Farley) wrestles with his new stepmother (Bo Derek) and her son (Rob Lowe) for control of the family business, in a comedy directed by Peter Segal and written by Bonnie Turner, Terry Turner, and Fred Wolf. Also with David Spade, Julie Warner, and Brian Dennehy. (19th Street East 6, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

## ALSO PLAYING

**BEFORE THE RAIN** (reviewed in our issue of 3/13/95): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **BORN TO BE WILD:** Gemini and Criterion Center. . . . **BOYS ON THE SIDE:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BULLETPROOF HEART:** Cinema Village. . . . **BULLETS OVER BROADWAY** (10/24/94): 59th Street East Cinema, Waverly, and 62nd & Broadway. . . . **BYE BYE, LOVE:** Gotham Cinema. . . . **CIRCLE OF FRIENDS:** 19th Street East 6, Coronet, Waverly, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . **DISCLOSURE** (12/19/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **DUMB AND DUMBER:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **EXOTICA:** Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . **FARINELLI:** Village East Cinemas and Lincoln Square. . . . **FORREST GUMP** (7/25/94): Gemini and Lincoln Square. . . . **A GREAT DAY IN HARLEM** (reviewed in the Jazz column, 1/23/95): 57th St. Playhouse. . . . **HIDEAWAY:** Criterion Center. . . . **HOOP DREAMS** (10/17/94): Plaza and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **IMMORTAL BELOVED:** World-

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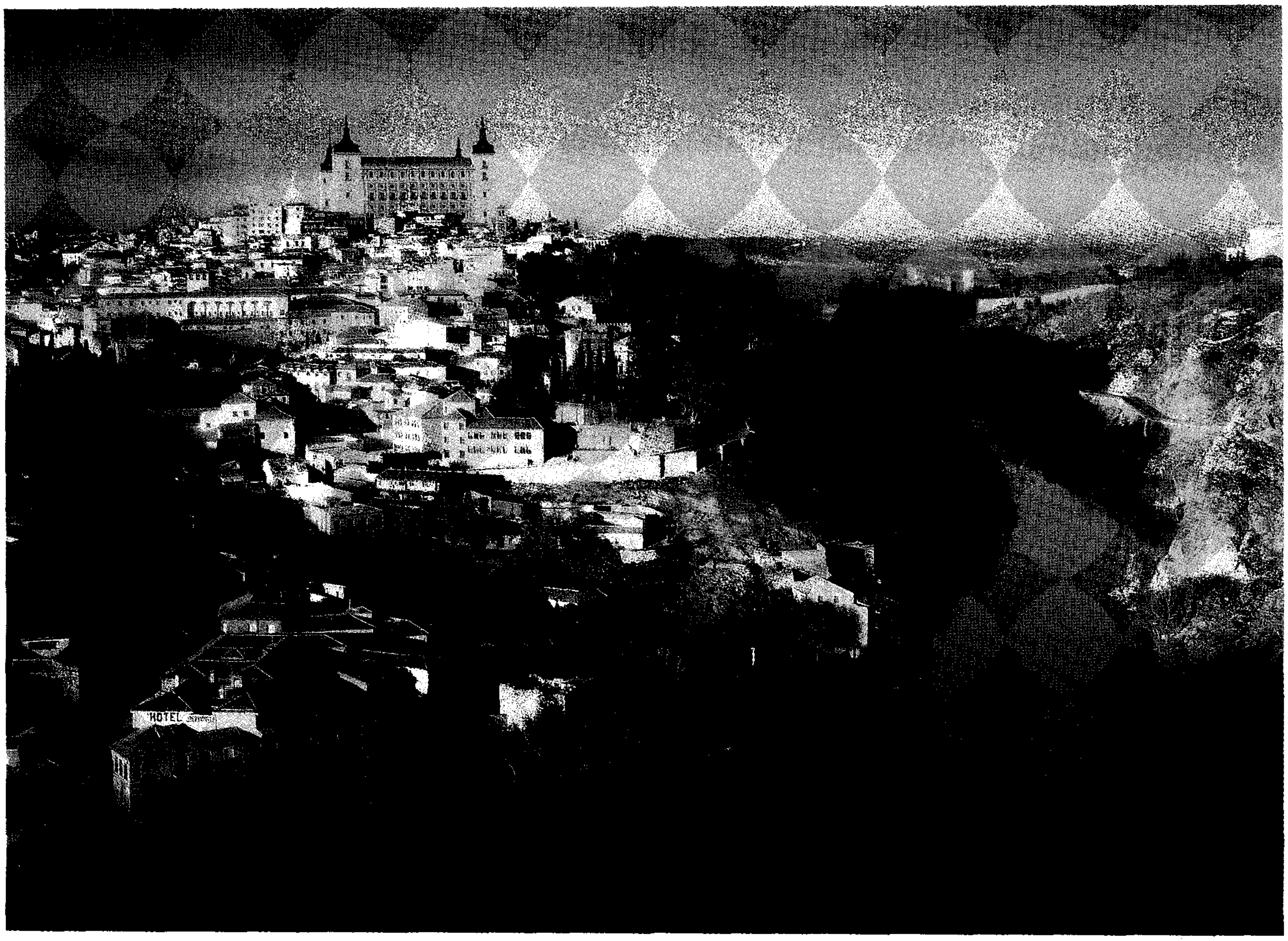

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wide Cinemas. . . . **JUST CAUSE**: Criterion Center. . . . **THE LAST SEDUCTION** (10/24/94): Village East Cinemas. . . . **LOSING ISAIAH**: Embassy. . . . **MAJOR PAYNE**: Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Olympia. . . . **MURDER IN THE FIRST**: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **ONCE WERE WARRIORS**: Angelika Film Center and Cinema 3. . . . **PULP FICTION** (10/10/94): Village East Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Embassy. . . . **RED** (11/28/94): Carnegie Hall Cinemas. . . . **RICHIE RICH**: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE SECRET OF ROAN INISH**: Angelika Film Center and Eastside Cinema. . . . **THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION** (9/26/94): First & 62nd Cinemas, Regency, and Olympia. . . . **STRAWBERRY AND CHOCOLATE**: Village East Cinemas and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **THE SUM OF US**: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **TANK GIRL**: Movieland 8th Street Triplex and Criterion Center. . . . **TOM AND VIV** (12/12/94): Cinema 3rd Avenue.

## THEATRE ADDRESSES

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### EAST SIDE

**Angelika Film Center,** 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
**Movieland 8th Street Triplex,** 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
**Village Theatre VII,** 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
**Village East Cinemas,** 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
**19th Street East 6,** B'way at 19th (260-8000).
**Murray Hill Cinemas,** 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
**34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
**Eastside Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
**Sutton I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
**Manhattan Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
**59th Street East Cinema,** 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
**Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue,** 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
**First & 62nd Cinemas,** 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
**New York Twin,** 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
**Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
**East 85th Street,** 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
**Park & 86th Street Cinemas,** 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
**Orpheum VII,** 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
**86th Street East Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum,** 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
**Waverly I and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
**Art Greenwich Twin,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
**Chelsea Cinemas,** 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
**23rd St. West Triplex,** 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
**Guild,** 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
**Worldwide Cinemas,** 50th St., between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583).
**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th (581-7360).
**Carnegie Hall Cinemas,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
**Angelika 57,** 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
**Paris,** 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
**62nd & Broadway,** 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas,** B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
**Regency,** B'way at 67th (724-3700).
**Lincoln Square,** B'way at 68th (336-5000).
**84th Street Sixplex,** B'way at 84th (877-3600).
**Metro Cinema I and 2,** B'way at 99th (222-1200).
**Olympia I and II,** B'way at 107th (865-8128).

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Center,** B'way at 44th (354-0900).
**Embassy I,** B'way at 46th (302-0494).
**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
**Astor Plaza,** 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
**National Twin,** B'way at 44th (869-0950).

## REVIVALS

*(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)*

**Aparajito** (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu Trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, but it's full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from its medieval village life to the modern streets of Bernares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with the school system, and later, when he has left his mother, with the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—you understand how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) Music by Ravi Shanker. In Bengali.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; starting April 21.)

**Cleopatra Jones** (1973)—The first swashbuckler to star a fighting superwoman. A six-foot-two-inch C.I.A. narcotics agent, Cleopatra (the beautiful black Amazon Tamara Dobson) is out to get the dope dealers who are preying on blacks; the leader of the international dope ring, which operates out of Los Angeles, is "Mommy" (Shelley Winters, in blazing wigs). The movie is brightly colored and energetic, and there's a comic strip grossness (yet good-naturedness) about the continuous mayhem. The whole thing suggests a Pop art racial and sexual spoof. Directed by Jack Starrett, with low-brow gusto.—P.K. (A Different Light Bookstore; April 23.)

**The Covered Wagon** (1923)—In the first epic Western, James Cruze, the director, plants his camera and watches as his pioneers brave a perilous river crossing and an Indian attack and fulfill America's Manifest Destiny. En route, the pasty-faced hero, J. Warren Kerrigan, and the robust villain, Alan Hale, vie for pretty Lois Wilson. When her father (Charles Ogle), an incompetent but determined wagon master, leads a band of farmers into the promised land of Oregon, his whole group drops to its knees and prays; the scene surprises modern audiences with its noble power. The melodrama and moviemaking are basic, yet the plainness works—nothing obscures the visual glory of prairie schooners spanning the horizon. Ernest Torrence, as Kerrigan's pardner, and Tully Marshall, as the legendary trailblazer Jim Bridger, are ornery and grungy and funny; you could say they smell like frontier spirit. And Cruze's Indians make sense: the weapon they most fear is the plow, because it will destroy their ecosystem. Karl Brown was the cinematographer, Dorothy Arzner the editor; Jack Cunningham wrote the script, from Emerson Hough's novel.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; April 23 and 25.)

**Doctor Zhivago** (1965)—The pure-souled poet-doctor Zhivago (Omar Sharif, with wet, dark eyes) is at the center of the scenarist Robert Bolt's poetic enigma, and the director David Lean surrounds him with enormous historical reconstructions of the Russian Revolution. Neither the contemplative Zhivago nor the flux of events is intelligible, and, what is worse, they seem unrelated to each other. (It's hard to know what kind of hero or even what kind of group of people *could* hold these events together.) After the first half hour you don't expect the picture to breathe and live; you just sit there. It isn't shoddy (except for the balalaika music, which is so repetitive you could kill the composer); it's stately, respectable, and dead. With Julie Christie, who does have some life as Lara, and Rod Steiger, who brings something powerful, many-sided, and sexual to the role of Komarovsky, and Geraldine Chaplin, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Siobhan McKenna, Jack MacGowran, Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, Adrienne Corri, Geoffrey Keen, Noel Willman, and Klaus Kinski. From the novel by Boris Pasternak. (193 minutes.)—P.K. (Lincoln Square.)

**Nanook of the North** (1921)—Instead of going to a culture with a story, Robert Flaherty developed his stories out of what he observed; his films have no human villains, yet they have great drama and a surprising amount of comedy. (Like all great documentarians, he imparts his own spirit to his films.) His feature-length study of the Eskimo Nanook, who lives where nothing grows and who depends on what he can kill, was made in 1920 and 1921. Two years later, while people all over the world were applauding this smiling man in his cold and hostile environment, Flaherty's hero died of starvation. He lives on in this movie in a different way from screen actors of the past: Flaherty closes the distance between Nanook and the audience. Silent.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; April 23.)

**Reversal of Fortune** (1990)—Barbet Schroeder's entertainingly trashy sick-joke docudrama about how Claus von Bülow's conviction for trying to kill his superrich wife was overturned on appeal through the brainpower of the Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz and his team of students and former students. Jeremy Irons' von Bülow is a depraved cuckoo; he simply can't resist playing ghoulish comedian and making Dershowitz (Ron Silver) his stooge. The script, by Nicholas Kazan, is skillfully constructed, but it's based on Dershowitz's book about the case, and he's the protagonist—the crusading lawyer searching for evidence of innocence. Silver's Dershowitz seems to be overdosing on proud sentimental Jewishness. (That this is a positive stereotype makes it no less a stereotype.) Glenn Close is very effective as Sunny von Bülow, the comatose narrator.—P.K. (Little Theatre; April 21 and 25.)

**Sunrise** (1927)—A near-masterpiece, made in Hollywood by the great German director F. W. Murnau. The script, freely adapted from Hermann Sudermann's "A Trip to Tilsit," was prepared in Berlin by Carl Mayer, and Murnau planned the whole film there, on the basis that the story was universal. The man (George O'Brien) and his wife (Janet Gaynor) are rural Americans; their happiness is disrupted by a city temptress (Margaret Livingston) who seduces the man and persuades him to drown his wife. The story is told in a flowing, lyrical German manner that is extraordinarily sensual, yet perhaps too self-conscious, too fablelike for American audiences. (Huge stylized sets were built.) The film failed commercially, and on his next two Fox projects Murnau didn't have the same freedom. Silent.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; April 21.)

**The Wild Bunch** (1969)—Sam Peckinpah's Western epic—perhaps the greatest American movie—is a brilliant, suspenseful action picture about a band of outlaws on the run in south Texas and Mexico in the days before the First World War. It has been restored to its full two-hour-and-twenty-five-minute length, and the restored scenes—mostly flashbacks to painful moments in the life of the gang's leader (William Holden)—deepen and complicate the viewer's responses to the film's violent set pieces. The voluptuous carnage in the opening shootout and in the climactic massacre is more disturbing than ever, because it's now tinged with the melancholy of an aging killer. The superb supporting cast includes Robert Ryan, Ernest Borgnine, Ben Johnson, and Warren Oates.—T.R. (3/6/95) (Village East Cinemas.)

## LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

*(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)*

**Film Forum 2 and 3,** 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—**THEATRE 2:** "A Matter of Life and Death" (1946, Michael Powell). . . . **THEATRE 3:** Through April 20: "Mamma Roma" (1962, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian) and "I Am Cuba" (1964, Mikhail Kalatozov; in Spanish, Russian, and English). . . . From April 21: "Crumb" (1995, Terry Zwigoff).

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)—April 19-20 at 5, 6:45, 8:30, and 10:15; April 21 at 8:30 and 10:15; April 22-23 at 4, 8:30, and 10:15; and April 25 at

8:30 and 10:15: "The Cormorant" (1993, Peter Markham). . . . ¶ A program of films directed by Barbet Schroeder. April 21 and 25 at 6: "Reversal of Fortune" (†). . . . April 22-23 at 6: "Maîtresse" (1975). . . . April 24: "The Charles Bukowski Tapes" (1984-87), Part One at 6 and Part Two at 8:15.

**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas,** B'way at 63rd St. (757-2280)—A five-month-long showing of films by the great Indian filmmaker Satyajit Ray. Through April 20: "Pather Panchali" (1954, in Bengali). . . . From April 21: "Aparajito" (†).

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—April 20 at 2:30 and April 23 at 2: Two films produced by Thomas H. Ince—"The Taking of Luke McVane" (1915, William S. Hart) and "The Coward" (1915, Reginald Barker). . . . ¶ April 20 at 3 and 6: "Mayan Voices: American Lives" (1994, Olivia L. Carrescia). . . . ¶ April 20 at 6:30: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915, D. W. Griffith; silent). . . . ¶ April 21 at 2:30 and April 22 at 5: "High and Dizzy" (1920, Hal Roach) and other short films from 1905-14. . . . ¶ April 21 at 3: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930, Lewis Milestone). . . . ¶ April 21 at 6: A program of short films by Walt Disney, Fernand Léger, and other artists. . . . ¶ April 21 at 6:30 and 8 and April 22 at 5: "Imaginary Light" (1994, Andrew Noren). . . . ¶ April 21 at 7:30: "Sunrise" (†). . . . ¶ April 22 at 2 and April 24 at 5: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919, Robert Wiene; a German silent film). . . . ¶ April 22 at 2:30: "India Song" (1974, Marguerite Duras; in French). . . . ¶ April 23 at 2:30: "Le Navire Night" (1979, Duras; in French). . . . ¶ April 23 at 5 and April 25 at 2:30: "The Covered Wagon" (†). . . . ¶ April 23 at 5: Three short films written and directed by Duras. . . . ¶ April 24 at 2:30 and April 25 at 6: "Metropolis" (1926, Fritz Lang; a German silent film).

**Walter Reade Theatre,** Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—A series of Soviet films (features, documentaries, animated works, television shows, and video shorts) from the glasnost era (1985-91) is being shown. . . . ¶ April 20 at 6:30: "Taken for Granite" (1995, Cheryl Miller) and "El Deseo" (1994, Jerry A. Rodriguez). . . . ¶ April 22-23 at 2: "Dangerous When Wet" (1953, Charles Walters), with Esther Williams.

**American Museum of the Moving Image,** 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—April 19-21 at 2: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939, Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland. . . . ¶ April 23 at 2 and 4:30: "Chinatown" (1974, Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson.

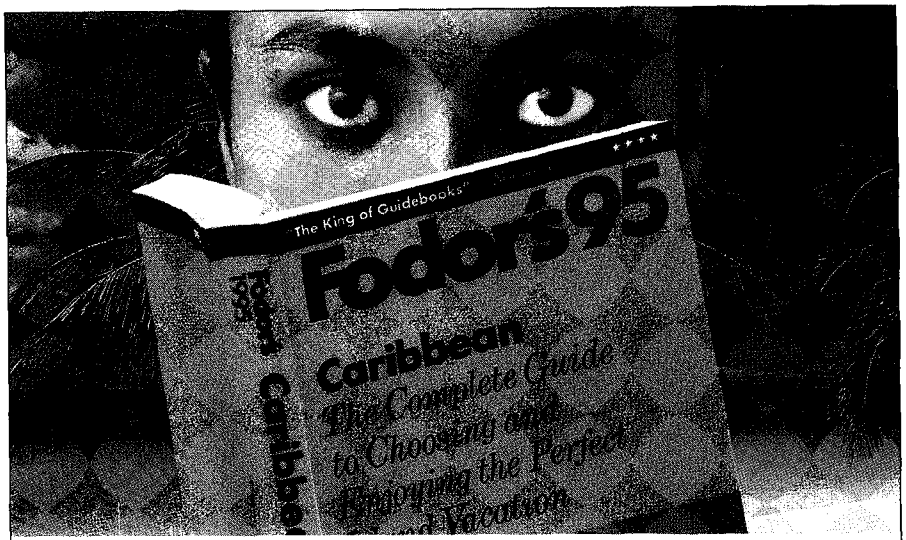
**A Different Light Bookstore,** 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Saturday-and-Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On April 22 at 7, the feature will be "Waiting for the Moon" (1987, Jill Godmilow), with Linda Hunt and Linda Bassett. On April 23 at 7, the feature will be "Cleopatra Jones" (†).

**Florence Gould Hall,** 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—April 25 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:15: "Red" (1994, Krzysztof Kieślowski, in French).

**Brooklyn Museum,** 200 Eastern Parkway (1-718 638-5000)—A program of films and videos about South Africa, 1948-94. April 21 at 7: "A Dry White Season" (1989, Euzhan Palcy). . . . ¶ April 22 at 2: "The Penalty Area" (1995, Clifford Bestall) and "My Country, My Hat" (1981, David Bensusan). . . . ¶ April 23 at 2: "In Darkest Hollywood: Cinema & Apartheid" (1992, Peter Davis and Daniel Riesenfeld).

**Anthology Film Archives,** 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—April 20 at 9: A program of films by Harry Smith. . . . ¶ April 21-23 at 8: Programs 6-8 from Bruce Elder's "The Book of All the Dead," a thirty-two-hour cycle of films. . . . ¶ April 22-23 at 4: "Pong" (1986, Lee Doo-yong). . . . ¶ April 22 at 7: "Day of Wrath" (1943, Carl Dreyer; in Danish). . . . ¶ April 22 at 9: "Gertrud" (1965, Dreyer; in Danish). . . . ¶ April 23 at 6: "Nanook of the North" (†) and "Man of Aran" (1934, Robert Flaherty).

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The 1995 Biennial Exhibition, presenting films and videos from the past two years. Call for schedule and screening times.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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## DICK MORRIS, REPUBLICAN F.O.B.

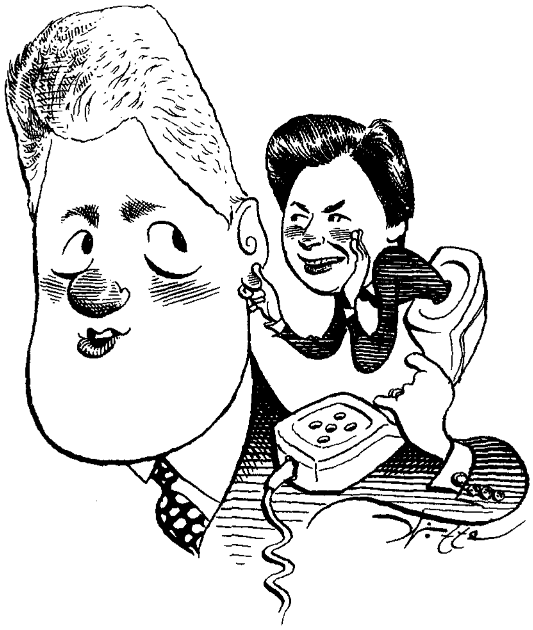
DICK MORRIS, a fast-talking and faster-thinking former New Yorker with a trend-defying pompadour of dark-brown hair, sounds almost genuinely puzzled. "I seem to be in vogue," he said the other day. "Everyone is talking about me, and I'm not sure why." However, it doesn't take a genius—which is what some people think Morris may be—to see why he has powerful people in Washington nonplussed.

For one thing, Morris, who runs a one-man political-consulting firm out of his home, in West Redding, Connecticut, apparently has Bill Clinton's ear, and has been privately advising the President and his wife as often as three times a month since the electoral rout in November. For another, Morris is a Republican, and not a wishy-washy one. As recently as last month, he declared, in the dry pages of the journal *Campaigns & Elections*, that his immediate goal was to "help the Republicans govern successfully and become a majority party." To this end, he has taken on such clients as the Mississippi Republican Trent Lott, the Senate Whip, who has become not only Newt Gingrich's ally in the Senate but also one of the pricklier thorns in Clinton's side.

In recent weeks, with the Presidential campaign approaching, Morris's shadowy relationship with Clinton has become a matter of intense interest. "He's the ultimate mole," one longtime Democratic pollster, who declined to be named, declared. "The question is why Clinton would want advice from someone who has, in essence, spent the last two years trying to figure out ways to beat his brains in."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE

Morris, however, is not a newcomer to Bill Clinton's life. Formerly a liberal Democrat, who, like Clinton, worked for George McGovern's 1972 Presidential campaign, Morris decided to turn his love of politics and his talent for strategic thinking into a business. He was, he says, Bill Clinton's first consultant, and Clinton, he says, was his first client. As David Maraniss writes in his recent biography of the President, "First in His Class," it was Morris, as much as any other adviser, who helped Clinton craft his political comeback in Arkansas in 1982, after his failure to win reëlection as governor. Arguing that Clinton had drawn too sharp a line between "virtue and sin," Morris urged Clinton to temper his idealism with pragmatism, to attack his own liberal base when necessary, and to implement a permanent campaign based in part on constant polling—which Morris himself undertook. Some marvelled at Morris's acuity at the time, but others viewed him as evil incarnate. President Jimmy Carter's pollster and strategist, Patrick Caddell, who knew Clinton back then, says, "When Clinton lost the election in 1980, he sold his soul to the Devil and the Devil sent him Dickie Morris."



"CONSULTING is a weird business," a current Democratic consultant says. "Some of it is wisdom and some of it is mystique. And nothing rivals the mystique a consultant earns when he has helped someone come back from the dead. That, as much as anything, explains Clinton's attachment to Morris." The problem now is that as Clinton has become more prominent, Morris has become more Republican. (In 1988, he did advertisements for George Bush.) Morris protests that his current contacts with the President are informal and infrequent compared with those in the eighties. Moreover, he suggests that except during the 1992 campaign he never really stopped talking with Clinton, so the current concerns of some within the White House are overblown. But he does acknowledge that of late "I sort of get a lot of phone calls from him."

Last week, Morris described the relationship as "more of a friendship than anything else." But he confirmed rumors that after the upset in November Clinton asked him to become his pollster. Morris declined the offer and instead recommended the New York firm of Penn & Schoen Associates—and, indeed, that firm has quietly been retained by the Democratic National Committee to do polling for the White House.

Morris says he plans to play no official role in Clinton's reëlection campaign, but few of those familiar with the relationship believe that he will be far away. "It's extraordinary, maybe unprecedented, for someone to work for both parties at such top levels," says Larry J. Sabato, a professor of political science who has written a book on campaign consultants. Listening to Morris may be "a dangerous thing for Clinton," Sabato suggests. "You have to imagine that his Republican clients want to know what the White House is thinking, just as the White House wants to know what *they're* thinking."

Morris sees the potential for conflicts, but so far, he says, he has been able to juggle the conflicting concerns of two parties and believes that it is "for the best of the country to give both my best advice." But many, including Sabato, remain skeptical. "First, they bring in these New Age personal trainers, like Tony Robbins and Marianne Williamson, and now this," he says. "It seems like Clinton's core is a lot emptier than it seemed in 1992. He keeps reaching out, as if someone else had the answers."

If answers are what Clinton wants, Morris is glad to oblige. Most of the advice that he gives to the President, he says, falls into the category of congressional relations: interpreting the Republicans to the President or, as he puts it, "explaining what the Republicans eat for breakfast." That makes sense—unless, of course, he's their next meal.

## A DIVA'S NEW DEAL

The atmosphere at San Domenico on a recent Friday afternoon at around one o'clock was even more gala than anyone had expected. London/Decca was giving a luncheon to celebrate a new three-year recording contract with the coloratura-mezzo Cecilia Bartoli—a rare transaction indeed in the pared-down economy of today's classical-music business. Still, it's not as if the company were buying a pig in a poke. Since 1989, eight of Bartoli's recordings have registered among the Top Twenty-five on the *Billboard* charts; six of those have ranked in the Top Ten, and one resided at the very top of the list for thirteen weeks. No wonder so many people were standing around sipping champagne from skinny flutes at such an unseemly hour.

The diva, wearing a gold-buttoned winter-white blazer over black wool slacks, arrived, with her mother, at just the right stroke of lateness. A small rectangular black leather handbag on a gold chain hung over her shoulder. "Chanel," someone whispered. "That's a very Roman look. The Italians just love Chanel." Bartoli's mother, Silvana, who is a former opera singer and her daughter's only teacher, looked stately in a mink coat.

The record-company suits were there, beaming with proprietary beneficence, and so were Bartoli's manager and his associates, her press agent, an impresario from Vancouver, and representatives from the Metropolitan Opera and the Houston Grand Opera. When one of the suits announced that Bartoli would appear in Houston next fall in her greatest role, in Rossini's "La Cenerentola," oohs and ahs ascended in the room like a cloud of confectioner's sugar. There were further approving murmurs when he revealed that Bartoli would make her Met début next season as Despina in "Così Fan Tutte."

After lunch, there was a round of mercifully short speeches, including one from Bartoli herself, who spoke both in English and in Italian, and expressed thanks for the freedom to sing and record what she chooses. Under her new contract she will make four albums, including a recital of French songs, a recital of Bellini and Donizetti songs, and a program of Mozart concert arias with the Vienna Philharmonic.

When the speeches subsided, a white cake the size of a manhole cover was brought in. "Maybe she's going to put her footprints in it," someone said. Someone else remarked, "Oh, look, they made it in the shape of a CD."

"You're so lucky, Cecilia," one admirer said later.

"How so?" the singer asked, widening her eyes to the size of soupspoons.

"Because you're from Italy, where there is a very special tradition and mystique surrounding mezzo-sopranos. They're superstars—as celebrated as sopranos and tenors."

"Oh, really?" Bartoli deadpanned. "Mezzo-sopranos?"

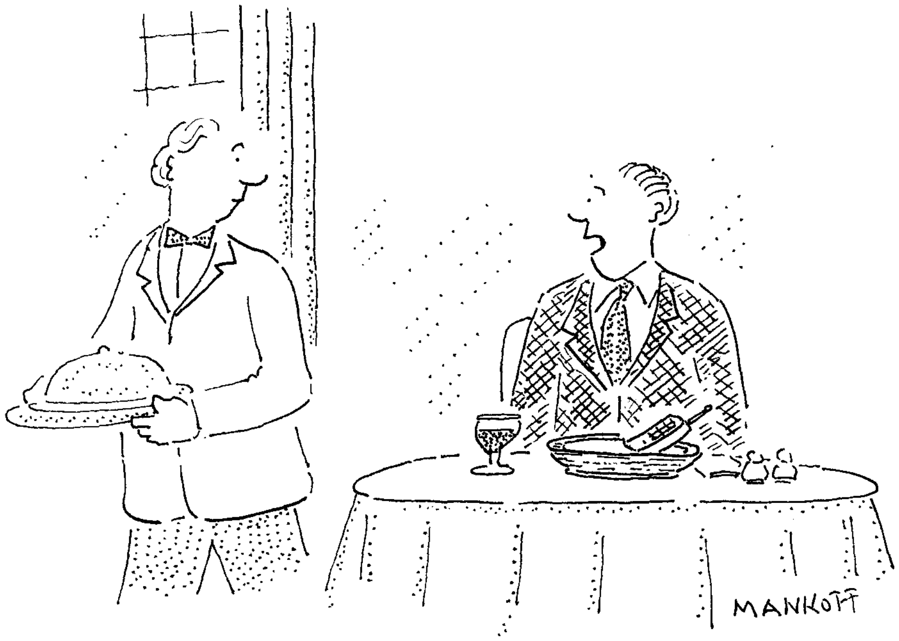
## EXAMINING JOEY KOCUR'S HAND

Joe Kocur's disability policy, issued at Lloyd's of London, specifies a single exclusion: his right hand. Kocur is a member of the New York Rangers, who, with three weeks left before the playoffs, wish they were playing better than they are. He is six feet tall and weighs two hundred and ten pounds. His face is small, he has high cheekbones, a strong jaw, a gap between his front teeth, and a boyish and malevolent expression. Kocur grew up in Saskatchewan, on the Western Canadian prairie. He is of a physical type occasionally described in hockey circles as a hay baler; that is, he has the broad-backed, slope-shouldered build of a farmer. On the Rangers, he occupies the position of enforcer, which obliges him to deliver the team's response when one of its stars has been handled rudely by the opposition.

Kocur's right hand has the appearance of a homemade tool. His friend the actor Jeff Daniels describes it as "a blunt object with fingernails." Eleven seasons of hockey fights have built up sufficient scar tissue between the wrist and the knuckles that the skin there is taut and shiny and smooth. It feels like linoleum. Because of how tightly the skin is stretched, it can no longer be gathered and stitched. Here and there on his fingers and around his knuckles are dozens of small white scars, like the marbling in a piece of meat. Between the first and second knuckles is a long, thin surgical scar that was left after a tendon that had split down the middle was repaired. A crude, winding, trenchlike scar begins between the two other knuckles and runs nearly to the wrist, the result of emergency surgery to control a staph infection. Kocur had cut his hand on another player's teeth, and the doctor had stitched the wound without cleansing it thoroughly. "A day later, I woke up with my arm swelled to nearly the size of my leg," Kocur says. During hockey season Kocur nearly always has several cuts on his hand, and when he fights they bleed. His hand is so sensitive that he protects it from almost all contact off the ice. When he is on the ice, he says, he is so absorbed in what he is doing that he doesn't feel any pain.

Every team has at least one enforcer and a few have several, but Kocur's hand is an anomaly among them. Its condition is the result of his incautious and idiosyncratic style. Most hockey fighters stand close to their opponents and wrestle with them, or grab their sweaters and trade short, quick punches. Because the punches are delivered at such close range, they are not notably powerful, and the enforcers' hands look no different from the hands of the other players on the team. All that Kocur desires, however, is the chance to land one punch. He grabs an opponent with his left hand and tries to pull him nearer at the same time that he launches his right from somewhere down by his hip or behind his back. It is unusual for a player to be injured in a hockey fight, but it is not unusual for a player to be injured fighting Kocur. It is sometimes said of him, "When Joey hits people, they stay hit."

Mike Richter, the Rangers' goalie, says that he noticed the condition of Kocur's right hand almost immediately after Kocur arrived in New York, in 1991, in a trade with the Detroit Red Wings. Kocur and Richter were in the locker room at Madison Square Garden after a game in which Kocur had reproved a visiting player for behaving thoughtlessly toward one of his new teammates. Kocur's hand was bleeding. That was in March. Richter asked, "When will that heal?" and Kocur said, "July."



*"Waiter, there's a phone in my soup!"*

• •

## EAZY-E'S FRIENDS

ANDRE HARRELL, the thirty-four-year-old president and founder of Uptown Entertainment and the executive producer of the television show "New York Undercover," remembers exactly where he was on Thursday, March 16th, the day the thirty-one-year-old rapper and rap entrepreneur Eazy-E released a statement announcing that he had full-blown AIDS. "I was at the Four Seasons Hotel in Beverly Hills," Harrell, who was back in his apartment, on the Upper West Side, said the other Sunday. He described his reaction in a voice marked by both the hip cadences of a youth spent in projects in the South Bronx and the refined tones of a professional at the top echelons of the music industry. "Just the Thursday before that, I had had an AIDS test. My results had been in since Monday, and I had just been lackadaisical about calling my doctor. I called my doctor in such a huff after I heard the news. When the nurse heard my voice, she said, 'Andre, you're negative. Relax. You still need to speak to the doctor?' I was like 'No! Bye!' "

A few nights later, Harrell continued, he was chatting in a recording studio with Devante Swing, a member of the singing group Jodeci, which is one of Uptown's biggest acts. Suddenly, their conversation turned serious. "Devante was asking me twenty questions about AIDS, because he was good friends with Eazy," Harrell said. "And then it hit me. For the first time, heterosexual inner-city men felt like AIDS could get them." This fear may well be the effect that Eazy—one of the founders of the rap group N.W.A (Niggaz With Attitude), which had clashed with the F.B.I. and the L.A.P.D. and had revolutionized gangsta rap—hoped for.

By March 26th, Eazy (whose given name was Eric Wright) had died, and Harrell, who describes himself as "the adult of the hip-hop world," was busy organizing his response to the loss: a concert, Urban Aid, to be held in the late summer or early fall, with proceeds going to various inner-city AIDS charities. Harrell said that he already has commitments from some of the top executives in the music industry, among them Sidney Sheinberg, the president of MCA, and Doug Morris, the chairman of Warner Music–U.S. "What it looks like it's becoming is this concert on the level of Live Aid. It'll be the top twenty artists. Right now, it's still in the planning stages, but it looks like it'll be from twelve in the afternoon to twelve midnight, maybe at the Meadowlands. We have confirmed Jodeci, Mary J. Blige, Heavy D, Soul For Real, TLC, Biggie Smalls, LL Cool J, Run-D.M.C., Salt-n-Pepa. We want Janet Jackson, Toni Braxton, Snoop, Dre. The only adult that I'm reaching out to is Stevie Wonder, because Stevie has just been the most benevolent person."

Long before the concert, possibly as early as June, Harrell said, he wants to begin broadcasting a series of public-service announcements. One of his ideas involves an enormously popular rapper, someone like Snoop Doggy Dogg. Harrell explained, "Imagine Snoop Dogg getting ready to make love, looking for a condom. He can't find one, and he's getting ready to go ahead anyway. Suddenly, just before he gets ready to penetrate, he sees the girl's face develop all the symptoms of what a full-blown-AIDS person would have just as he was about to die. Snoop starts screaming in a panic. And then it goes black. And it says something like 'Just do it, but be careful.' "

## MITFORD'S BEATLES

It should come as no surprise that Jessica Mitford has just put out a pop CD. She was, after all, the only populist among six sisters whom even the most shameless pulp novelist would hardly dare invent. Nancy Mitford, the oldest of the daughters of a remarkably bad-natured English aristocrat, Lord Redesdale, became a novelist. Pamela Mitford was described by the poet John Betjeman as "gentle Pamela, the most rural of them all." Diana Mitford married Oswald Mosley, who founded the British Union of Fascists. Unity Mitford had a passion for Adolf Hitler and botched a suicide attempt, and Deborah Mitford is now the Duchess of Devonshire. And Jessica? She eloped and ran away to Spain during the Civil War, and later joined the Communist Party. She is now a writer, and has lived in Oakland, California, with her husband, Robert Treuhaft, a labor lawyer, for forty years.

Her singing career, on the other hand, began just a year and a half ago, at the fortieth-anniversary party for *The Paris Review*, in San Francisco. She was one of a bevy of writers singing at the celebration. For her début, Mitford chose a Beatles number, "Maxwell's Silver Hammer." Last fall, she was asked to perform again. Things escalated, as they do in pop, and soon Mitford found herself in a recording studio, fronting an actual band: Decca and the Dectones (Decca being Jessica's longtime nickname).

The CD was released in late March. "There was a party at a place in S.F. called the Paradise Lounge. It's a really grungy night club and it was simply packed," Mitford reported, still agog. The Beatles song comes first on the CD, and then you hear a Victorian ballad, "Grace Darling," about a shipwreck and a lighthouse-keeper's valiant daughter. "We used to sing that around my mother's piano, along with thirties-ish songs and a few music-hall songs from her day," Mitford said. Then she launched into the ballad to demonstrate. "Help! Help!" she sang lustily. "She could hear the cry of the shipwrecked crew /But Grace had an English heart / And the raging storm she braved / She sailed away o'er the dashing spray / And the crew she saved." In case anybody imagined that the years—and Northern California—had made her sentimental, she added, "Grace Darling died about four years later. Of consumption, like most heroines of the day. She was about twenty-two at the time." Meaning, one supposes, that you can have an English heart, but it shouldn't make you soppy.

## McLAREN'S PARIS

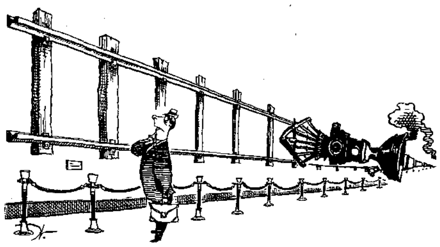
There is nothing capricious about the title of Malcolm McLaren's new album, "Paris." Not only does McLaren, the creator of Britain's least forgettable punk band, the Sex Pistols, now live in the French capital but he has become enough of a Parisian to compose the theme song for the campaign of one of the more conservative candidates for the French Presidency, Jacques Chirac, the Mayor of Paris. "I couldn't believe it," observes McLaren, who was in town last week, looking as manic as ever, except that his hair has moderated from a Category 5 hurricane to a Category 3. "His campaign manager phoned me up. I thought, Why would they be phoning me? You'd think they'd be phoning Jean-Michel Jarre or Michel Legrand." Last week, McLaren's piece was unleashed on the French voters. "It's operatic, and very modern," he says, pointing out that it won't remind anybody of the last bit of political music with which he was associated—the Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen," which observes, "She ain't no human being."

## RAIL TIES

If you had taken, say, the 7:04 A.M. from Dobbs Ferry one recent morning, and then threaded your way through Grand Central Terminal to one of its distant marbled outposts, an old waiting room with great bronze flambeaux on the walls, you might have come upon a knot of men who don't usually wear suits wearing them, and a roped-off display of three railway ties, fully dressed out with spikes, clips, rail pads, and even rusty chunks of rail. The men would have invited you to grab a free cup of coffee—on Metro-North—and take a look at the future.

John Kroll, a slim man with short strawberry-blond hair and a clipped mustache, and Metro-North's chief rail-traffic controller, was one of the trainmen on hand to explain the somewhat baffling exhibit. He pointed to a rough-hewn wooden tie and said, "Wood is forgiving, so after a while the wood gives, and then the clips and the spikes"—which hold the rail in place—"also give, and you can't go top speed anymore."

On either side of the wooden tie was the technology of tomorrow: the concrete tie. Actually, the concrete tie looked like the technology of yesterday while the wooden tie looked like an old barn beam. Kroll explained that concrete lasts twice as long as wood and has much less give. Europeans have been using it for their high-speed trains since just after the Second World War, and Americans are only now catching up. "When the switchover is completed," Kroll said, in an accent that would once have been called Brooklynese, "we'll be providing a smoother, quieter, quicker ride for our customers." The decisive stage of concrete-tie installation is running from now until mid-June, bringing schedule disruptions and, no doubt, much commuter ire. The exhibition, Kroll said, was designed "to ease people's fears."



Trains are the sort of underdog technology that even non-commuters can root for, and the thought of that smooth, swift, quiet ride to come was almost delicious. As the railwaymen and onlookers dispersed and the coffee was being packed up, you could look around at the moldings and the marble and the gateways to Tracks 39 to 42, and call to mind the heroic era of train travel, the age of steel and steam. It was not, in fact, very far away. On one wall, underneath a clock, was an old black schedule board on which the names of ghost trains had been written in chalk: The Knickerbocker, The Mohawk, The Lake Shore Ltd., The Missourian, The New Yorker. ♦

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*This week's contributors: Jane Mayer, David Daniel, Alec Wilkinson, Touré, Anthony Haden-Guest, Anthony Haden-Guest, James Traub.*

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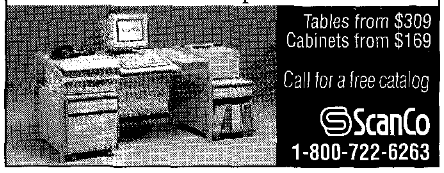
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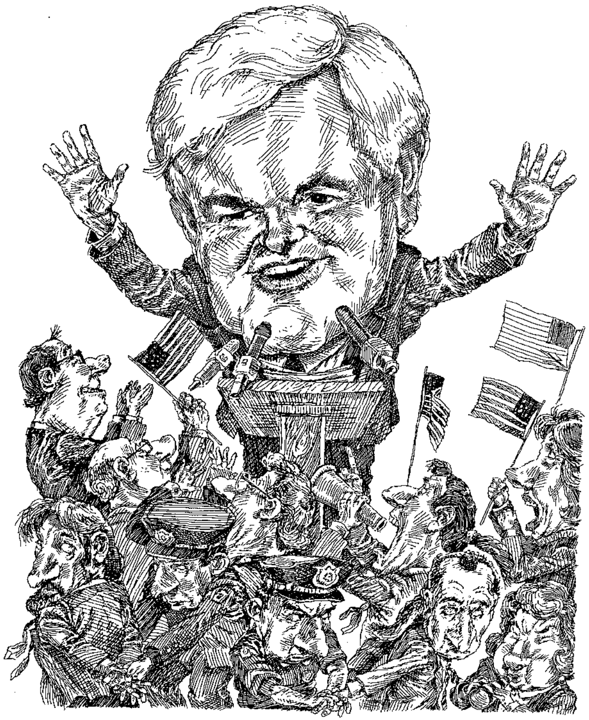
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

# YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET

*Congress's last round was just a warmup. A much meaner battle over the big issues is about to begin—and Newt Gingrich is threatening drastic action to win.*

BY MICHAEL KELLY

THE seventh of April was a lovely day in Washington, sweetly sunny and with a soft breeze that made the Japanese-cherry trees rustle in papery tones. Over the West Front steps of the Capitol, the air was rich with the fragrance of gloat. Six months earlier, several hundred Republican members and would-be members of the House of Representatives had assembled at this spot to sign a one-page manifesto they grandly called the Contract with America. In it, the Republican candidates promised that if they were given control of the House they would bring to a floor vote, within a hundred days, ten specific measures, dealing with such matters as the welfare system, the tax code, and the conduct of foreign policy. By and large, the Washington political and media establishment dismissed the Contract as an amusingly stupid stunt, more likely to hurt Republicans politically than to help them, and certainly nothing that could ever be translated into legislative reality. On April 5th, nine days ahead of schedule, the House Republicans rammed through the last of thirty bills articulating the ten points of their Contract. Now, assembled in front of a gigantic video screen at the base of the Capitol, they were, unsurprisingly, strutting. "Forgive me if I'm all smiles this morning, but the birds are singing, the cherry trees are in bloom, baseball is back, and we've completed our Contract with America," crowed Texas Representative Richard Armey. "I have another promise, America—and I'm quoting from Ronald Reagan. You ain't seen nothing yet!"



*Will the Speaker really shut down the government? "If that's what it takes."*

JOHN CUNEO

The people who cheered at this were mostly Republican Hill staffers, neat young men and women in neat new suits. On the edges of the crowd, though, and tucked away here and there all through it, were a number of silent listeners—protesters of one sort or another, who were holding their fire for Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich, the architect of the Republican resurgence. A contingent from the eco-vigilante group Greenpeace had made themselves conspicuous in orange jumpsuits and gas masks, but a number of the other demonstrators had attempted, in the interests of surprise, a measure of protective coloration: they had donned suits like the Republicans, and several of them had got hold of the small American flags that were being distributed by the rally's organizers, and they dutifully, if unenthusiastically, joined the

G.O.P. staffers in waving these at appropriate moments. But a suit and a borrowed flag do not really do much to transform a man with a ponytail into a Young Republican, and by the time the hour of Gingrich arrived the infiltrators were all under the eyes of Capitol police officers, hovering at a not very discreet distance.

When, at last, Gingrich took to the podium, and the protesters made their move, the result was sadly unimpressive. The idea was to disrupt the Speaker's speech with air horns, but the horns were defective, or perhaps just poorly made, and instead of emitting blasts they gave vent only to bleats. These the faithful easily drowned out with their shouts of "Newt! Newt! Newt!"—and the dissenters suffered the humiliation of hearing the man they had come to discomfit mock them for their failure to do so. "If the best argument they have is to make meaningless noise, it tells you why the revolution is winning," Gingrich said, to appreciative laughter. The collapse of the protest followed in rapid, rote fashion. The cops moved in with practiced efficiency, cuffing the protesters' hands behind their backs with plastic cinches. The protesters slumped to the ground. The cops dragged them off. The protesters shouted canned imprecations back over their shoulders at the distant, grinning figure of Gingrich. "The Contract with America is the Contract *on* America!" they yelled. "The Contract with America is hazardous to your health!" A few of the Republicans hollered insults at the retreating forms of the opposition—"Get a job and pay taxes!" and "Go sleep with Bill Clinton!"—but most didn't care enough to bother. One unfortunate protester had unthinkingly worn short pants, and as the police dragged him away his bare pink knees bounced and scraped along the sidewalk. "That's gotta smart," an onlooker said.

In this scene of the right cockily triumphant and the left limply defiant, there is something of the larger sense of where things stand at the end of the 104th Congress's first hundred days and the beginning of its second hundred days. The cusp between the one and the other marks the closure of a politically polarized period remarkable for both conservative success and liberal failure, and the beginning of—what, exactly? President Clinton, who spent the hundred days largely offstage, has one answer to that question. A few hours after Gingrich spoke on Capitol Hill, Clinton, addressing a convention of newspaper editors in New Orleans, laid out his hopeful theory that the next hundred days would usher in a return to an idealized normalcy—a world where the President is the center, and the center holds. Clinton began by acknowledging that "in the '94 elections we discovered the limits of liberalism." But now, he said, "we're about to discover the limits of conservativism." He argued that, with the tumultuous first hundred days over, it was time to return to a calmer, more careful consideration of the issues, with him no longer on the sidelines of the fray but above it.

"In the first hundred days, it fell to the House of Representatives to propose," Clinton said. "In the next hundred days and beyond, the President has to lead the quiet, reasoned forces of both parties in both houses to sift through the rhetoric and decide what is really best for America." Clinton made an intriguing historical argument, comparing the Republican-conservative movement with the Populist movement of the eighteen-nineties and the Progressive movement of the nineteen-twenties. "You know, our country has often moved forward, spurred by purist, reformist, populist agendas which articulated grievances and proposed radical departures, but if you think about our most successful periods of reform these initiatives have been shaped by Presidents who incorporated what was good, smoothed out what was rough, and discarded what would hurt," Clinton said. "That was the role of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson in the aftermath of the Populist era, that was the role of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the aftermath of the La Follette Progressive movement, and that is my job in the next hundred days, and for all the days I serve as President."

It is going to be a difficult job. To judge from conversations with both Republican and Democratic leaders, the next hundred days are going to be very much like the bloody first hundred, only more so. The real wars of the 104th Congress lie ahead, as the Senate takes up the Contractual work of the House, as both chambers take up the Republican plan to balance the federal budget by 2002, and as the more controversial social-values initiatives of the conservative agenda reach their turn for debate. Despite his often conciliatory words, the President knows this: in his speech in New Orleans, he said he didn't want to hit the Republican agenda with "a stack of vetoes"—but he promised to do just that, in seven specific instances.

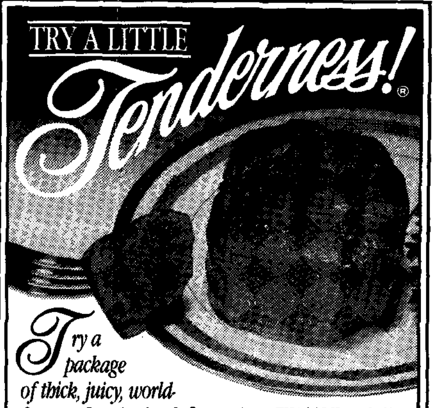
The Speaker knows it, too. In some of his more combative remarks recently, Gingrich has suggested that he might seek to sidestep Clinton's veto power by attaching threatened pieces of legislation to the annual summertime "debt-ceiling" bill, which allows the federal government to borrow extra money so that it can continue to function. When I asked Gingrich, the day after the hundred-days rally, if he really intended to do that—if he was really serious about forcing the President into a choice between supporting the conservative agenda and shutting down the government—the Speaker responded in that tone of irritated impatience he adopts whenever he is called upon to explain the obvious, which for him includes nearly everything. "Totally serious," he said. "We are going to make sure our stuff gets signed, and we are going to take what steps we have to take to do that."

To the point of shutting down the government?

"If that's what it takes," Gingrich said. "We were elected by a country that wants dramatic change, so, no, we will not back down. We will pick our fights pretty carefully, to make sure they are over something the country wants—welfare reform, for example. And I'm not sure the President will want to be in the position of shutting down the government in order to block something that most of the people in the country want."

To grasp what lies ahead, it helps to look briefly back. Since September 27th, when Gingrich and the new radicals of American politics first marched on the Capitol, here is what has happened:

On Election Day, the Republicans established themselves as the majority force in American politics and government, winning solid control of the Sen-



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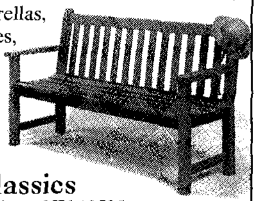

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ate and the House and bringing their share of governors' seats up to thirty. Since then, one United States representative and two United States senators have switched from the Democratic Party to the G.O.P., and four additional Democratic senators announced that they would retire rather than seek reëlection in 1996. Nebraska Senator Bob Kerrey, who is the chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, has expressed the fear that three more Democrats—Senators David Pryor, Claiborne Pell, and Sam Nunn—will quit next year. In the House, twenty-four mostly Southern conservative Democrats—the so-called Blue Dog coalition—organized themselves into a bloc that usually votes Republican.

The House Republicans not only succeeded in bringing all ten Contract points to promised floor votes but passed all except one of them. (The proposed constitutional amendment limiting the number of terms a member of Congress might serve received two hundred and twenty-seven votes in the House, but failed to meet the two-thirds supermajority required of constitutional amendments.) Most of the votes were wildly one-sided, with the Republicans voting in near-absolute unity, and with large numbers of Democrats crossing over to vote with them. To cite a number of instances: of the total of two hundred and two Democrats in the House, a hundred and ninety-nine voted for the law requiring Congress to apply its laws to itself; a hundred and thirty voted to ban unfunded mandates from the federal government to the states; seventy-one voted to give the President a line-item veto over congressional budgets; twenty-seven voted for a five-year, hundred-and-eighty-nine-billion-dollar tax cut; fifty-one voted to impose a regulatory moratorium on Congress; sixty voted to subject environmental regulations to cost-benefit analysis; and seventy-two voted to require the government to pay property owners compensation for regulations that impeded development of their land.

Driven by a House that has been radicalized through the election of a passionately conservative freshman class, the Republican Party came to utterly dominate the national agenda, moving the discussion aggressively to the right and greatly expanding the parameters of the politically discussable, while reducing the President to the role of bystander. Proposals that had long been regarded by the Washington political establishment as unachievable, or even frankly loopy, became part of the mainstream conversation. A constitutional amendment to force the federal government to operate under a balanced budget passed the House and failed by only one vote to win Senate approval. There were calls from nearly all Republicans and significant numbers of Democrats for rethinking race- and sex-based affirmative-action programs. The debates on the budget, welfare, the role of government, and public morality were all reframed along conservative lines to raise, with far more seriousness than ever before, fundamental questions about the nation's politics: Should the income tax be abolished? Should the government be in the business of supporting artistic and journalistic endeavors? Does welfare encourage illegitimacy, and is illegitimacy the root of social pathology?

Meanwhile, the widespread defeat of moderate Democrats in the 1994 elections together with the de-facto defection of the Blue Dog Democrats moved the congressional Democratic caucus to the left. Led by Missouri's Richard Gephardt, Massachusetts's Barney Frank, and Michigan's David Bonior, the House Democratic leadership dug in as the defenders of the liberal faith and as implacable enemies of the new Speaker, a figure they hated for his role in forcing Jim Wright, the former Democratic Speaker, from office. The tone of open hostility that would mark House proceedings in the first hundred days of the 104th Congress was hinted at on the first of those days, when Representative Maxine Waters, of California, made an obvious show of declining to applaud or stand during Gingrich's maiden speech as Speaker. Waters' display of poor manners proved to be a trendsetter. On January 24th, when the President made his State of the Union address to the new Congress, Democrats and Republicans competed to outdo each other in rudeness by choosing to applaud along selective, partisan lines. The Republicans won the contest by the astonishingly ungracious act of cheering when the President noted that a lot of their Democratic colleagues had lost their seats in 1994 for their support of his policies. Dick Armey's subsequent reference to the openly gay Barney Frank as "Barney Fag" and David Bonior's relentless attacks on Gingrich over ethical questions helped harden attitudes on both sides.

As the hundred days wore contentiously on, and the House Republicans pushed with more and more success toward the fulfillment of their agenda, the polarization became complete. During the final, and most fractious, battles, over the Republicans' welfare-reform proposal, their tax cuts, and their move to rescind seventeen billion dollars in previously appropriated funds for social programs, the furious Democrats passed beyond any pretense of comity, or even civility. Representative John Lewis, of Georgia, compared the lawmakers on the other side of the aisle to the Nazis, and conjured up images of G.O.P. storm troopers jackbooting across the land: "They're coming for your children, they're coming for the poor, they're coming for the sick, the elderly, the disabled." Representative William Clay, of Missouri, speaking of the Republican attempts to decrease births out of wedlock by denying welfare payments to young unwed mothers, asked, "If this doesn't work, what's next? Castration? Sterilization?" During the savage welfare debate on March 23rd, in a moment particularly bereft of sweetness and light, Representative Sam Gibbons, of Florida, responded to Republican heckling by shouting at his colleagues, "You-all sit down, sit down and shut up! Sit down and shut up!" By April 7th, when an exhausted Congress recessed, the House of Representatives was a body at war with itself.

THERE are a number of lesser reasons that the animosities of the 104th's first hundred days will continue into the second hundred and beyond: Clinton's chronic weakness with Congress; the widening split in the Democratic Party between the increasingly alienated left and the increasingly nebulous center; and the presence in the Senate of four Republican Presidential candidates—Bob Dole, Phil Gramm, Richard Lugar, and Arlen Specter. But there is one overarching reason. The 1994 elections were about a choice between two opposing visions of what the nation should be, and what government should do. The conservative Republican vision sees the liberal Democratic philosophy that has evolved since the New Deal as a vast distortion of government's properly limited role: to protect the physical, fiscal, and moral health of the nation; to generally serve the will of the majority; and to interfere minimally with the private pursuit of happiness, particularly as it relates to the accumulation of wealth. The liberal Democratic vision sees the conservative Republican model as a vast violation of government's grand mission: to guard against the depredations of the rich, the prejudices of the majority, and the vicissitudes of fate. Although each side routinely accuses the other of cynicism, the truth is that most Democratic and most Republican politicians hold their views honestly and seriously. The present Congress, which is dominated by some of the purest ideologues of both parties, has become the forum where these flatly contradictory visions are to be debated. What is at stake, in the minds of each party's congressional leaders, is nothing less than which vision shall prevail. This is not the sort of thing that is likely to be settled, in the genteel fashion of MacNeil/Lehrer discussions, by nice people agreeing to disagree.

The fight has only just begun. What the Republican House did in its famous hundred days amounts to a prelim—a three-round warmup for the main event. "Now we'll get back to the business of actually legislating," Representative Frank says, with the primal satisfaction of a scrapper anticipating the action. "What we have seen so far was not serious legislative process. The hundred days became a kind of self-contained universe, where the purpose was just to pass these things in the Contract, regardless of whether or not they would become law. Now comes the serious legislation."

The Senate, which has approved only three of the House Contract bills—the congressional-accountability act, which applies Congress's employment laws to itself; the Presidential line-item

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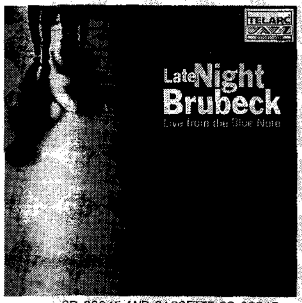

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veto; and the unfunded-mandates measure—must, over the next several months, take up the remaining Contractual items. Moreover, the defeated Contract measure most important to the debate over the role of the federal government—the balanced-budget amendment—is undead. Speaker Gingrich told me he is "pretty confident" that the amendment will again be brought to a Senate vote (as Senate Majority Leader Dole has promised) in this Congress, "probably this year," and that it will pass. "I think of it as analogous to the Gulf Stream," Gingrich said. "If you have this irrevocable current moving forward, over time it grinds down and overcomes obstacles." Illinois's Senator Paul Simon, the principal Democratic backer of the amendment, predicts that the measure will be brought to a second Senate vote, possibly within six weeks after Congress reconvenes, in the last week of April, and says he is cautiously optimistic about its passage. "I think there is a possibility of picking up the votes," he told me. "I'm not at liberty to say where those votes will come from, but we are having talks."

Of far greater moment than the Senate debate on any of the unfinished Contract items is the matter of the federal budget, and it promises to be the source of the bitterest conflict. In May, both the House and the Senate will begin the process of devising a new budget resolution, with Republicans in both chambers vowing to propose a detailed plan for balancing the budget by 2002 and to shape the appropriations bills of this Congress toward that goal. Although the Republican plan would allow spending to rise in real terms over the seven-year period to a total of eleven trillion seven hundred billion dollars (compared with nine and a half trillion dollars over the past seven years), that amount would represent roughly a trillion dollars less in spending than is currently projected. This will insure a partisan fight of an order of magnitude considerably greater than the most violent battle of the first hundred days, which was the fight over the relatively paltry seventeen-billion-dollar rescission bill.

"What we saw in the first hundred days in the rescission-bill battle was a modest brook; what we're going to see in the next hundred days is Niagara Falls," says Senator Bob Packwood, a moderate Republican, who is the chairman of the Finance Committee. "Most of what they passed in the House in the first hundred days did not cost money. The much tougher things are always about money, and that is what we are heading into now. Groups that are getting five hundred million dollars a year and are going to get three hundred million a year are going to think this is the end of civilization."

According to both Packwood and Gingrich, the Senate will take the lead in the budget battle, with the introduction of the Republicans' budget resolution by Senator Pete Domenici, the chairman of the Budget Committee. Gingrich lays out his predictions with the oracular conviction of a man who believes he is manifestly the agent of destiny. "The Senate will start the process the last week in April," the Speaker told me. "We in the House will come back the first week in May and go into a two-day strategy meeting. The House Budget Committee chairman, John Kasich, will bring our version of the budget to a floor vote in mid- to late May. We would hope to have a final budget result in late May or early June, and we will pass the necessary appropriations bills in June and July. We will have reconciliation with the Senate budget in September. We will have a fairly big veto fight with the President in September, and then we'll pass the balanced-budget plan."

It may not be so simple, of course, as the Speaker well knows. There are two reasons that the coming budget debate will be the 104th's ultimate battle. The first is that, with Social Security off the table and defense spending mostly off, the only places to find the kinds of large savings the Republicans need are in the budgets of Medicare, the federal health-payment program for the elderly, and Medicaid, the analogous program for the poor. Spending for those programs, Packwood says, is projected to rise at a rate of between ten and twelve per cent a year; the Republican plan would reduce that rate of growth to about five per cent. The principal lobbying voice of the elderly, the immensely powerful American Association of Retired Persons, has already denounced the idea of Medicare reductions, and the congressional Democratic leadership is preparing an attack along the same class-warfare lines that Gingrich admits have already encouraged public qualms about the Republican agenda and helped drive

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But you mean Dad.
He grunts where you've socked his gut.
Postwar, he says, men flocked to a pool
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Go ahead, hit me again.

The ease in the middle
lets in air between the bottom
buttons. But lean?
That's another clef
on the bacon strip. He bends over
with Atlas arms
to show you legs
upside down against a wall, to show you
veins.
Cream's good for clearing
the throat, he says. Mmmmmmmmmmm.
Then you can sing Sinatra.

—Terese Svoboda

up his own personal negative poll ratings by fifteen points.

The House Minority Leader, Dick Gephardt, and his Senate counterpart, Tom Daschle, of South Dakota, premièred the Democratic approach to the budget fight in their televised response to Gingrich's Presidential-style national address on the evening of April 7th. Gephardt, speaking, for symbolic reasons, from an elementary-school classroom, said, "The first hundred days have been for the privileged," and warned darkly that if the Republican budget cuts should become law the average American could soon become extinct. Of the middle class, Gephardt said, "We might not have one in twenty years." Daschle followed Gephardt with the statement that "while claiming to place government on the side of working Americans . . . the Republicans have showed their true loyalty to the forces of privilege and power," and promised that "when the Republicans pick the powerful and the special interests over you, we will fight them every step of the way."

The Republican approach, which Gingrich laid out in his speech, will be to mount the same moralistic and personal attack in reverse. Congress's failure to balance the budget was an ethical betrayal of future generations, Gingrich argued, sounding what he says will be his theme throughout the budget debate. "We will argue this over and over and over," Gingrich told me. "If you are a baby boomer, you cannot retire unless we balance the budget. If you are a senior, Medicare is going to go broke unless we fix it. If you are a young person, the politicians aren't giving you free lunches and free loans; they are giving you a lifetime of debt."

The second reason the budget fight will be especially divisive is that it will become the vehicle for expressing the agenda of the culturally conservative wing of the Republican Party, a group that was largely silent during the first hundred days. Gary Bauer, the president of the Family Research Council, which is a leading organization of the religious right, says he has received a commitment from the House leadership to pursue aggressively, as part of the budget process, what he calls "defunding the left."

"Basically, the idea is to make sure that groups like Planned Parenthood and gay-rights groups are not feeding at the public trough," Bauer told me. "Given the incredible savings that are going to have to be got for the budget cuts needed, this ought to be an easy call. Planned Parenthood alone gets seventy or eighty million dollars a year from the federal government." (Planned Parenthood says it receives only thirty-four million dollars a year in direct grants.) "And, even in the case of something as important as fighting AIDS, when you look into the appropriations bills you find tens of millions of dollars going to gay groups that use the money to produce material that would be shocking to most Americans. And as long as they put in a few lines about using condoms it's called fighting AIDS. Kasich and the guys on the Budget Committee will be looking at these cuts immediately. They have indicated to us this is something they will look at seriously, and we will make life as uncomfortable as possible for those who do go back on those promises."

Gingrich does not have a problem with this idea. "I will be very happy to have the liberals bring up the subject of every federal program that funds the right, and the conservatives bring up the subject of every federal program that funds the left," he said.

Bauer also expects attention to be paid to other culturally conservative causes. On the abortion front, he predicts a successful Senate effort to reject Dr. Henry Foster's appointment to the post of Surgeon General. "I think there will be forty-one senators willing to continue debate indefinitely if that's what it takes to stop the nomination," Bauer said. The Texas senator and Presidential hopeful Phil Gramm, he added, was particularly inclined to filibuster: "I think Senator Gramm feels this is a fairly easy way for him to signal people on the pro-life side that he is on their side." Bauer said that he thinks there is a "fifty-fifty chance" that Republicans will bring to a House vote an anti-abortion bill to "deal with some issues on the margins in an effort to advance the pro-life cause, maybe a federal law requiring parental consent for abortions, or a proposal banning third-trimester abortions

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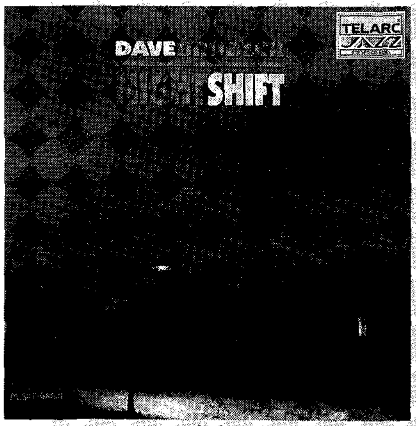

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except to save the life of the mother—things I think would unite most Republicans and would be very difficult to veto."

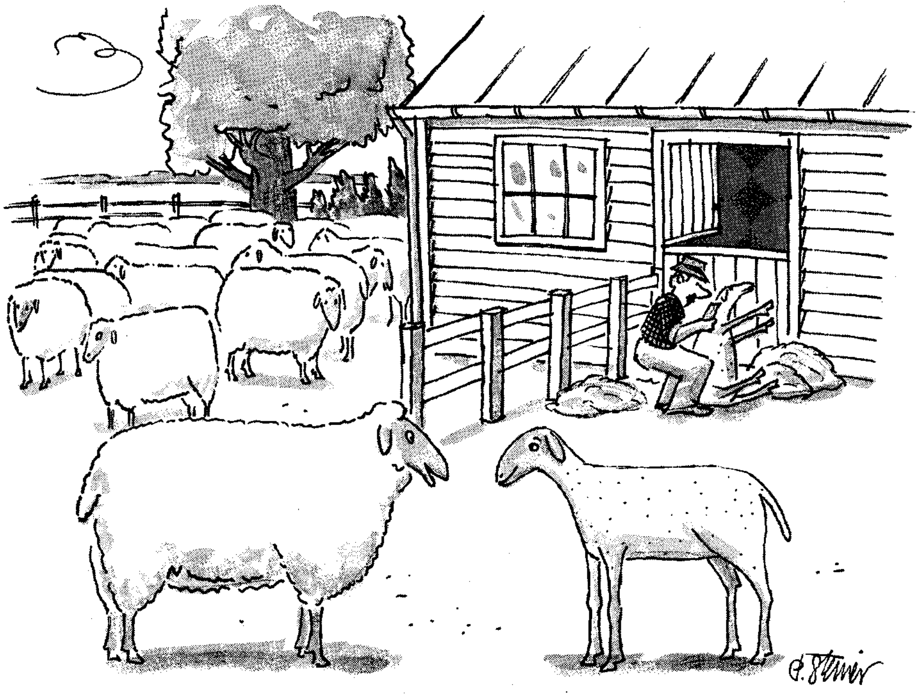
Furthermore, Bauer says, he has received "specific assurance from the Speaker's office" that there will be hearings and a House floor vote, probably by midsummer, on a "religious-liberty bill" that would allow public-school students to express themselves in prayer or in other religious terms but would stop short of calling for teachers or school authorities to lead students in group prayer. Gingrich confirms his support for a floor vote this summer on such a measure. "I said last November that summer would be the time for that," the Speaker told me. "Ralph Reed"—the executive director of the Christian Coalition—"and the others all agree on this. They want a broader bill, which relates to religious liberty rather than specifically to an official school prayer, and that's fine with me. I will absolutely support it and anticipate it passing on the floor—and, frankly, with a good number of Democratic votes."

IN Dick Gephardt, hope apparently springs eternal. The first hundred days, the House Minority Leader admits, ushered in the Reagan renaissance, but the second hundred days, he says, will see its decline and fall. "I predict that the same thing will happen that happened in '81," Gephardt says. "I don't think they can sustain this kind of deep downsizing of government—getting rid of programs people like and giving tax cuts to the rich."

Gephardt is entirely conventional in his wisdom. Among many Washington Democrats, it is an article of perpetual faith that any day now Gingrich and his Contract will go away, the lapsing Democrats of the House will return to the fold, and the older, more sensible Republicans of the Senate will bring these hyperthyroidal upstarts to their senses. But it is worth noting that Barney Frank, one of the Speaker's most ardent foes, contends that those who are betting on the collapse of the right's new coalition are kidding themselves. "Gingrich has become the first leader of an ideologically disciplined party in my memory," Frank says. "And the reason is that the Republican moderates and independents are scared of him. My prediction is that a year from now these guys are going to be saying to Gingrich for the eighty-third time, 'O.K., but this is the last time I'm going to go along with you.' The moderates remind me of that line from Marvell's 'To His Coy Mistress': 'And whispering, "I will ne'er consent"—consented.' "

In truth, the line is from Byron's "Don Juan," but Frank is right on the substance. The Senate's Old Guard will take the edge off some of what the House has done and intends to do, but the result is not likely to be the ripping asunder of the Republican coalition. The right will give a little to the center, the center will give a lot to the right, and the Republicans will produce legislation to send to President Clinton. And Clinton, who understands what happened last November much more clearly than Gephardt does, will sign as much of that legislation as he can get away with politically. When Gingrich speaks of the House Democratic leadership, he speaks—as the Democrats speak of him—in the language of pure enmity: they are "destructive" and "radical" and "off the deep end." But when he speaks of Clinton it is in an entirely different voice. "With Clinton, our relations are very cordial," Gingrich told me. "I think he wants to work with us whenever he can. I think he wants to sign a welfare-reform bill. I think he wants to sign most of the bills. I find all sorts of zones where I can work with him and his people."

When Gingrich talks about working with Clinton, he sounds a lot like Clinton talking, in his April 7th speech, about working with Gingrich. Once the dust from the next hundred days' war has settled, will the President and the Speaker have forged a separate peace? Their unexpected alliance would be strange to behold, but there is a certain logic to it. The job that Clinton outlined for himself in his April 7th speech would indeed be a difficult one. The President's threat to veto Republican bills and the Speaker's threat to shut down the government point up the hostility inherent in any such relationship. But Clinton's understanding of how the balance of power has shifted has the virtue of realism—and it also plays to the President's natural strength. The flexibility of Clinton complements the inflexibility of Gingrich. Clinton's abiding talent for believing equally in opposing ideas has made him a perplexing and frustrating figure to many voters. But that same trait may make him peculiarly well suited to the relationship that he and Gingrich may now be groping toward. Between the two of them, Gingrich and Clinton might just make a whole leader. Between the two of them—who knows?—maybe they'll even balance the budget. ♦



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# EUROPEAN HOLIDAYS

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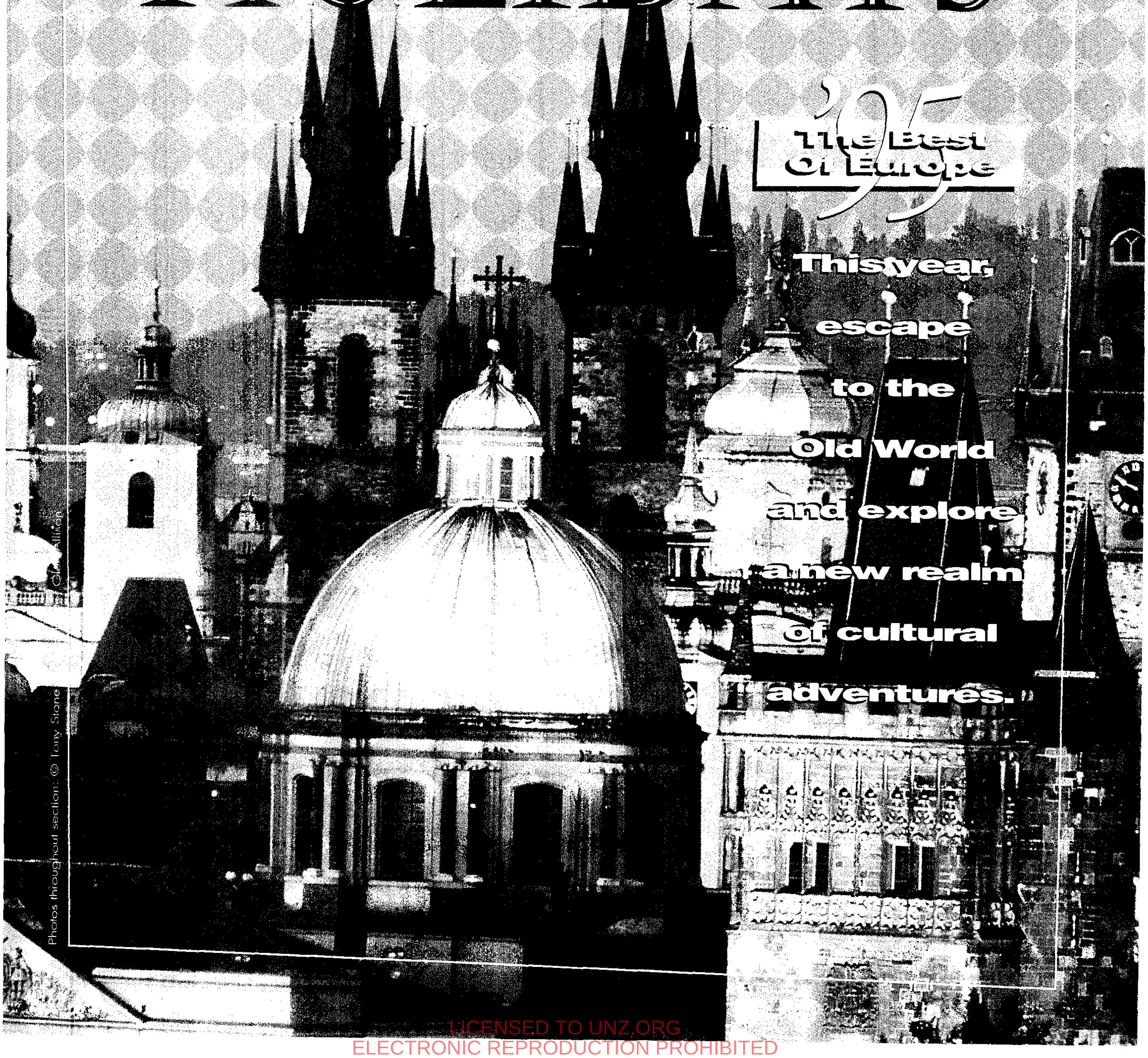

This year, escape to the Old World and explore a new realm of cultural adventures.

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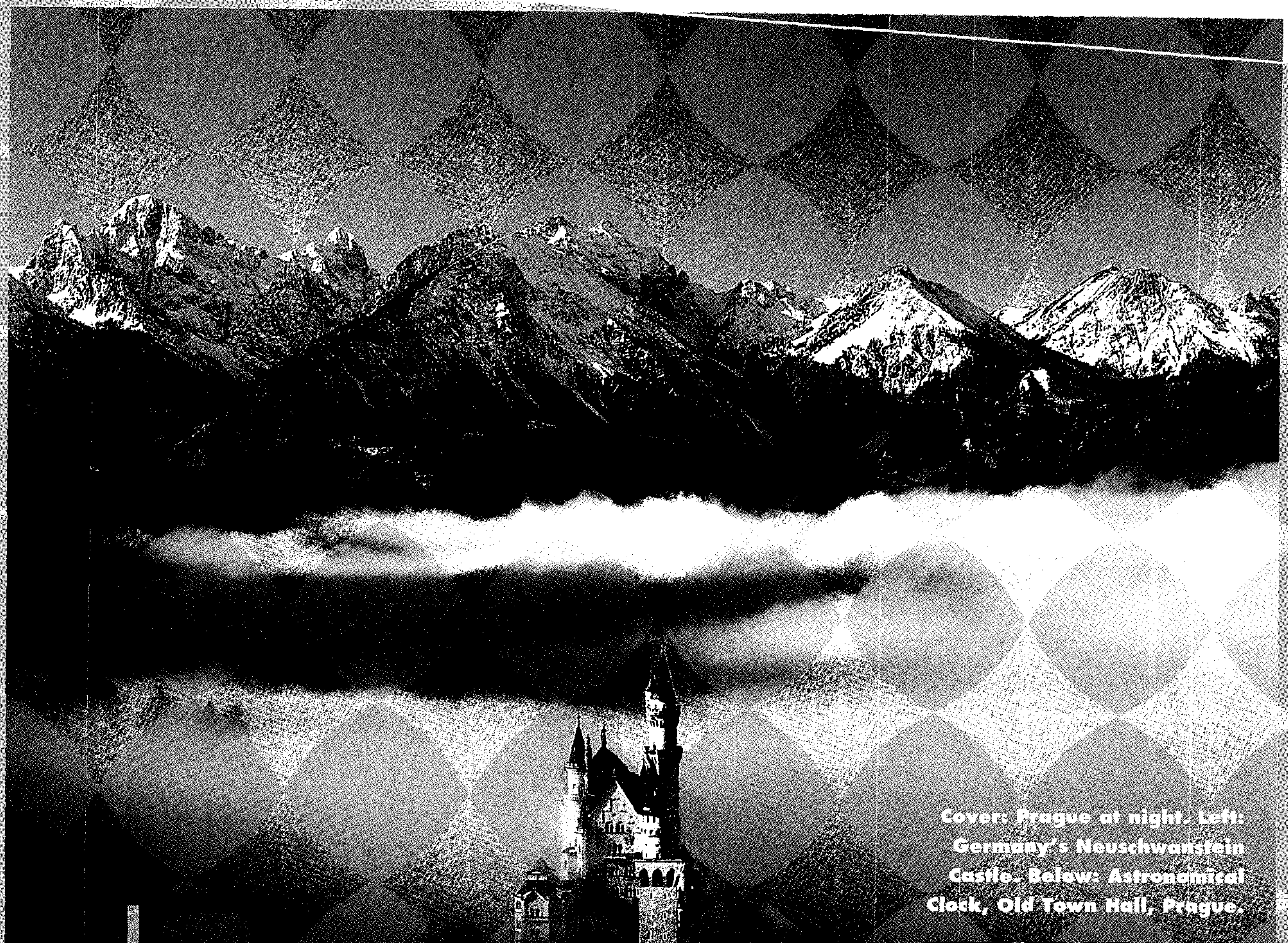
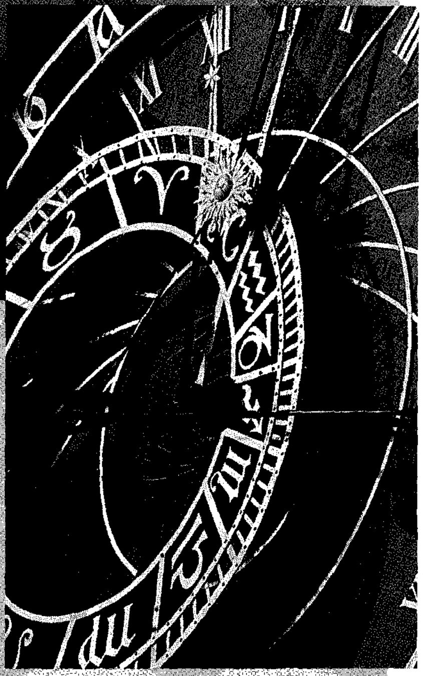
Glen Allison



Hans Peter Merten

**Cover: Prague at night. Left: Germany's Neuschwanstein Castle. Below: Astronomical Clock, Old Town Hall, Prague.**



Joe Cornish

F*or most Americans, spring* is a *season* of *rejuvenation*, raised spirits, and expectations of summer recreation, vacations, and long holiday weekends. For Europeans, going on holiday often means a full month-long escape. However long they last, holidays offer the ideal opportunity to escape from our routines and experience a refreshing change of pace, scene, and sensibility. But even our holidays can become routine trips to the same beaches, lakes, or mountains, year after year.

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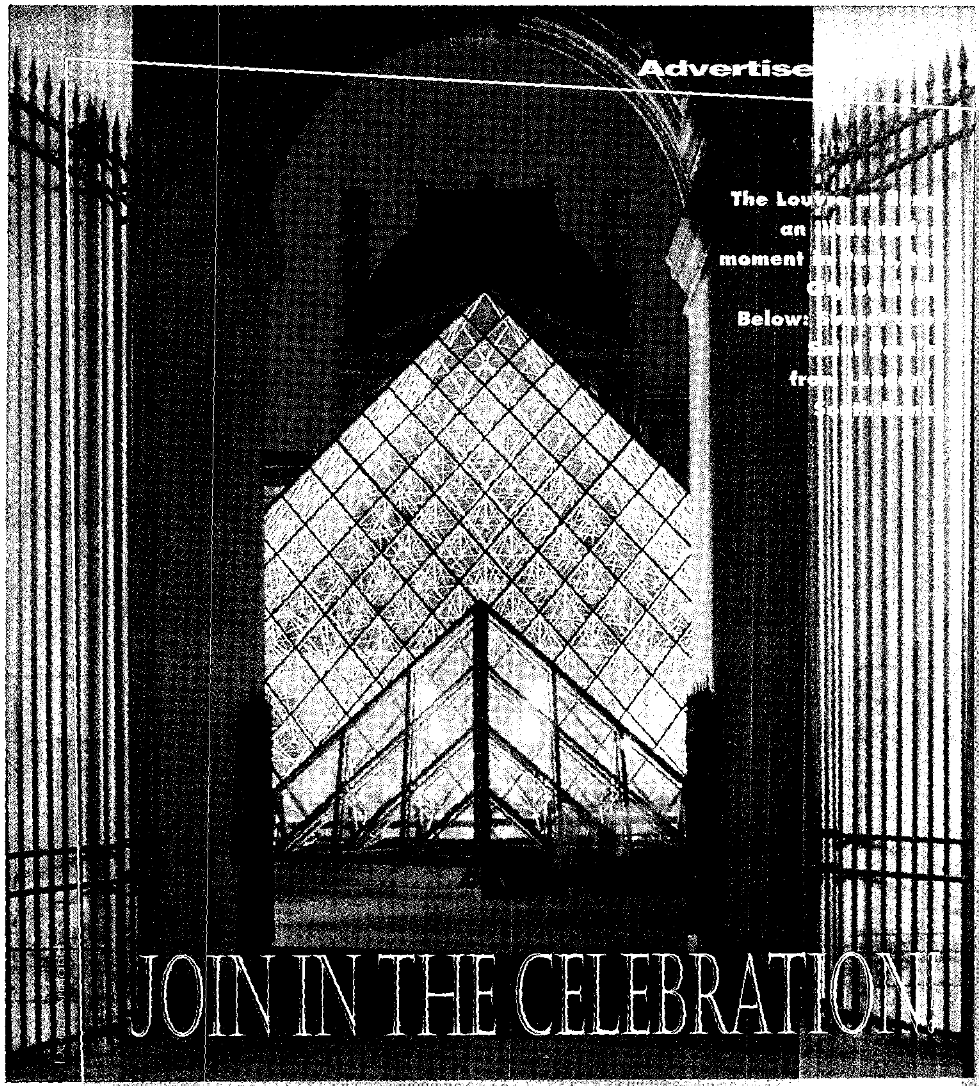

The Lou[illegible] an [illegible] moment [illegible] Below: [illegible] fro[illegible]

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Here's a sneak preview of what's happening this summer, including must-see attractions, upcoming cultural events, and festivals—your reference guide for planning all kinds of trips, from quick weekend excursions over Memorial Day, The Fourth of July, or Labor Day to season-long grand tours.

In 1995, **GREAT BRITAIN** is celebrating a year-long Festival of Culture and Arts, with hundreds of events ranging from Liverpool's Beatles celebration and Edinburgh's world-famous performing arts festival to the Wedgwood China exhibition in Stoke-on-Trent and literally hundreds of literary tours and theatrical programs. In August, history will be made in London as the new Globe Theatre begins staging performances of Shakespeare on the south bank of the Thames. The open air theatre will be an exact replica of the 17th-century Globe where the Bard's plays were originally performed. This year has also been designated the UK Year of Literature and Writing, and will be celebrated in the beautiful coastal town of Swansea, Wales (home of Dylan Thomas), with a wide variety of literature-related festivals, featuring drama, dance, sculpture, and music from around the world. For further information, call (800) 462-2748.

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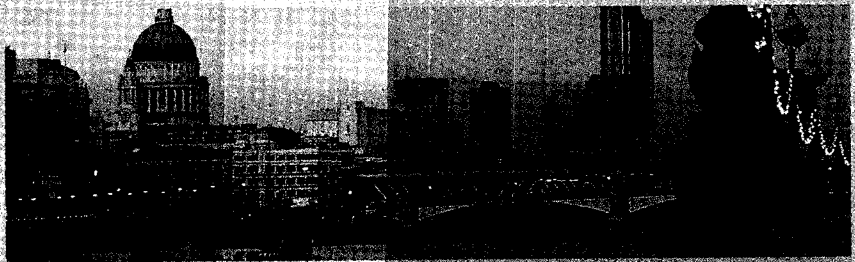
For centuries, **FRANCE** has served as one of the world's great cultural bellwethers, defining tastes and leading opinions in every field from art to cuisine. Paris has recently added a new jewel to its cultural crown with the successful completion of the Louvre's grand Richelieu Wing. Originally built in the 19th century, the wing now houses 12,000 works, including Oriental and Islamic antiquities, over five centuries of French sculpture, and the apartments of Napoleon III. And there is even more to explore in the provinces, with their distinctive customs, architecture, and traditional cuisines. For further information, call the nationwide "France-on-Call" information line at (900) 990-0040. The charge is 50 cents (U.S.) per minute.

Although only the size of New York's Central Park, the tiny principality of **MONACO** offers an outstanding variety of first-rate opera, ballet, music festivals, and sporting events. This season, Monaco



Pete Seaward

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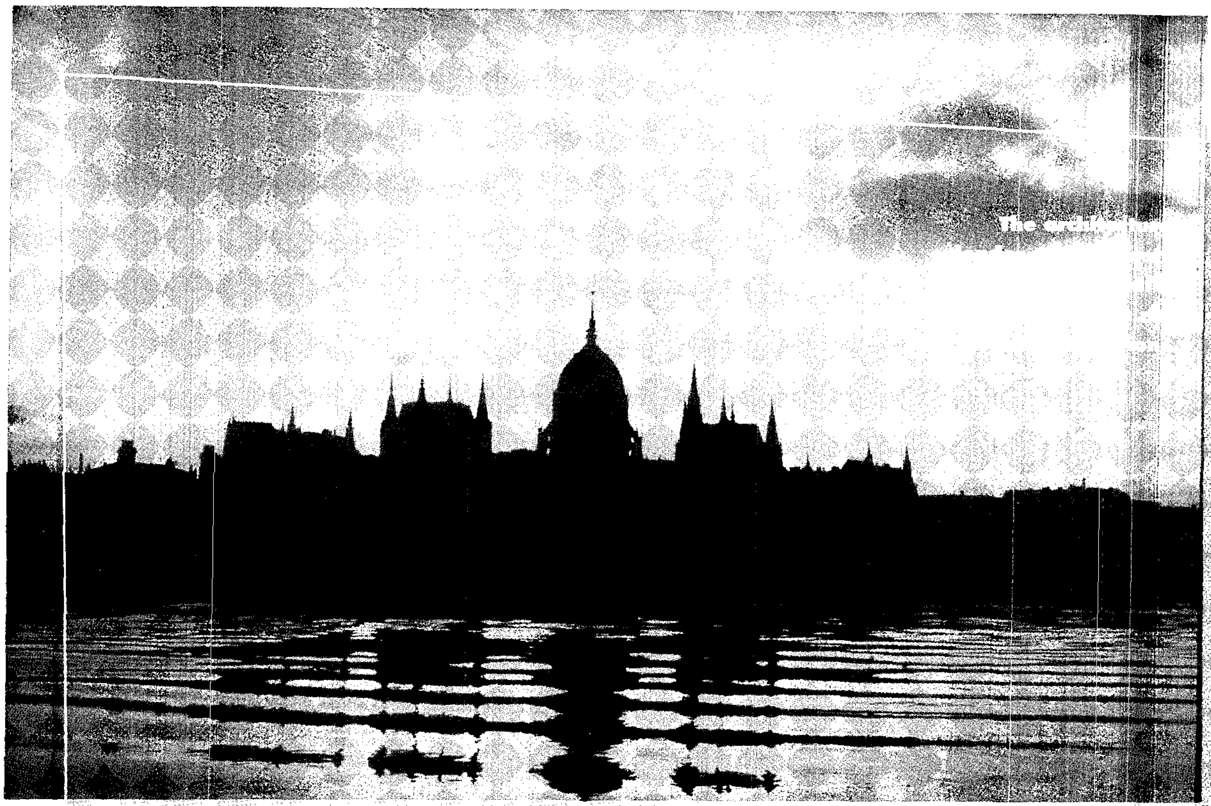


The ardi

plays host to two of Europe's most exciting events; the 53rd Monaco Grand Prix (May 25-28) and the 30th International Fireworks Festival (July 18, 22, 25 and August 5, 8). Recently, Monaco has introduced Le Club Diamant Rouge, a unique club providing visitors with a variety of privileges during their stay, including hotel upgrades, shopping discounts, and even a helicopter transfer from Nice airport. For information, call (800) 753-9696 and ask for the Club Diamant Rouge desk. For further information on travel in Monaco, call (800) 753-9696.

For many Americans, the beautiful capital city of Brussels remains the most popular destination in **BELGIUM.** And the new Brussels Airport Terminal promises to speed travelers on their way, safely and more comfortably than ever before. But the smaller cities of Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, and Tournai are all less than an hour away by train. Each offers a rich variety of discoveries in Gothic town halls, gabled guild houses, breathtaking cathedrals, and superb restaurants. This year's special events include the opening of the spectacular Belgian Royal Greenhouses to the public, beginning in May. All proceeds will benefit charity. For further information on travel in Belgium, call (212) 758-8130.

The magical Grand Duchy of **LUXEMBOURG,** perched among the densely forested Ardennes, traces its history back to 963, when the count of Ardennes built a magnificent castle on the craggy heights where Luxembourg City now stands. Now a center of world finance, Luxembourg City has been designated 1995's European Cultural Capital. The year-long festivities will include performances by tenor José Carreras and a host of other internationally renowned performers, a major show of over 250 post-Impressionist paintings, and productions of operas either composed or first produced in Luxembourg. For further information, call (212) 935-8888.

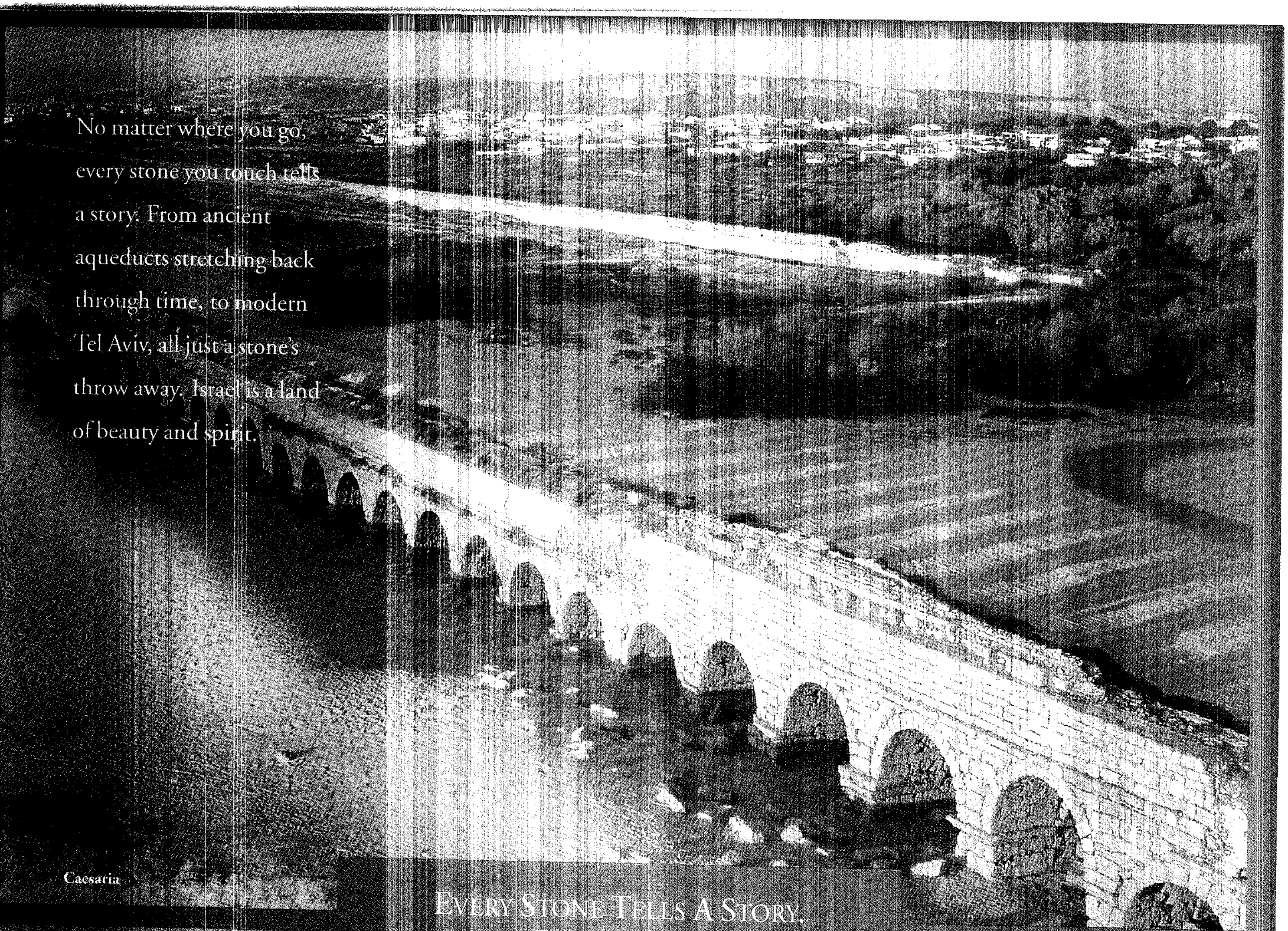
Divided for half a century by the Cold War, today's **GERMANY** truly exemplifies the spirit of European unity in 1995. History is still being made here as the five eastern states invite travelers in to explore more of the spectacular landscapes, fascinating cities, and charming villages for which Germany is known. Throughout the year, Bavaria is celebrating the 150th Birthday of Ludwig II, "the fairy tale king" and builder of the legendary castle of Neuschwanstein and the Linderhof Palace. In another celebration of architectural expression, world-renowned artist Christo, famous for his mass-scale outdoor projects, will wrap the Reichstag, the German parliament's once and future home, like a giant gift package. Once the wrappings are removed, renovations on the historic building will begin. For further information, call (212) 661-7200.

Each spring, **AUSTRIA** shakes off the snows of its lively ski season to reveal breathtaking Alpine meadows, lush green valleys, and cities alive with the sound of music. Salzburg, the birthplace of Mozart, hosts its 75th Salzburg Festival of operas and concerts (August 21-31). On August 20-22, the Vienna Symphony performs at the 50th Bregenz Festival. For further information, call (212) 844-6880.

As if **HUNGARY'S** capital city of Budapest, an age-old gem straddling the Danube and sparkling with vitality, didn't offer enough promise for discovery and adventure, the west has scenic Lake Balaton while the east has the vast Great Plain, both well worth a visit. Among many festivities planned for 1995, Budapest will host open-air opera, ballet, and rock performances July through August; the BudaFest, featuring opera and ballet (August 10-19); an International Wine Festival, featuring various exhibitions, fairs, and cultural events (September 13-17); and "Music-Music-Music," a series of classical concerts throughout the month of November. For further information, call (201) 592-8585.

**Linderhof Palace and gardens.**

Shoshi Egan



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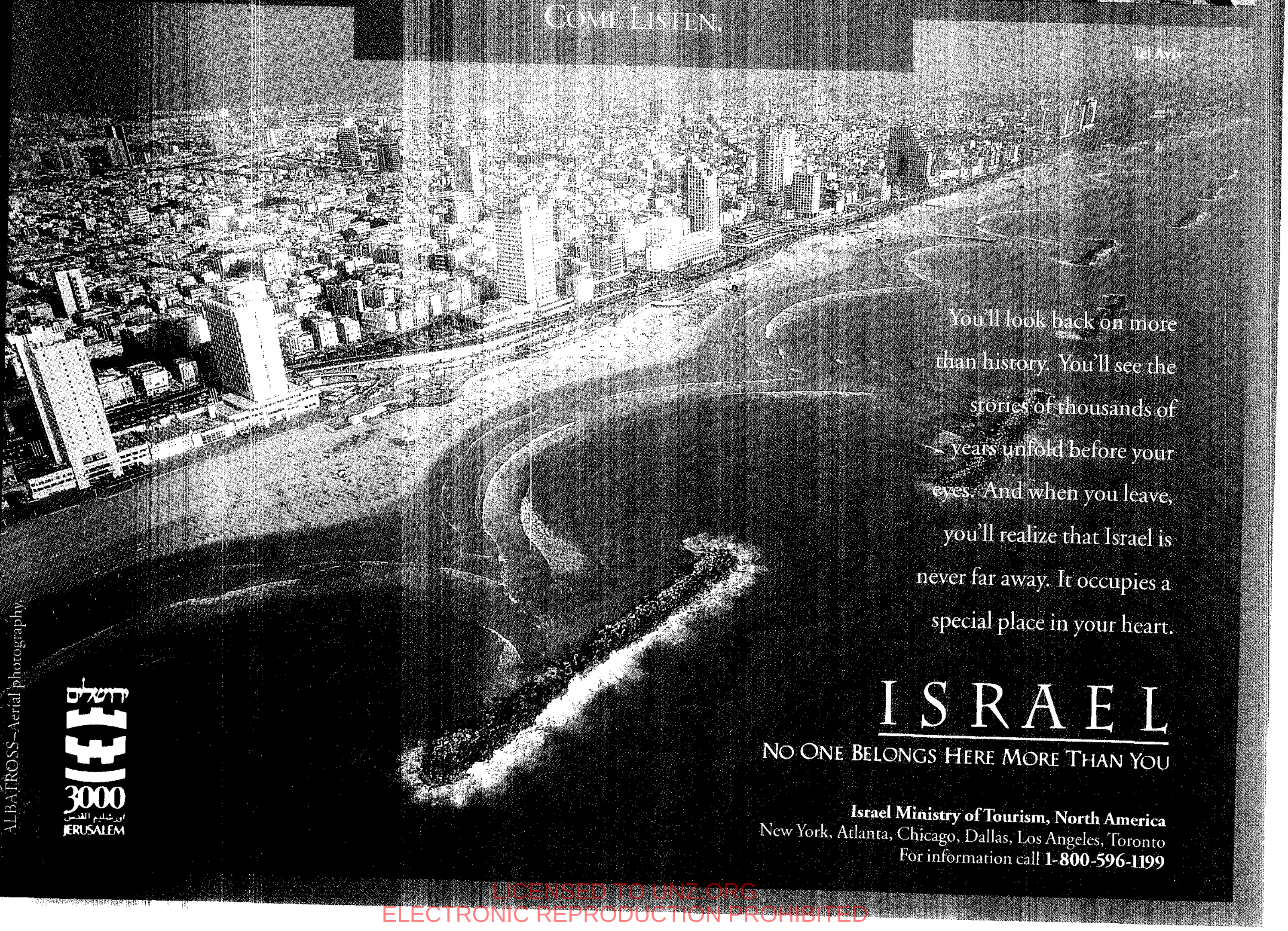

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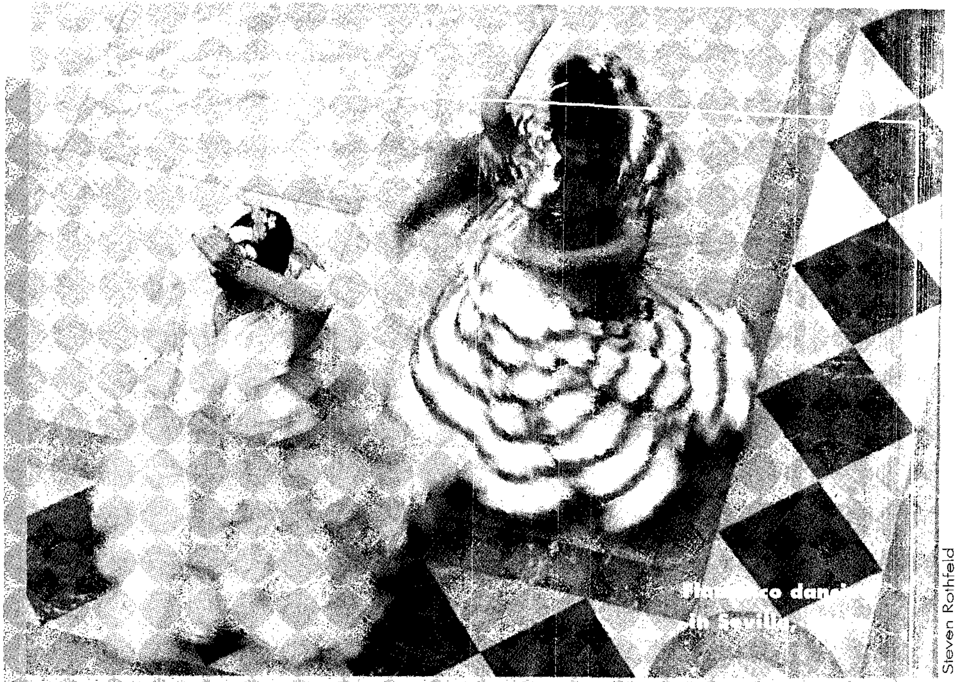

Flamenco dancer in Seville

Steven Rothfeld

From sumptuous palaces and grand museums to spectacular mountain vistas and lively tapas bars, **SPAIN** offers a feast for all the senses. Here, in the country known for its fiestas, visitors can participate in a wealth of celebrations, including the San Fermin Festival in Pamplona, featuring the world-famous Running of the Bulls (July 6-14), the 44th International Music and Dance Festival of Grenada (June 23-July 9), and Córdoba's Flamenco Guitar Festival (July 1-5). Nineteen-ninety-five also marks the 500th anniversary of Bosch's painting of "The Garden of Earthly Delights" currently on view in Madrid's Prado. For further information, call (212) 759-8822.

Perfectly situated between the Atlantic Ocean and the warm Mediterranean, **PORTUGAL** is an intimate yet endlessly fascinating country steeped in legend, enriched by tradition, and blessed with great natural beauty. It is this fortuitous location by the sea that has shaped much of Portugal's rich and complex cultural, social, and political history. Today, the legacy of Portugal's reign over the seas during the Age of Discovery is manifest in a rich variety of cultural influences, each distinct yet intrinsic to the country's individual character. This year, Portugal celebrates the 800th birthday of St. Anthony, the Patron Saint of Lisbon, with a full year of celebrations in the beautiful capital city, highlighted by the lively Festival of Santo Antonio on June 12th, the eve of his birthday. On St. Anthony's Eve, there literally will be dancing in the streets, but the festivities and spiritual observances will continue through June 13, 1996 with a series of religious services, musical programs, lectures, art exhibits, seminars, and pilgrimages. For further information, call (212) 354-4403.

**FINLAND'S** capital city of Helsinki, known as "the daughter of the Baltic," is not only the gateway to Russia and the Baltic republics, but a dynamic and exciting city in its own right and host to the Helsinki Festival, featuring a rich variety of theatre, dance, and musical performances (August 21-September 3). On June 12th Helsinki celebrates its 445th anniversary with Helsinki Day, featuring a fair and various cultural events. From June 14 -18, the city hosts The Midnight Sun Film Festival, paying homage to 100 years of filmmaking. To see more of the "Land of the Midnight Sun," day trips can be made from Helsinki to Porvoo, a small town that offers a rare glimpse into 19th century living. And the harborside castle at Turku, the 750-year-old city that served as Finland's capital until 1812, seems magically transported out of a Viking saga. On July 15-23, the port city of Pori hosts its 30th Jazz Festival, featuring open-air concerts and jam sessions. For information, call (212) 949-2333.

With its pristine terrain and vibrant spirit, **SWEDEN** is a perfectly natural setting for the 5th Annual International Amateur Athletics Federation World Championships, the world's third-largest sporting event, to be held August 4-13 in Goteborg. Over 200 nations and 2,000 competitors are expected to participate. Sweden's second largest city, Goteborg is also celebrating the completion of its new waterfront Opera House, which will feature a variety of special performances during the Championships. For outdoor enthusiasts, Sweden's archipelago, comprised of tens

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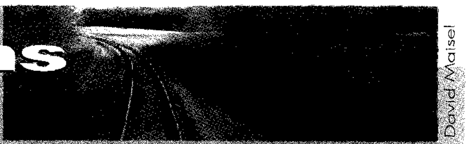
# Making Connections



David Maisel

The long anticipated opening of the spectacular 31-mile-long Channel Tunnel has revolutionized travel between Britain and the Continent. Each day since its official opening in November 1994, hundreds of people take their first ride by either the Eurostar passenger trains or Le Shuttle auto trains.

The 180-mph-plus Eurostar trains run nonstop from central London to central Paris in three hours. The Eurostars also run from London to Brussels, with some trains stopping at the futuristic EuraLille station, where one can connect with France's high-speed TGV system. The lowest London-Paris "Discovery" fare is currently $75 (U.S.) for second-class, 14-day advance, non-refundable purchase. Without restrictions, the fare is $123 second-class, and $154 first-class. Reservations are required and can be made through travel agents or by calling Rail Europe at (800) EUROSTAR.

Motorists wishing to bring their car on board can take Le Shuttle trains, driving onto car carriers at Folkstone station, south of London, and driving off at Calais, and vice versa. Le Shuttle tickets cost about $102 each way and can be purchased at the terminal.

Other high-speed rail lines are expanding in Germany, Spain, and Italy. In France, they now serve both deGaulle and Lyon airports. For information on other rail travel opportunities, call your travel agent or (800) 4-EURAIL or (800) TGV-RAIL.

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of thousands of islands, provides the ideal setting for sailing, swimming, and fishing. Stockholm, the country's historic capital, presents the Stockholm Water Festival, a celebration of music, sports, and family activities (August 11-20). For further information, call (212) 949-2333.

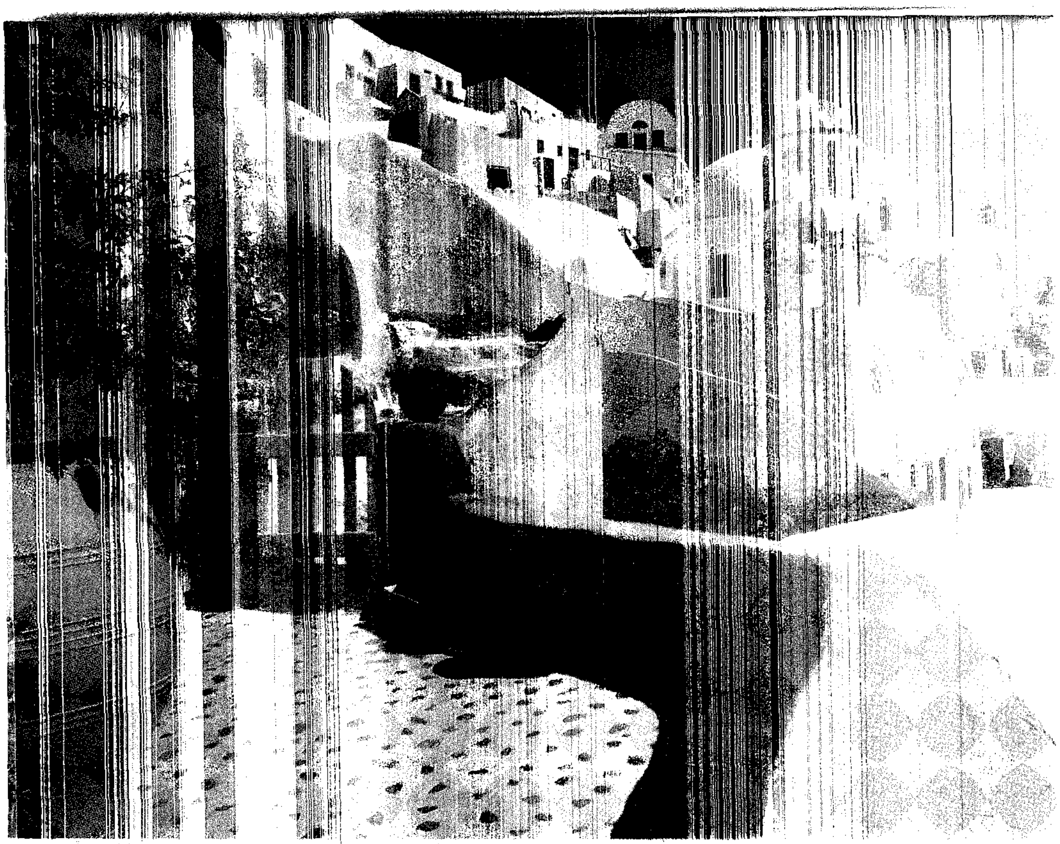
A country of great adventure and superlative natural wonders, **ICELAND** is home to most of Europe's active volcanoes, its most powerful waterfall, its largest glacier, and the great Geysir, namesake of these natural fountains throughout the world. But visitors to Iceland soon discover that this country's warmth goes beyond its soothing, restorative geothermal springs and often surprisingly mild climate. Iceland's dramatic natural landscape is complemented by its dynamic people and their highly vital sense of culture. Reykjavik, the world's northernmost capital (and the European capital closest to the U.S.) is warmed not only by the Gulf Stream, its many thermal springs, and sheltering mountains, but by the constant activity of its thriving cultural life, centering around the city's National Museum, National Art Gallery, and unique Open-Air Museum, featuring various architectural styles. This year, visitors are invited to participate in a variety of sporting events throughout the country, including the Arctic Open, a midsummer night golf tournament in the northern region of Akureyri (June 23-26) and the Reykjavik Marathon, a half "real" marathon and half "fun run" on August 20th. For further information, call (212) 949-2333.

A timeless icon of innocence and allure magically frozen in time, Hans Christian Andersen's beloved Little Mermaid welcomes visitors from the sea to the storybook kingdom of **DENMARK.** In 1995, Denmark hosts a world-class Ballet and Opera Festival (May 7-21), the 17th annual Copenhagen Jazz Festival (July 7-16),

Sylvain Grandadam

## Europe Celebrates V-E Day

May 8, 1995 marks the 50th anniversary of V-E Day, the official end of World War II in Europe after five years and eight months of battle. After a year of marking the bittersweet anniversaries of D-Day, the liberation of Paris, and the Battle of the Bulge, it is fitting that American travelers join with Europeans in a variety of celebrations. Norway will mark its war's end liberation with parades and the unveiling of a new national monument. On the evening of May 4th, Denmark will present "Peace Sculpture-The Line-The Light," a two-hour, miles-long laser light show along the Jutland coast. Throughout the month of May, Brussels recalls the war years with a special exhibition entitled "I was Young in '45." In May and June, Poland will host a variety of observances, including the 5th Annual Festival of Jewish Culture, to be held in Kraków in early June. In Germany, memorial concerts, dramas, and exhibitions concerning the war will be held in both Berlin and Dresden. And England will observe V-E Day in London, where Winston Churchill announced the war's end in a radio address, with a solemn service at St. Paul's Cathedral and special events in Hyde Park, marking the beginning of a half century of reconciliation and peace.



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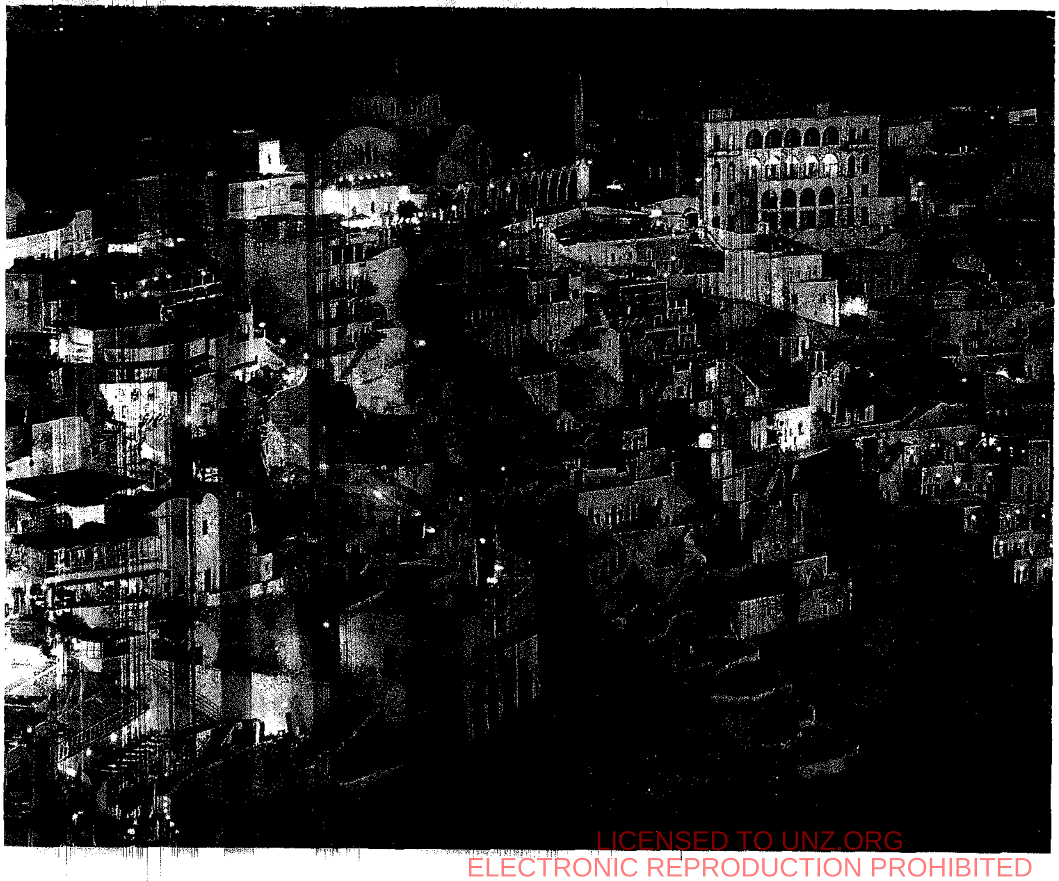

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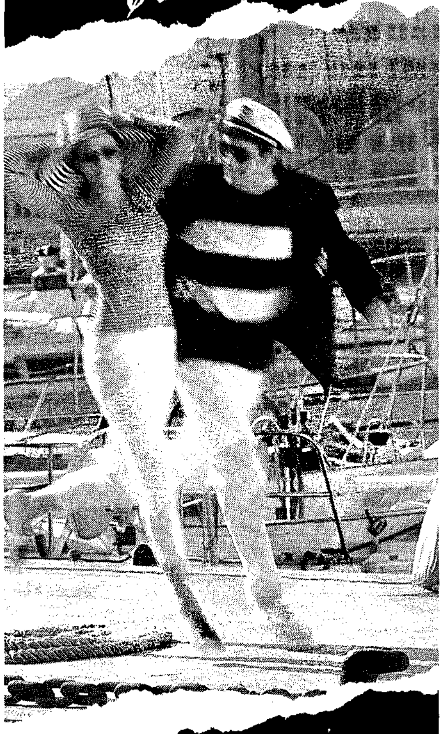

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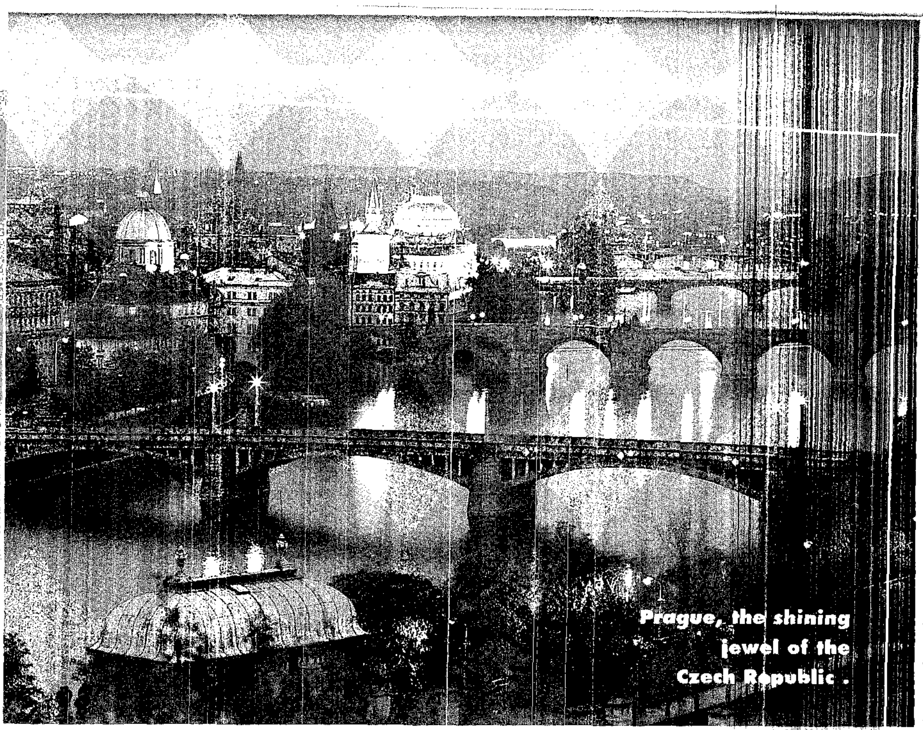


**Prague, the shining jewel of the Czech Republic.**

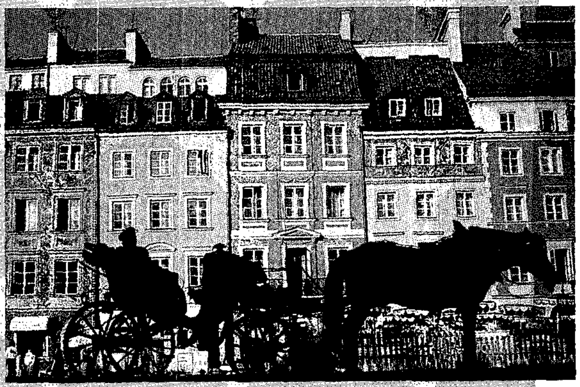
James Strachan

and the 25th Anniversary Roskilde Festival, featuring over 100 pop and rock bands from around the world. In a special spirit of unity with the United States, Denmark will observe the 4th of July, as it has every year since 1912. This year's festivities will celebrate the 50th anniversary year of the Liberation of Europe and the continuing development of transatlantic relations. For further information, call (212) 949-2333.

A leader in the rise of democracy throughout Eastern Europe, **POLAND** is quickly emerging as one of Europe's most attractive, exciting, and affordable destinations. This year, Poland marks the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II with a number of festivals in May and June. During the first two weeks in June, the city of Kraków will present the Fifth Annual Festival of Jewish Culture, featuring various films and theatre performances. Kraków also plays host to the 32nd International Short Films Festival, beginning on May 30 and running through June. Music festivals in Poland will include the Fifth Annual Mozart Festival in Warsaw (June 15-July 26) and the 32nd International Festival of Pop Music in Sopot (August). The renowned International Festival of Contemporary Music will be held for the 28th time in Warsaw from September 15 through 23. In October, Poland also plays host to the 13th International Chopin Piano Competition, a highly prestigious event held every five years that attracts piano masters from all over the world. For further information, call (212) 338-9412.

Now more than ever, it's cool to go Bohemian. Even in the days of Communism, intrepid visitors were drawn to Prague, the capital of the **CZECH REPUBLIC** and one of the most exquisite cities in the world. Now this city, long renowned for its outstanding architecture, art, theatre, and music, has been reborn as a booming center of cultural vitality and a haven for young artists and "new Bohemians" flocking to the historical and etymological source of the Bohemian aesthetic. This year, Prague plays host to a number of international events, and Marienbad hosts the Chopin Festival (August 19-26). For inquiries regarding travel in the Czech Republic, call (212) 988-8080.

Now is a great time to explore **BULGARIA,** a country situated at the crossroads of East and West, and in the heart of "Old Europe." Its 5,000-year-old capital city of Sofia has been called "the Paris of the Balkans" for its broad boulevards, open-air cafés, large parks, and grand architecture. This summer, the medieval city of Veliko Turnovo hosts



**Warsaw's Old Town Square.**

Anthony Cassidy

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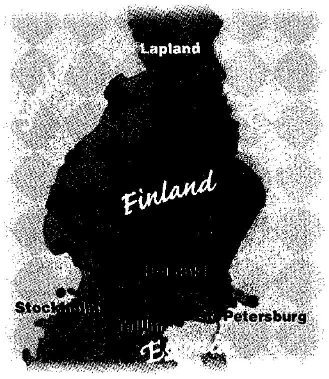

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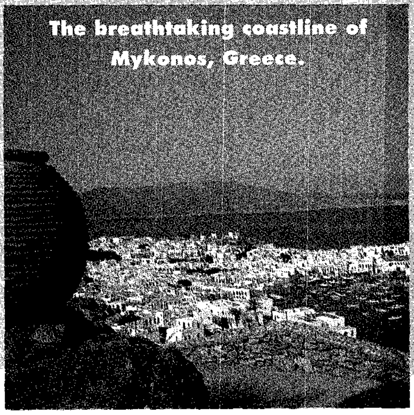
Paul Meredith

"Sound and Light" a series of nightly celebrations running from June through September. Few travelers know that Bulgaria supplies 80% of the rose oil for the world's perfume industry from the 50-mile Valley of the Roses, but those who experience the age-old Festival of Roses, held every year on the first Sunday in June, will never forget the glorious spectacle of this very special event. For further information, call (212) 573-5530.

The cradle of western civilization and the birthplace of democracy over 2,500 years ago, **GREECE** still plays an alluring siren song to world travelers. Even the most jaded travelers are continually drawn to this paradise by its endless variety of natural and cultural attractions. Here, visitors can relive over 5,000 years of history, touring the ancient city of Athens, climbing the Acropolis to tour the Parthenon and explore the Temple of Zeus, Hadrian's Arch, the Theatre of Dionysus and a treasure trove of other classical glories. Each summer, the ancient Odeon of Herod Atticus comes alive as the showplace for the Athens Festival. For first time visitors to Greece, a rewarding itinerary might include a two-day stay in Athens exploring the city's various archeological sites, followed by a 3-, 4-, 7-, or 14-day cruise calling at many of Greece's fabled islands. For shorter stays, visitors can travel from Athens across the Saronic Gulf for a one-day tour of the ancient Argolis region in the northeastern Peloponnese or enjoy a one-day cruise calling at the Saronic Gulf islands of Aegina, Poros, and Hydra, each different from each other, yet quintessentially Greek. With sparkling blue seas, soft, sandy beaches, and over 300 days of sunshine every year, the Greek islands are truly not to be missed. Enticing, serene, and rich in mythological legends, Greece is not only warm, friendly, inviting, but surprisingly affordable. For further information, call (212) 421-5777.

With a history that dates back more than ten millennia, **TURKEY** is frequently referred to as "the world's largest open air museum." Spectacular remnants of great civilizations, including the Hittite, Roman, Byzantine, and Ottoman, can be found all over this vast, exotic country. Two of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World are here; the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus and the Mausoleum of Bodrum. A host of wondrous natural landscapes, historic attractions, biblical sites, and year-round festivals offer even the most seasoned travelers an unusually enriching experience. In 1995, the 3,000-year-old city of Istanbul (the only city built on two continents—Europe and Asia) will host its International Art and Culture Festival, fea-



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# Getting There

Mark Wagner

Many European countries have a national airline, so you can start feeling like you're on vacation from the moment you leave the gate. This year, many airlines will offer summer deals that make staying home seem out of the question. Check with your travel agent or call the airlines directly by dialing the toll-free phone numbers listed below.

| Airline | Phone Numbers |
|---|---|
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| **Alitalia Airlines** | **(800) 223-5730** |
| **American Airlines** | **(800) 433-7300** |
| **Austrian Airlines** | **(800) 843-0002** |
| **Balkan Bulgarian Airlines** | **(800) 852-0944** |
| **British Airways** | **(800) AIRWAYS** |
| **Continental Airlines** | **(800) 525-0280** |
| **CSA/Czechoslovak Airlines** | **(800) 223-2365** |
| **Cyprus Airways** | **(800) 333-2977** |
| **Delta Air Lines Inc.** | **(800) 221-1212** |
| **El Al Israel Airlines** | **(800) 223-6700** |
| **Finnair** | **(800) 950-5000** |
| **Iberia Airlines of Spain** | **(800) 772-4642** |
| **Icelandair** | **(800) 223-5500** |
| **KLM Royal Dutch Airlines** | **(800) 777-5553** |
| **LOT Polish Airlines** | **(800) 223-0593** |
| **LTU International Airways** | **(800) 888-0200** |
| **Lufthansa German Airlines** | **(800) 645-3880** |
| **Malev Hungarian Airlines** | **(800) 223-6884** |
| **Martinair Holland** | **(800) 627-8462** |
| **Northwest Airlines** | **(800) 225-2525** |
| **Olympic Airways** | **(800) 223-1226** |
| **Sabena Belgian World Airways** | **(800) 955-2000** |
| **SAS** | **(800) 221-2350** |
| **Swissair** | **(800) 221-4750** |
| **TAP - Air Portugal** | **(800) 221-7370** |
| **Tower Air** | **(800) 34-TOWER** |
| **Trans World Airlines - TWA** | **(800) 221-2000** |
| **Turkish Airlines - THY** | **(800) 874-TURK** |
| **United Airlines** | **(800) 241-6522** |
| **USAir Inc.** | **(800) 428-4322** |
| **Virgin Atlantic Airways** | **(800) 862-8621** |

Air France, along with their tour operator Jet Vacations, is offering a "Paris Artistique" package for only $699. The package includes airfare, five nights in a centrally located hotel, a three-day museum pass, and more. The package is available April 21-30 or October 25-31. Call (800) JET-0999.

El Al Israel Airlines 1995 "Milk & Honey" packages offer a wide range of options. For only $16 per day, El Al's seven-day "Sunsational Car" package allows travelers to explore Israel on their own in a Hertz rental car with unlimited mileage. For $22, a five-night package gives top value accommodations in Jerusalem or Tel Aviv, and a free Hertz rental car. Call (800) EL-AL-SUN.

To make flying to Europe more enjoyable this summer, American Airlines will test a new in-flight entertainment system on its transatlantic flights. The system is designed to provide a selection of movies and games. First-class passengers will access the system from a personal video unit. In the business class and main cabins, passengers will access the system through a monitor on the seatback.

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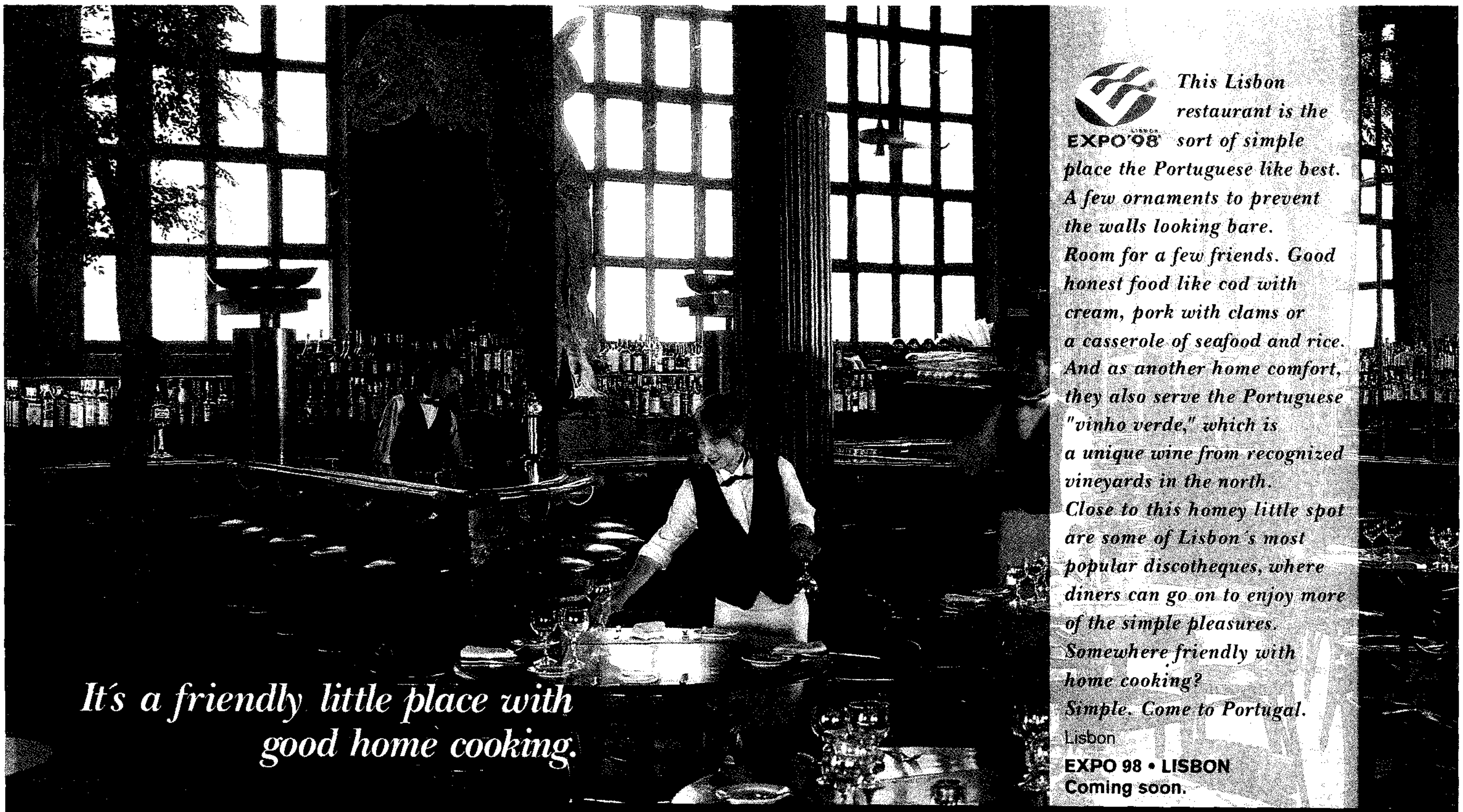

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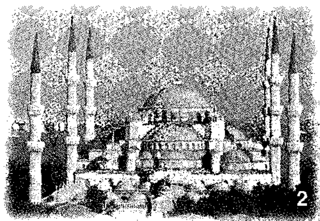

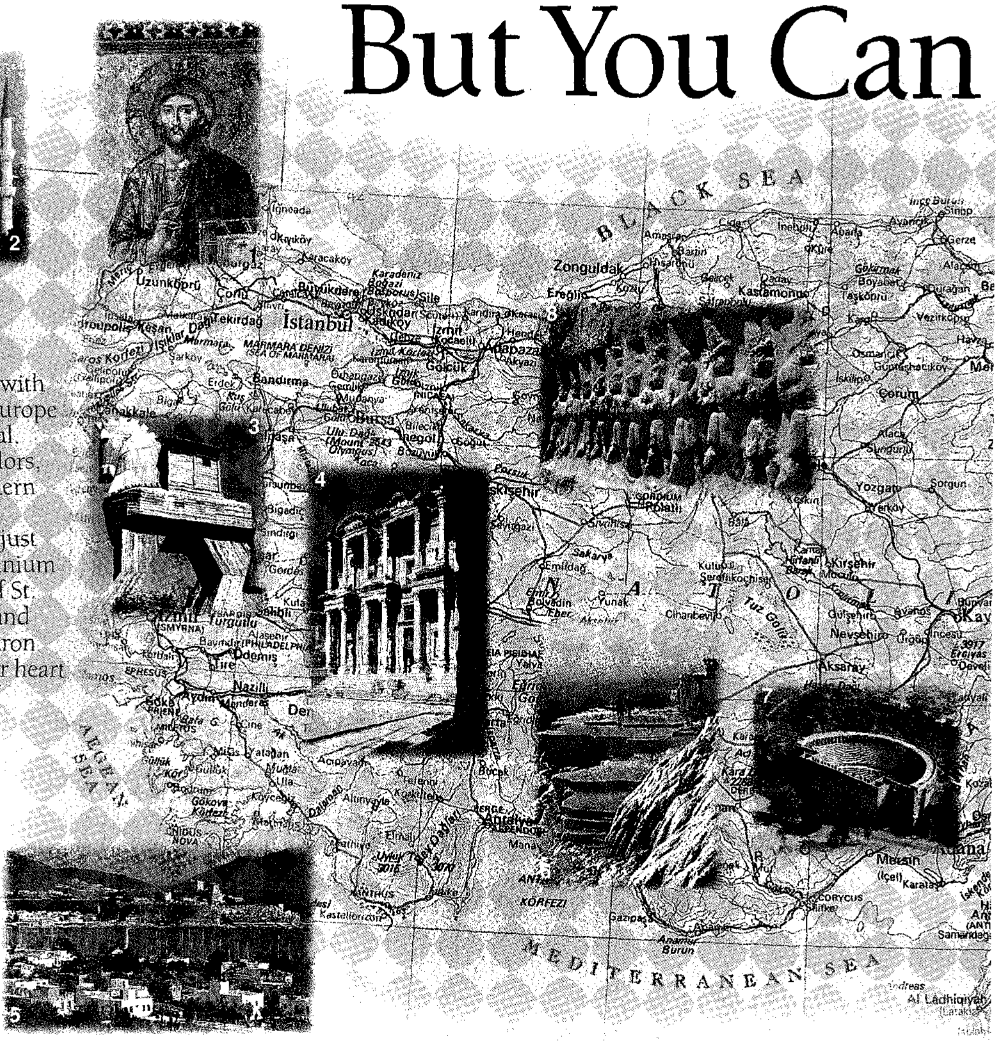
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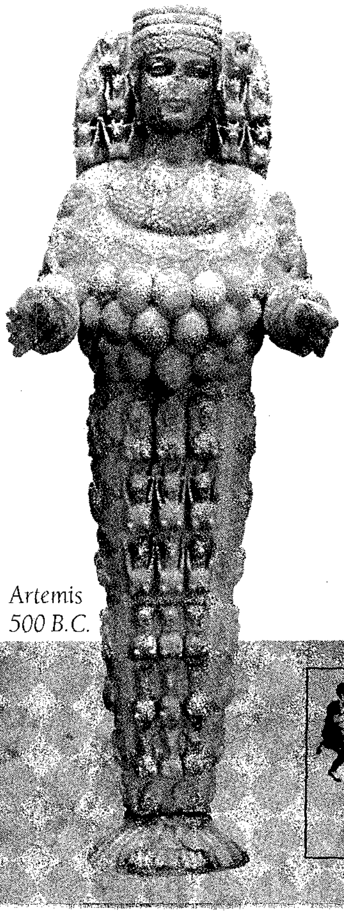

*Artemis*
*500 B.C.*

## Izmir:

Birthplace of Homer. Final resting place of the Virgin Mary in Selçuk. Here the echoes of ancient civilizations live side-by-side with some of the most fabulous hotels anywhere. Along our lyrical Aegean coastline, you'll discover ancient sites such as Troy, Pergamon, Aphrodisias, Didyma, and of course the ruins of Ephesus-declared by St. Paul as "the most beautiful city in the world."

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*1. St.Sophia, Istanbul. 2. Blue Mosque, Istanbul. 3. Trojan Horse, Troy. 4. Celsius Library, Ephesus. 5. Bodrum Castle. 6. Antique Spa, Pamukkale. 7. Roman Amphitheater at Aspendos. 8. Hittite Reliefs, 4000 B.C. 9. Rock carved dwellings, Cappadocia. 10. Mt. Nemrud. 11. Abraham's Pool, SanliUrfa. 12. Sumela Monastery. Trabzon.*

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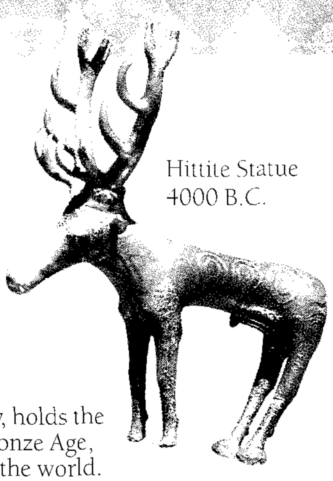
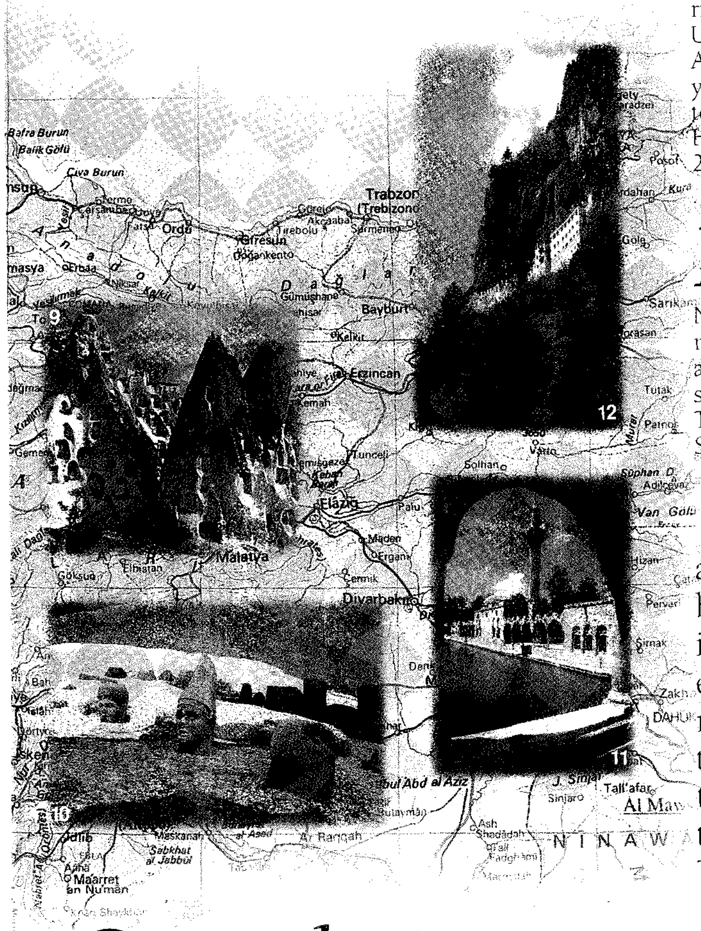

Hittite Statue
4000 B.C.

## Ankara:

Ankara, the capital of Turkey, holds the richest collection of Early Bronze Age, Urartian and Hittite finds in the world. At the famous Anatolian Civilization Museum you'll find artifacts chronologically ordered from Paleolithic to Classical Age and Roman times. The impressive early Hittite sites of Yazilikaya and Alacahöyük are only 2 hours from Ankara.



## Eastern Anatolia:

Now you have come to the legendary part of Turkey where remains of Assyrian, Urartian, Seljuk and Ottoman empires await you. Looking up to snow-capped Mount Ararat you'll see the spot where Noah's Arc came to rest. Just south of Trabzon, shrouded in cloud and perched on a cliff is the Sumela Monastery.

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## Cappadocia:

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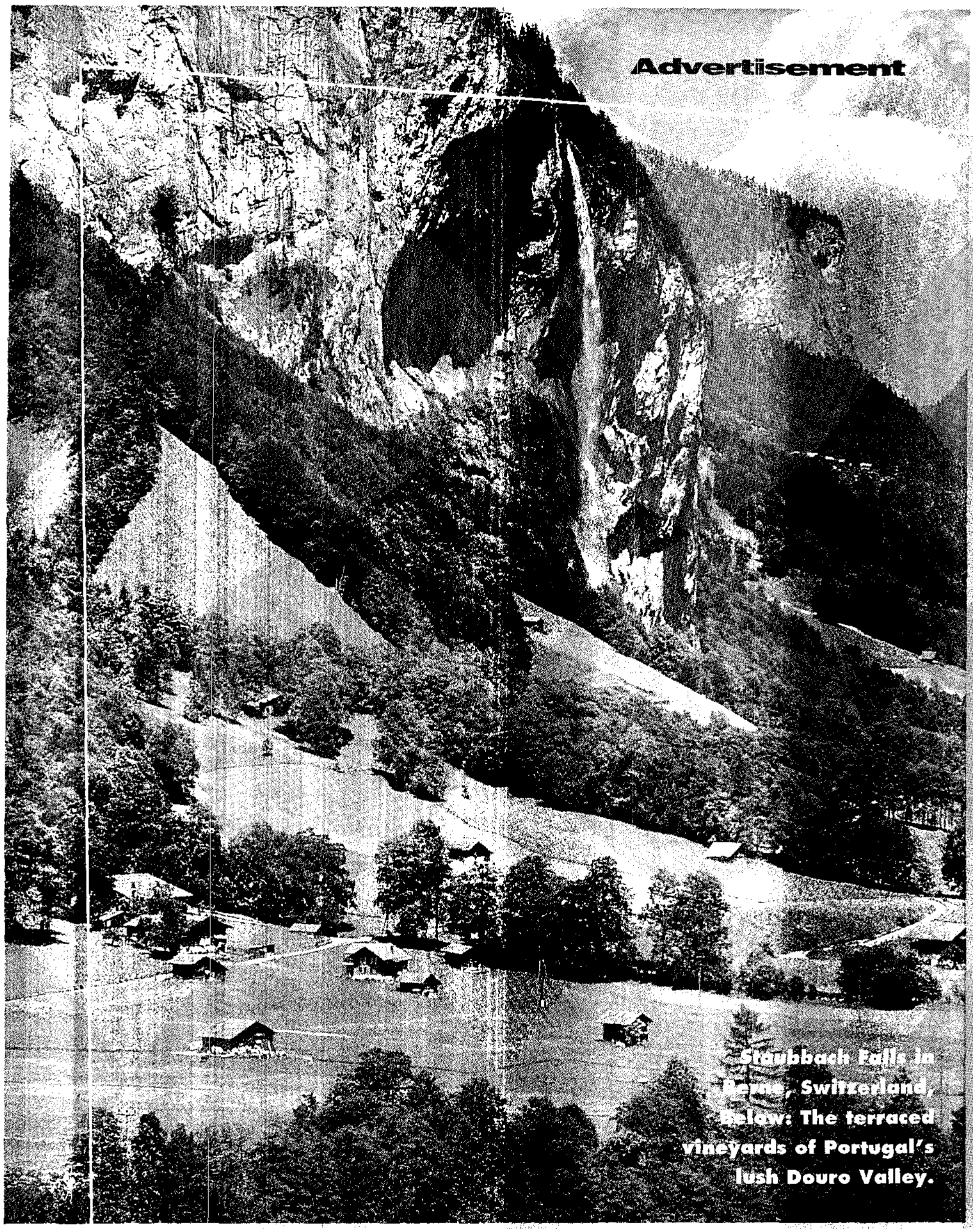


Staubbach Falls in Berne, Switzerland, Below: The terraced vineyards of Portugal's lush Douro Valley.

turing some of the world's most highly-acclaimed performing artists (June 20 -July 30). From June 10-July 10, prominent European and Turkish artisans and musicians will gather in Izmir, for the Izmir International Festival. Sailing enthusiasts should take special note of a variety of special boating events, including the International Offshore Races through the emerald Aegean from Istanbul to Izmir in June, the International Yacht Festival (May 8-14), and the International Yacht Race (November 1-6) off the popular port city of Marmaris, as well as a special exhibition of *goulets* (exquisite Turkish wooden yachts) in Bodrum (October 26-28). Other events include the "Golden Orange" Film and Art Festival, which takes place in the coastal city of Antalya during the last week of September, and the Festival of Mevlana, a celebration of religious dances and rituals performed by the Whirling Dervishes to honor their founder, to be held in the city of Konya (December 10-17). Any time of year, trekking up mighty Mount Ararat presents the ultimate challenge for the intrepid. For further information, call (212) 687-2194.

In addition to its legendary natural, cultural, and culinary attractions, **ITALY** offers a wealth of activities for visitors in the summer of 1995. Special events will include the Verona Outdoor Opera, which celebrates it 73rd season in the city's beautifully preserved 2,000 seat Roman amphitheater with performances running from July 7-September 3. Several tour companies offer biking tours through the vineyards of Tuscany, a must-do for wine lovers and cycling enthusiasts. And of course, there is always excellent shopping throughout Italy. For further information, call (212) 245-4822.

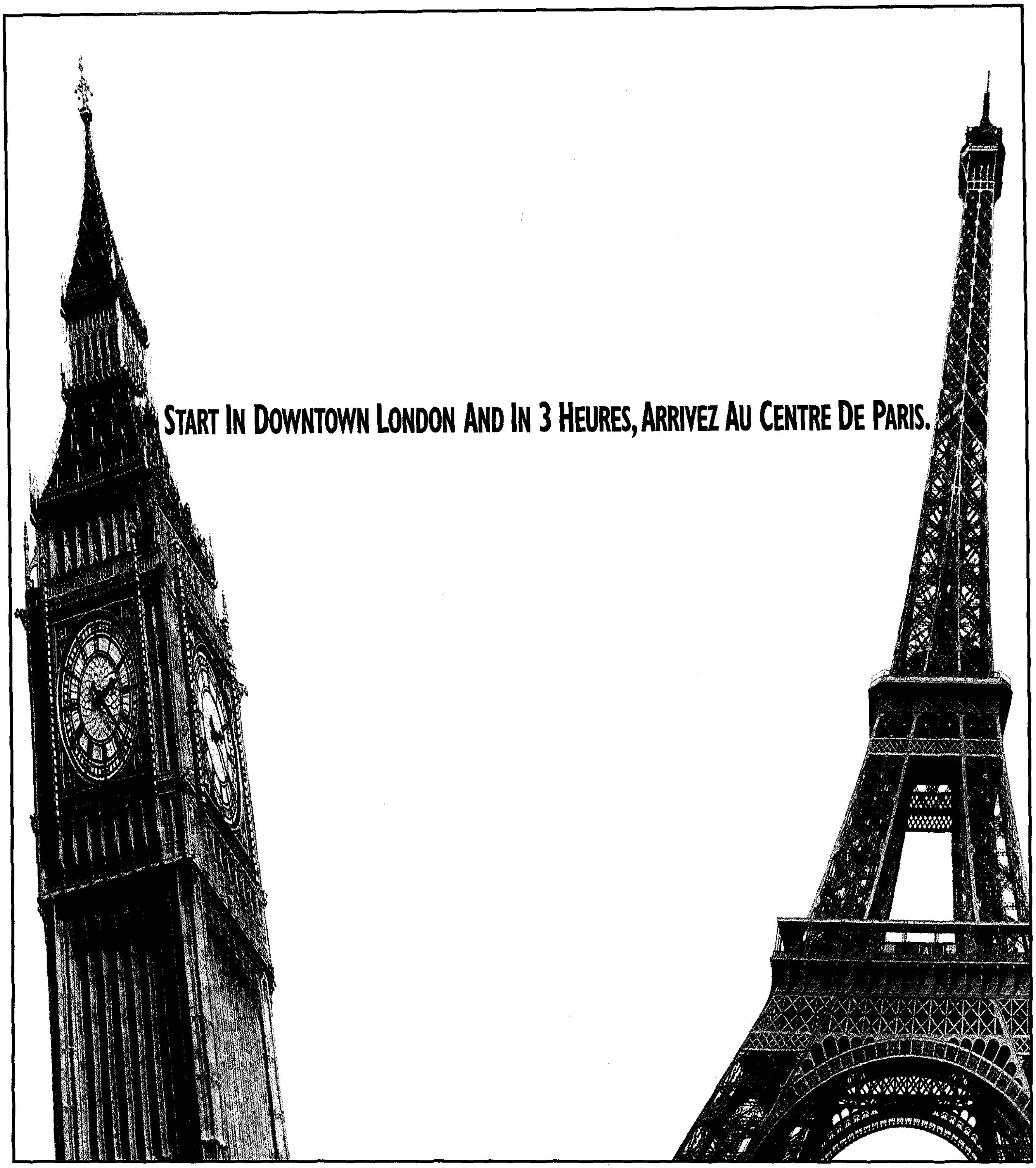
For a country of its size, **SWITZERLAND** offers a huge variety of attractions. In 1995, Switzerland hosts a wealth of music festivals, including Music Summer Gstaad (July 21- September 9) and the International Music Festival Lucerne (August 16-September 9). The Locarno International Film Festival, an international open-air celebration first organized in 1946, will be devoted to saluting the first one hundred years of film with many retrospectives (August 3-13). For further information, call (212) 757-5944.

Extended trips to Europe, particularly in the Mediterranean region, can easily incorporate a jaunt to **ISRAEL**. Like its European neighbors, Israel is celebrating the summer of 1995 in a big way. From May 20 through June 6, Jerusalem will host The Israel Festival, a series of world-class music, theatre, and dance performances as well as film screenings and street parades. A number of productions will be mounted at historic sites, such as the Sultan's Pool and David's Tower. This festival takes place during the most beautiful season in Israel, when the days are warm and the evenings cool and dry. For further information on the festival or travel in Israel, call 1-800-596-1199.

Graeme Norways

## Tips for Day Trippers

What a difference a day makes, particularly when you're immersed in the rich history and culture of the Old World. While in Europe, take a day to lose yourself in theatre, music, or fine art. In addition to the world's finest cultural attractions, Europe offers unique day-long adventures, like Rusrail's Orient Express trip through the ancient towns of Moscow's Golden Ring and to the pastoral village of Klin, Tchaikovsky's country home. Of course, oenophiles can enjoy a variety of day-long winery tours in vineyards throughout the continent and in the Mediterranean. And what could be more rewarding than climbing an Alp? Whatever you choose to do, a day trip in Europe can provide a wealth of fond memories to last a lifetime.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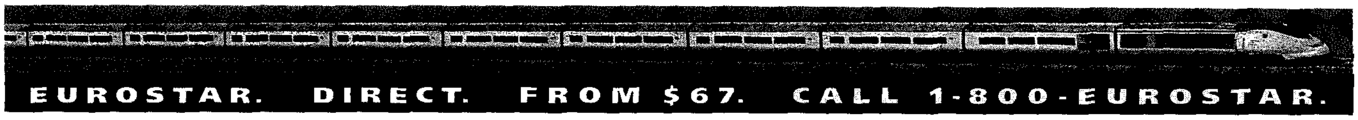

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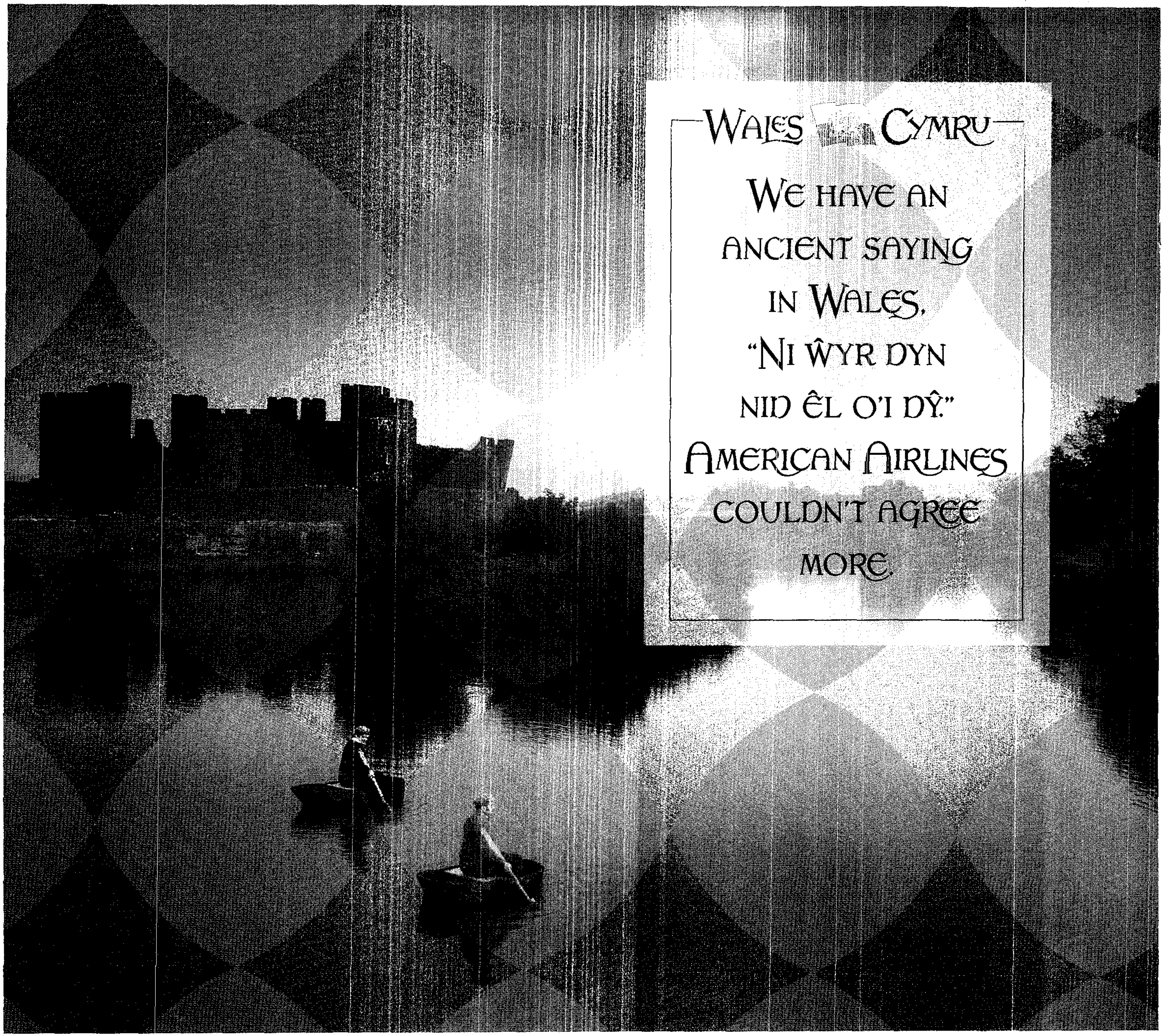
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ANNALS OF CONSERVATION

# SURVIVAL OF THE HUNTER

*The author goes whaling with Greenlanders who work with kayaks and harpoons—and whose traditions conflict with the environmentalist agenda.*

BY PETER MATTHIESSEN

GIG WAILGUM

EVEN in summer, the sea off the black cliffs of southeastern Greenland is crowded with drift ice and herds of icebergs calved off many glaciers—one reason the thousand miles and more of this east coast have only two tiny settlements even today. Our plane from Iceland, having crossed the gray glittering sea of the Denmark Strait, refuels at Kulusuk, near the Inuit village at Ammassalik, and continues south and west over steep capes, glaciers, and fjords, then swings inland over the Greenland ice sheet—an immense high snowfield packed hard by wind. The ice sheet is not flat but slightly domed, and between this white dome and the granitic rock two miles beneath is a frozen repository containing about a tenth of the earth's fresh water.

At this narrow waist of the great island, it is four hundred and fifty miles across the ice to the Davis Strait, which separates western Greenland from eastern Canada. This region of the southwest coast was the site of Vesterbygd, the Western Settlement established in the year 986 by followers of the Icelandic outlaw and fugitive Erik the Red, who named the island Greenland in the hope of enticing others to join him in exile. In the same decades, in an astonishing convergence, Asiatic ancestors of the present-day Inuit were arriving in northern Greenland by way of the Nearctic archipelago. The Norse pioneers, sealed away from Europe in the following centuries by the frozen seas of a colder climate, vanished from history without a trace—apparently victims of the ice. The Inuit, of course, remained, but their presence was unknown to Europeans until the late sixteenth century, when English explorers arrived in the Davis Strait in quest of the Northwest Passage. Soon thereafter, Danish traders recorded the sighting of a mermaid and the capture of four aborigines, whom they took home to Copenhagen for display. They also reported an abundance of the bowhead whale, which was already very scarce in the eastern North Atlantic, and the ships that came in the next two hundred years found bowhead whales plentiful all the way north to Baffin Bay. In 1721, the King of Denmark's expedition in search of the lost Norse colonists established a colony called Godthåb, or Good Hope, a Lutheran mission, and later an outpost of the Royal Greenland Trading Company, which traded implements of metal and wood to the aborigines for seal- and bearskins and the ivory of the narwhal and the walrus.

Our airplane lands at Greenland's capital, Nuuk, a few miles up the fjord from the ruins of Good Hope. Nuuk sits perched on the rock ledge of coast, which in southwest Greenland protrudes from beneath the dome of ice,

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and here our small anthropological-film expedition to the Faroes, Iceland, and Greenland, led by Peter Getzels and Harriet Gordon, of the BBC, is joined by my twenty-nine-year-old son, Alex, who has worked for five years for various environmental organizations. From here we will travel on to Strømfjord, a hundred and twenty miles up the coast, and from there to a remote region of far northwestern Greenland, where we hope to observe the harvest of narwhal and beluga by native hunters, who still use kayaks and handheld harpoons to stalk these small toothed whales among the floes.

THE United States Air Force plane that flies cargo and passengers from Strømfjord eight hundred miles to Thule Air Base—the point of access to Avanersuaq, "The Place in the Farthest North"—is still climbing as it sets out across Disko Bay. An enormous sound and archipelago, Disko has been the heart of Greenland whaling since the eighteenth century.

Aboriginal hunters of the Disko region who were encountered by the first traders and whaling ships to enter the Davis Strait were descendants of the so-called Thule Culture which came to Greenland at the same time as the vanished Norsemen. Today, these so-called Eskimos, known more traditionally as Inuit, or the People, number about a hundred thousand in the world, almost half of them in Greenland, somewhat more than half in Canada and Alaska, and perhaps fifteen hundred in Siberia. The Inuit hunters told the first Europeans of a wilder people who lacked the kayak and even bows and arrows, and who were hostile to intruders on their coast, which lay perhaps five hundred miles to the north. Because of severe ice conditions in the strait, those people remained cut off until 1818, when a British explorer named John Ross came upon a small group of them on the Cape York Peninsula, on the east coast of Baffin Bay. Like William Baffin, two centuries before, Captain Ross was seeking a northwest passage to India, and, like Baffin, he returned instead with reports of the multitudes of bowhead whales to be found in a body of open water—"the North Water"—that lay beyond the dangerous ice of Melville Bay.

In the mid-nineteenth century, a last immigration of people from Arctic Canada reintroduced the kayak, the fish spear, and the bow and arrow to these relict "Polar Eskimos," as Ross called them. These people, who had crossed the straits from North America only in recent centuries and differed in dress and dialect from both West and East Greenlanders, called themselves Inuhuit, or the Great People. The Inuhuit live eight hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, and until 1818, when they first saw Ross's ship, they thought that with their West Greenland cousins they were the only people in the world.

The Inuhuit had their main settlement at Uummannaq, "the Mountain Shaped Like a Heart" on the north shore of Cape York, on a high bench between two coves under the great Dundas Rock, a strategic and beautiful site only a few miles from fine walrus- and seabird-hunting grounds at Saunders Island. This people was still all but unknown when, in 1891, Lieutenant Robert E. Peary made his first visit to Avanersuaq. For the next eighteen years—until 1909, when Peary and his black orderly, Matthew Henson, with the great hunter Oodaaq and other Inuhuit, finally arrived at the North Pole—he would depend for his Arctic explorations on these Inuhuit.

On May 31, 1953, the people of Uummannaq were brusquely "relocated"—evicted, rather, since none of them had expressed any interest in moving—when the United States Air Force persuaded Denmark that Uummannaq, which it had christened Thule Village, was the one site suitable for mounting anti-aircraft artillery to defend a huge new Cold War installation called Thule Air Base. That this surreal city of empty runways and cold metal buildings is a dead place just four decades after it was built is no consolation to the Inuhuit, who were scattered out along the fjords to the north and south. Perhaps half of them collected finally at Qaanaaq, sixty-five miles to the north, and it was to Qaanaaq that we travelled next morning by helicopter from Thule.

Handelsman

*"For a moment, I was afraid I'd been demonized, but it turns out I've only been cuckolded."*

We flew inland up the Granville Glacier and across the ice sheet of Steensby Land, named for an ethnologist who published a pioneer work on the Polar Eskimos in 1910. According to the chart, this Steensby region of the Greenland ice sheet is still unexplored, and not even its highest elevation is known. The ice rises quickly to a wind-scoured white plateau, traversed in summer by pale-blue brooks and pressure cracks and crevasses half hidden by the previous winter's snow: the cerulean brooks flow over the icy waste in the midnight sun. The racketing machine split the silence, descending another glacier on the farther side of the peninsula before setting out across Whale Sound, named almost four centuries ago by Baffin "for the number of whales we saw there sleeping, and lying aloft upon the water." Presumably, these were bowhead whales, few of which can be found today in the Davis Strait.

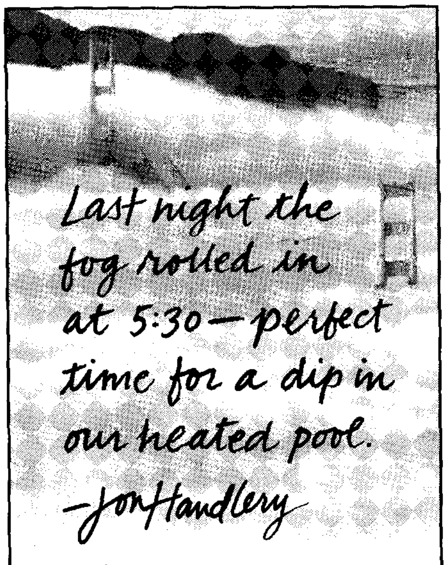
EARLY seafarers in my father's family prospered three hundred years ago at the considerable expense of the North Atlantic right whales: the "right" whales to pursue, not only because they were very large (up to fifty-five feet long and ninety tons) and rich in precious oil and whalebone but because both species—the Atlantic right whale and the bowhead—were slow surface feeders, easy for oarsmen to overtake and kill, and because, once they were dispatched, their thick layer of oily blubber caused them to remain floating on the surface. Known in those days of "the Greenland fishery" as the common whale, the right whales were soon commercially extinct everywhere in the North Atlantic.

In the centuries since, almost all the great whales—the baleen whales (the right whales and the rorquals, which include the blue whale) and also the largest of the toothed whales, called the sperm whale—have been pursued to near-extinction, with the last enormous slaughters taking place in the Antarctic. Only in the past half century have the most depleted species received some protection, and only in this last decade has their plight become so dire that high-seas whaling, with its factory ships, has been brought to at least a temporary halt. In 1986, the International Whaling Commission instituted a moratorium on commercial whaling, which is still in effect. And last May, in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, the I.W.C., overcoming the opposition of Japan, Norway, and other pro-whaling nations, established a permanent Southern Ocean sanctuary, in the Antarctic, where whales can maintain their populations no matter how man traffics with them elsewhere.

According to present I.W.C. rulings, the only whales that may be killed by member nations are those taken for research purposes (widely regarded as an evasion of the moratorium, since the small amount of knowledge gained is no longer considered useful by biologists and the whale meat is sold at a profit to Japan) or in the course of "aboriginal subsistence whaling," defined by the I.W.C. in 1981 as "whaling for purposes of local consumption carried out by or on behalf of aboriginal, indigenous or native peoples who share strong community, familial, social and cultural ties related to a continuing traditional dependence on whaling and the use of whales."

Yet, even as these significant advances are being made, other forces are at work which threaten to undermine the whole process. At its annual meeting in June, 1992, the I.W.C. declined to ease the moratorium to allow limited commercial harvesting of the smallest of the rorqual, known as the minke, even though its own scientific committee estimated that there were more than eight hundred thousand minkes in the North and South Atlantic. Norway defiantly announced that it would resume commercial minke whaling the following spring, and Iceland, resigning from the I.W.C., declared its intention to resume its own program of "sustainable" whaling. As for Japan, which had undermined the moratorium for years and has continued to work from within the I.W.C. to have it lifted, it was making ambiguous and noncommittal noises. Only the Russians have withdrawn from whaling, at least for the time being, not because they have seen the light but because their obsolescent fleet is in disrepair.

Of the moratorium, the London *Times* observed in an editorial of June 30, 1992, "It was introduced originally in the name of conservation, at a time when the extinction of virtually all


Last night the fog rolled in at 5:30—perfect time for a dip in our heated pool.
—Jon Handlery

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whales seemed imminent. Its continuation is demanded now in the name of animal welfare. Iceland and Norway are entitled to accuse the anti-whaling majority of nations in the International Whaling Commission of changing the rules halfway through the game." As we discovered in Iceland and the Faroe Islands, conflicting views and interpretations of these rules have led to bitter confrontations between anti-whaling organizations and traditional whaling societies who are fighting not for profits but for the very survival of their ancient cultures.

## THE HEART

When her young sister married,
Liz was still single, after years
of falling for this
handsome egotistical playboy or
that one. She made up her mind
that she would accept the next man
who proposed marriage;
thus she acquired Uncle Emanuel—
continuous chatterer
of unspeakable awkwardness,
nervous hee-haws, and inane
mortifying unfunny jokes,
who became the visible sore
on Thanksgiving's visage; who
deadened decades of Christmas.
My beautiful Aunt Liz resigned
herself to accepting the fate
she contracted for, and smiled
relentlessly, without
import, until her arteries fouled.
On her deathbed she told me—
pale, old, and darling; skeptical
about messages of pain—
"I don't believe this heart business."

—DONALD HALL

While the bowhead population off Greenland hovers in the low hundreds, the Pacific Arctic population numbers almost seven thousand animals, and the eminent whale biologist Roger Payne, a passionate defender of the whales, is tolerant—reluctantly—of the Inuit bowhead hunt in Arctic seas north of the Bering Strait, because that whale population is not currently threatened and because he values any custom that may help perpetuate the battered traditions of a people he greatly admires. "At least it gets those guys out on the ice," he says, "even if they do have Walkmans and portable TV in the tent."

On the other hand, the right whale of the North Atlantic (according to DNA study samples of its blood) appears to have been dependent on just three females to maintain the stock when it finally received international protection in 1949. Now, with a worldwide population of about four thousand, the right whale is the rarest of the large whale species. (No whale species is believed to have gone extinct, although the Atlantic population of the gray whale—called the scrag whale—was apparently exterminated by North American shore whalers in Colonial times.)

Payne has been a strong supporter of the Southern Ocean sanctuary, established officially on December 7, 1994, and he was pleased and relieved when a bloc of small nations whose votes are usually controlled by Japan abstained. There had been bad news, too, however: a few months earlier, whaling representatives of the new Russia disclosed that for decades the Soviet Union had engaged in a systematic and illegal slaughter of protected species that far exceeded the worst fears of conservationists. "I'm still reeling under the shock," Payne wrote me in March, 1994. "It finally explains why it is that the blue whale population crashed in the past twenty-five years." A single Soviet ship, he'd learned, killed twelve hundred right whales in the single season of 1961-62, and two years later another Soviet vessel killed five hundred and thirty of the rare blue whales, even as Soviet officials reported seventy-four blues for their entire fleet. Great numbers of humpback whales were also slaughtered. "What I have described is only the tip of the iceberg. Much of the whaling industry turns out to be founded on lying and cheating," Dr. Payne wrote angrily.

DNA tests made in 1994 by scientists from the United States and New Zealand on random samples from Japanese markets have suggested that the sale of meat from the great whales, including the endangered humpback, still occurs in Japan. In 1993, two Russians, a former fisheries official and his son, were caught trying to smuggle two hundred tons of Bryde's-whale meat into Japan, which has offered a market for decades for meat provided by pirate whaling vessels all over the world. Having cast the only vote in the I.W.C.—it was twenty-three to one—against the Southern Ocean sanctuary, Japan filed a formal objection (as Norway had done to the 1986 moratorium) and, as this is written, is killing whales within the sanctuary, for "scientific purposes." Its self-imposed quota is three hundred and fifty minke whales, along with twenty-six minke that it took last summer in the North Pacific. Japan considers its North Pacific operation "coastal whaling," and South Korea now says that it will join in if the I.W.C. gives Japan and other countries with similar claims the right to do this. Dr. Payne says, "The whole thing may start up again, and the smaller large-whale species such as the minke will subsidize the costs of taking the last few blue, fin, humpback, and right whales as they go."

Fearing boycotts of its fish products, Iceland has not yet resumed whaling, but Norway continues to kill minke, taking two hundred and seventy-nine in the North Atlantic last summer. Although all were slaughtered for the market, a hundred and fourteen were said to have been killed for research purposes, despite I.W.C. requests to Norway (and Japan) to desist from “scientific whaling,” which is generally considered a great fraud. Apparently Norway agrees, having already announced that it will dispense with any scientific pretense for the three hundred and one minke it intends to take this coming summer. Furthermore, it will start its whaling season next month, before the I.W.C. can appraise the findings of its scientific committee, which is investigating Norway’s estimate of nearly eighty-seven thousand minke for the North Atlantic, on which Norway’s “quota” is based. Needless to say, Norway’s hard-nosed attitude has been sharply denounced by defenders of the whale.

For century after century, in ocean after ocean, the hunting of great whales has led to remorseless extermination, despite sporadic attempts at “sustained yield.” Like the black rhino and the giant panda, “the whale” (an abstract concept duly endowed with problematic attributes such as “gentleness” and “wisdom,” and embodying more than seventy-five cetacean species) has become a metaphor for a paradise on earth already lost. Some conservationists have called for “an end to whaling,” and among certain would-be saviors of these animals, a growing trepidation about the future of our own species too often erupts in blame and intolerance of other human beings—a “Green fundamentalism” whose angry and self-righteous spirit is difficult to separate from other dogmas, ethnic and religious, that are destroying human dignity and hope throughout the world. Even before I arrived in Greenland, I had begun to wonder if “an end to whaling” always justified the means.

QAANAAQ, on the north shore of Whale Sound, appeared as a bright rash of small buildings on a sloping tundra strip at the foot of a stony ridge, which climbs inland no more than a mile, then vanishes beneath what Peary called the Great Ice, looming like a frozen wave over the village. Like most Inuhuit communities, Qaanaaq is composed mostly of cottages in dark reds and greens and blues and mustard yellows, trimmed in black, that are scattered in random rows along the shore, which offers an awesome prospect of white sea and glaciered mountains. Though a few walrus hunters and their families camp at Siorapaluk, beyond the dark cliffs farther up the coast, this village is considered the northernmost human settlement on earth, only eight hundred and fifty miles from the pole.

With a population of about four hundred—about half the Inuhuit population—Qaanaaq is the administrative center of Avanersuaq, and it has not only hot water and electricity, fuelled from oil drums that stand in rusting ranks along the water, but also a post office and school, a clinic, a food store, and even a tiny fast-food shack, the Polar Grill. Fresh water is drawn from the brooks that come down from the ice sheet, or in the winter, when these are frozen, from the fixed icebergs, which are broken up by the village bulldozer. Docks are not practicable on a shore of moving ice, and hauled-out fishing boats are scattered along the waterfront.

Offshore to the southwest rise two high, dark islands, each with its own glacier and ice sheet, which shelter Qaanaaq from the winds of Baffin Bay. Beyond those islands lies that region of north Baffin Bay known to the early seafarers as the North Water—a polynya, or ice-free reach of sea among the ice floes, open even in winter—which keeps Avanersuaq more temperate than the frozen coasts to north and south. The polynya is formed by the prevailing winds and ocean currents, and its upwelling of nutrients, which supports the food chain, attracts multitudes of seabirds, and also polar bears, whales, walruses, and seals. It is the North Water that permits human beings to remain all year in a region where temperatures may fall below −50° Celsius in the deep winter.

Our plan had been to accompany the whale hunters to camps farther up the fjord, but for the moment a heavy fog kept everyone stuck in Qaanaaq. I had brought a fly rod, and I asked our Inuhuit innkeeper, who had introduced us to the hunters, if Arctic char were to be found within walking distance. He said yes, and I asked “How far?” Without a semblance of a smile, he replied “Three or four days”—no distance at all in a community where time is measured by the hunting seasons.

I left my fishing rod behind and went

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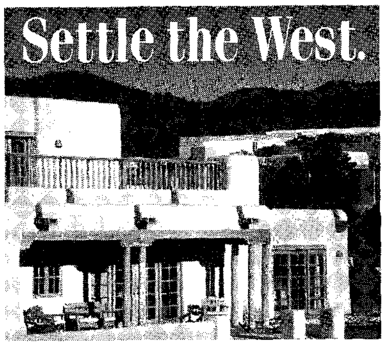

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for a walk. On the tundra between the shore and the rocky ridge, I found a few rare notes of color—hard, flat green and orange lichens, white florets of Labrador tea, a tiny crimson mushroom tucked in bright-green moss, tiny lavender blossoms of moss campion, a fragment of rose quartz, a dull-orange moth. A swift glacial stream of ancient blue-gray water descended a rocky gorge, and I followed it back inland a ways, seeking to touch the Greenland ice sheet. Streaks of blue appeared in the eastern sky, but soon the fog rolled down again off the Great Ice, and I made my way down the steep and stony ridge. In the fog over the surface of Whale Sound, the elements of sea and air and ice all came together. Turning minutely on the tide, the icebergs, changing shapes, loomed mysteriously and vanished.

IN September of 1897, Robert Peary returned to New York City with a group of what he called "my Eskimos," who were put on display at the American Museum of Natural History. Lodged in the basement of the museum in an early October heat wave, they soon became sick, and within a few months four of the six were dead. The first to die was the great walrus hunter Qisuk, known to Peary as "the Smiler" because of his ever-cheerful disposition. A few years later, Qisuk's son Minik, who survived, discovered that, following a mock burial, staged for his benefit, his father's body had been dissected by medical students at Bellevue Hospital and the skeleton duly cleaned and mounted for public display at the museum. Minik, frail and bitter, died in 1918, in his late twenties, after seeking in vain for years to have his father's bones returned to him for burial. Not until the summer of 1993—seventy-five years after Minik's death—were the bones of the four Inuhuit finally returned to Avanersuaq and buried in Qaanaaq.

Since we were still trapped by fog the next morning, Alex and I visited the cemetery east of the village, where the bones of Qisuk the Smiler are now interred among white crosses of white-bordered graves smothered in plastic flowers. Beyond the cemetery, in a cove under the bluffs scarcely a mile from the village, were three tents of a hunting camp and a small boat with an outboard motor. Alex assumed that the hunters were from some outer settlement such as Siorapaluk, but we were later told that they were men from Qaanaaq, so eager to go hunting that they had camped within sight of home while awaiting the opening of the ice pack that would permit them to follow narwhal up Inglefield Gulf.

The Inuhuit live in such shore camps in the summer and in seal-hunting huts out on the ice during much of the fall and spring. They are at Qaanaaq mainly between November and early February, huddled against the perpetual darkness and harsh winds and snow. From mid-February until the end of April, the polar world turns in unbroken twilight. In spring, harp seals, whales, and seabirds will appear at the edge of the fast ice, waiting for the icebound fjord and snowbound cliffs to open. The sun is high all day and all night from early May through mid-July. Only during this period does new ice stop forming, but open water will persist until the first hard freeze of mid-October.

From May to August, hunters from Qaanaaq, armed with long pole nets, climb the scree slopes of Siorapaluk to sweep the little auks, or dovekies, from the air. Before the reintroduction of the kayak, in the eighteen-sixties, these quail-size seabirds, dried and frozen in hundreds of thousands, were the mainstay of the people's diet, and perhaps a quarter million of them are still netted every year without discernible diminishment of their population. The immense bird colonies along the coasts also provide thick-billed murres, fulmars, and kittiwakes, all of which live far out at sea during the remainder of the year. Birds are much more precious to the Inuhuit than either land mammals or fish, but cod, capelin, and the Greenland halibut are also taken.

In spring, the narwhal that have wintered in the North Water move into the sounds, and then follow the retreating ice into Inglefield Gulf. A few beluga, or white whales, are also taken at this time of year, when they may join the narwhal in these waters. At Siorapaluk, the walrus is the foundation of subsistence, whereas at Qaanaaq, halfway up Whale Sound, the hunting varies according to the season. The small, fat ringed seal, hunted at all seasons, is the most important quarry, contributing nearly half the meat consumed in Avanersuaq, and its lustrous gold-and-silver fur has been the foundation of the Inuhuit economy since Peary traded on these barren coasts a century ago.

THE sea mist remained heavy, and the whale hunters, who could not spot whales even if they could reach them, did not go out. No Inuhuit carries a compass, since the shifting labyrinth of ice that covers most of the sound makes it impossible to maintain a course. I recalled some astonishing charts shown to me by my friend the Arctic explorer Edmund Carpenter. They were drawn from memory by Inuhuit hunters, with every point and cliff and headland on this coast in sure perspective. Miles offshore in the mist and shifting floes of Avanersuaq is no place for error or forgetfulness.

Two days later, the weather cleared, but the morning tide was too low to launch the boats. We finally got off in the early afternoon, in two sixteen-foot open outboard skiffs belonging to Inuhuit hunters. The older hunter, weathered, and wearing glasses, was called Lars, and the younger one, very quick and handsome, was called Gedion. (Like most Greenlanders, they had been given Danish names.) The boats were built of thick, ice-resistant fibreglass, and each carried a light canvas kayak (only two or three sealskin kayaks are left in Qaanaaq) lashed to the port gunwale, and extra gas and stores and tents for a few days' camping. Because neither man spoke English, we were accompanied by a translator—Navarana Kavigak, a lively sharp-tongued woman whose great-uncle, the famous hunter and dog driver Oodaaq, travelled with Peary to the Pole.

Breaking the great northern silence, the boats headed east, into Inglefield Gulf, passing the camp we had seen the day before under the bluffs. Near the mouth of Bowdoin Fjord (where Peary had made a winter base camp), the drift ice had closed into pack ice. There was no way through, so Lars led the way west again, threading a labyrinth of floes for twenty miles, and barging through, or even climbing, the thin ice, with a loud, harsh scraping. Kittiwake and fulmar picked along the ice edge; a pair of ivory gulls like snowy pigeons perched on a floe; and the auk species hurtled busily in all directions. Heads of seals gleamed here and there along the leads between the ice floes, and the hunters took out rifles, but seals are rarely hunted hard in this fleeting season when the ice pack is opening and the full attention of the settlement is focussed on the whales.

Gedion's sister and her family and kin had a whaling camp—four snug tents perched on rocks under the cliffs at the east end of Qeqertarssuaq, the nearer of the two islands off Qaanaaq. They had crossed to the island by dogsled in May, and had since taken several narwhal that had been working their way slowly up the fjord. The tents, whose floors consisted of bedding and piles of clothes, were warmed by cookstoves, and the family welcomed us gladly, offering tea and some smoked whale. We waited there while the hunters kept their vigil on the rocks. Soon the tide swung the ice open to the south and east, and our boats were off again—this time toward the glaciers on the south shore of Whale Sound.

In the distance, a hunter and kayak were poised, dead still, along an ice floe, awaiting a chance to strike a pod of narwhal whose dorsal gleams, barely visible through binoculars, were rising and falling in the open lead beyond. But they passed on unharmed, and the kayak returned toward its boat. Our skiffs continued southeast to a former settlement at Narssaq, on the far shore, and there we made camp. Lars and Gedion climbed a ridge behind the camp to a lookout point, where long ago ancient stone seats for the hunters had been placed in such a way that the whole vast bay at the meeting of two sounds could be surveyed, not only for whales but for movements of the ice and for coming weather. Such lookout stations, Navarana told us, are called *nasiffik*—"the place where everything becomes clear."

By now, it was close to midnight, and still broad daylight. Since we had been travelling the ice floes for ten hours and no whales were in sight, the hunters told us to get a little sleep.

TOWARD 8 A.M., a large pod of narwhal appeared offshore to the west. Lars and Gedion ran to the lookout point, and soon spotted the narwhal between our camp and the mouth of Bowdoin Fjord, across the sound. The

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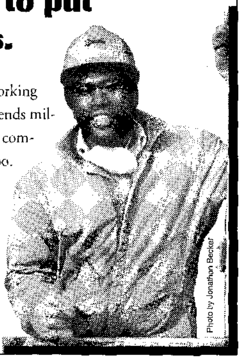

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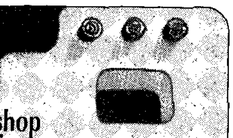

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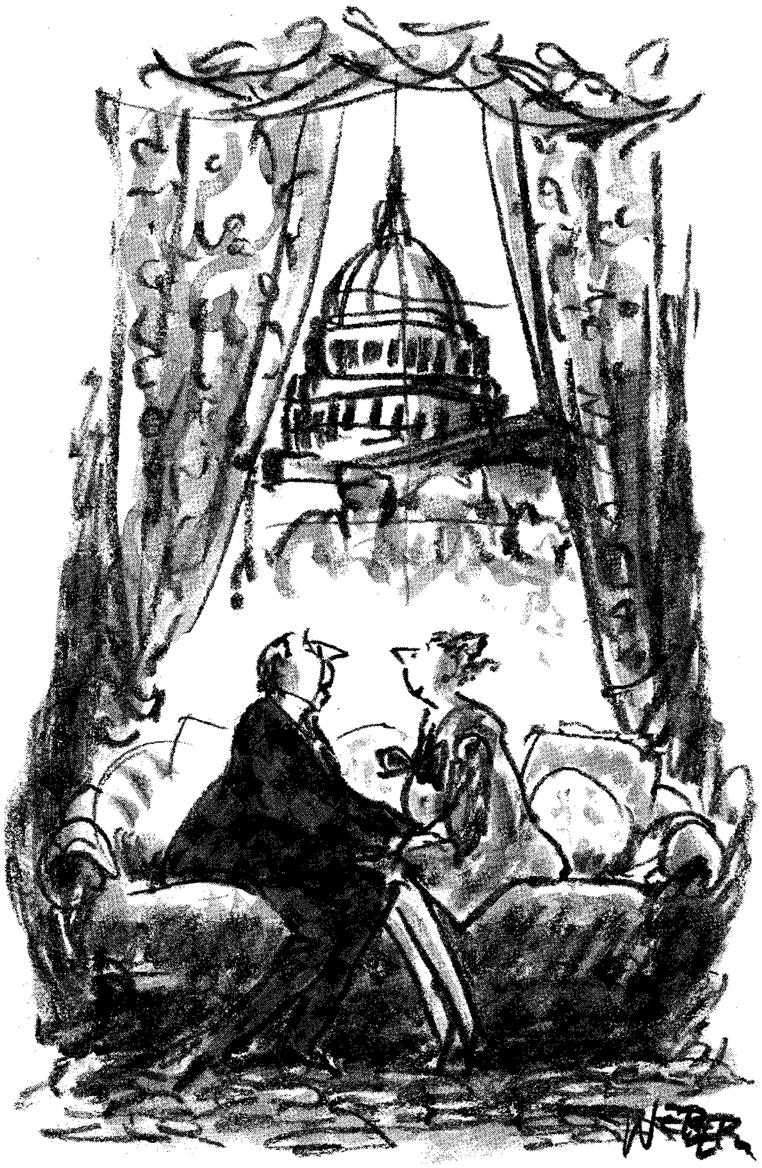

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hunters ran down and jumped into their kayaks, which lay ready on the beach. The big pod was well scattered across a long, smooth reach of open water, and four or five narwhal were rising at a time, the Arctic sun shining on their black backs, glistening in the mist of their warm breathing, and silvering their wakes in the parted water.

Oddly, in this land of violent storms coming down off the ice cap, there was no wind, not a whisper. The island cliffs at Qeqertarssuaq, twenty miles to the west, and the high red portals of Bowdoin Fjord, perhaps ten miles to the north, were reflected so minutely in the glassy water that the mirrored rock shimmered like a reddish mist rising mysteriously from the slowly drifting ice. In the foreground, pale glaucous gulls harried the Arctic terns carrying bright fish in their bills; and in the background, in wait along the floes, each hunter sat motionless in his still kayak, in a long and silent meditation, the half man and the boat all one. The elegance of these light, quick craft is stirring. Even the long paddles are designed to shed a minimum of water and reflect a minimum of light that might flash in the eye of a seal or a whale.

Since the hunters could not overtake the moving pod, they were poised to glide outward if the creatures should pause to rest on the still surface, but the narwhal did not pause and were soon gone.

In the afternoon, from a cairn of stones high on the steep headland above camp, I observed the astonishing prospect to the west. In the distance, past the two high islands, the drift ice vanished in a blue sea inset with giant icebergs—the North Water of Baffin Bay, the great polynya. Below me, just in front of our camp, five harp seals surfaced, lifting sleek, shining heads and necks high out of the water to peer at the intruders on the shore as they moved along. The hunters, staring out to sea, ignored them, for their fur is not so valuable or their flesh so prized as the fur and the flesh of the ringed seal.

In the seventies, environmental organizations joined an animal-welfare campaign against the slaughter of the "whitecoats"—the white pups of the harp seal—on the ice off northeastern Canada, and these "seal wars" were recorded in propaganda films. In one, a man represented as a Canadian sealer taunts a mother seal with her dead pup. Another film portrayed a hunter skinning a whitecoat alive. Why professional commercial hunters would waste time taunting adult seals in the short winter work hours on cold ice and why they would skin young seals alive when it would be ten times as easy and as profitable to skin them dead were troubling questions, but the innocent red blood on the white snow brought outraged new members and thousands of dollars to the cause, while penalizing the hunting communities, including those of the Inuhuit, with an international boycott of sealskin products. The Canadian sealers protested that their livelihoods had been taken away from them by ruthless trickery.

The seal wars, which started out as a British animal-welfare operation, had nothing to do with conservation or ecological imbalance, since the harp seal is a common animal throughout the North Atlantic. Yet the Green groups themselves exploited the whitecoats for publicity right from the start. Some of the same footage depicting the "atrocities" of Canadian sealers turned up more than a decade later in a Swedish documentary about Norwegian harp sealers on Jan Mayen Island.

Harp seals of the West Atlantic throw their pups at the south end of their migrations, on the winter ice off Labrador and Newfoundland, so whitecoats are never harvested in Greenland. But because the harp seal is known also as the Greenland seal, those bloody scenes off Labrador, faked or not, have done severe harm to Greenland's hunters.

DESCENDING the scree slope in the late afternoon and coming back along the shore, I was startled by a strange, soft blowing sound, and turned in time to see the pale head of a beluga whale parting the water not fifty feet away, and leaving a wake thin as a knife slash on the shining surface. The hunters ran for the beached kayaks, but once again the pursuit was to no avail.

An hour before midnight, the polar sun was high and strangely warm. Two of Oodaaq's grandsons—Navarana's cousins—visited our camp to join Lars and Gedion at the lookout, but they soon went away toward the east.

Navarana has not forgiven the injustice of the ouster of the Inuhuit from Uummannaq in order to make way for the Thule Air Base. Her people's cultural identity depends not only on history and tradition, on narrative and myth, but on the significance of a specific place, such as Uummannaq, the Heart-Shaped Mountain, which is the spiritual heartland of the people. The Inuhuit never wanted to depart, she said, and they mourn the loss of their old home, where they hope to return one day. Something was broken, Navarana said.

At the campfire, Navarana sang a song about some unfortunate little auks that had to fly south without their young, because jaegers and gulls had taken all the eggs. But the Inuhuit are nothing if not pragmatic in their harsh and unrelenting struggle for survival, and so she added, "We children cried and cried for those little auks, because we were afraid we would not get any to eat." And it seemed to me that those words could be an answer from traditional societies to those animal defenders who have never had to wonder about where their next meal might come from, and to whom it may never have occurred that the traditional hunter "loves" the hunted creature more than they do, without the smallest trace of sentimentality, because it is not separate from his own existence.

Navarana's former husband, a Canadian named Kenn Harper, has written a book about the bitter life of Minik, whose father's bones were finally returned to Avanersuaq. Navarana did not see why (since Minik himself is buried in the United States) "there has been such a fuss about bringing him all the way back to be buried here." (At the burial, in 1993, Minik's last surviving relative told Edmund Carpenter that bringing the bones all the way back was "all right" if that was what the white people wanted, but that if the bones had stayed there in New York that would have been all right, too. "The whole ceremony was really for us," Dr. Carpenter told me. "When I asked Navarana the reaction of the community, she answered, 'Embarrassment.' I'm sure she was right. Embarrassment over our discomfort. They just wanted to make us feel better.") "It's a little weird to us," Navarana said, adding that it had also seemed peculiar to her people that Peary would spend fortunes and decades trying to reach a remote spot across hundreds of miles of ice desert—a place that, as Great-Uncle Oodaaq had exclaimed, "wasn't even there!" Like most Inuhuit, Navarana felt that Peary was a man who "just used people, although he brought us guns and ammunition"; and his North Pole, where nothing could survive, is known to her people as *kingmersoriartorfigssuak*, "the place where one eats one's dogs." (It seems appropriate that the same word is used these days by young Inuhuit habitués of the diminutive Polar Grill in Qaanaaq to denote "hot-dog stand.")

Our frustrated hunters, teased by Navarana, were still watching the water when the rest of us crept into our tents to get some sleep. Around midnight, with no whales in sight, the hunters walked down to the water's edge and shot for breakfast a small flock of thick-billed murres that had drifted close to shore. Then, two hours after midnight, narwhal were seen in the bright sunlight off to the west. The pod appeared to be moving slowly, and the kayaks streaked away again, two miles or more across the shining sea. This time, Gedion threw his harpoon, the barb struck home, and the line that was coiled carefully on the kayak canvas went spinning off as the

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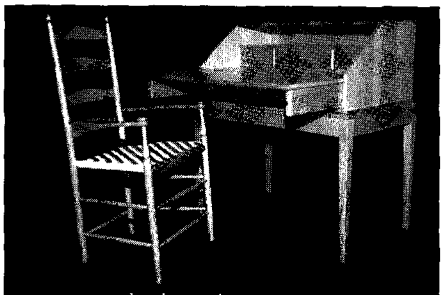

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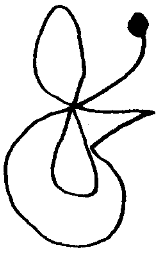
narwhal sounded and the sealskin float bounded across the water.

While Lars followed the float and evaded the rushes of the wounded narwhal—"They can be very dangerous," he told us later—Gedion returned to fetch his rifle, which is ordinarily kept in the kayak's bow but had been left on shore in the frustration that followed the failure to kill the beluga. Though he moved quickly, he was a long way off, so, to save time, Navarana grabbed the rifle, I cranked up Lars's engine, and we went to meet him. The Inuhuit are thought to be the oldest whaling society on earth, and Gedion's methods and his tools are essentially identical to those described by the Danish missionary Hans Egede in his description of Greenland of 1745, but firearms are used these days to finish off the whale.



Like most pods during the summer months, this was a cow-calf group, and the harpooned narwhal was a female with a young one alongside. At one point, the panicked cow, still attended closely by the calf, swam close beneath our boat, her beautiful black-and-white marbled hide alight in the clear black water. Every few moments, she surfaced to breathe. Gedion dispatched her at close range with rifle shots, amid much blood and thrashing, and then quickly harpooned and killed the calf. The hunters rigged lines to the carcasses and towed them back to the Narssaq beach. On the shore, the younger hunter, performing an ancient ceremony, cut slices of skin and blubber from the back of his whale's neck and offered one to each of us.

The hunters, using heavy knives, butchered the young whale first—its bronze skin was of an eerie smoothness—and then expertly divided the adult into sections, taking pains with the good cuts, which were to be consumed by human beings, and hacking the rest into crude chunks for the dogs. Since not all the meat could be carried in the boats, some of the poorer cuts were cached high on the beach under big stones, but before we left Narssaq, late that day, gulls were already squalling and fluttering around them, picking and pulling.

I FIRST wrote in condemnation of commercial whaling in 1959 in "Wildlife in America," a history of rare and vanishing species, and again a decade later, after a voyage on a sperm-whaling vessel out of Durban, South Africa. But commercial whaling is not the same as whaling by traditional people for subsistence purposes, which seems acceptable when the hunting methods are as humane as possible and when the species harvested is not endangered. Alex and I had been disturbed by the killing of the nursing calf (which could not have survived without its mother), but we agree that this harvest of sea mammals is necessary if Inuhuit culture is to survive. Otherwise, centuries of adaptation to the most uncompromising human habitat on earth will disappear into the listless monoculture of the concrete tract housing that rises above the old cove at Nuuk.

How astonishing it must seem to the Greenlanders (and to the Icelanders and the Faroese), who have managed their marine resources so much better than the United States and Britain, that the English-speaking countries, which only recently desisted from pursuing the great whales to near-extinction, and then did so only when the slaughter became unprofitable, have awarded themselves the sovereign right to determine acceptable types of hunting for these peoples. Because of Greenland's harsh topography and climate, and the small land area that protrudes from beneath the ice, the great island's sparse human population of fifty-seven thousand continues to subsist on hunting and fishing. For various reasons, including the introduction of industrial fisheries, most of the fishermen now work for conglomerates, but in Avanersuaq the old methods of hunting persist. Throughout Greenland, it is sea mammals, birds, and fish that permit the ongoing existence of human beings, so the people's life depends on responsible harvesting of marine creatures, which are the basis not only of their diet and their livelihood but of their myth, tradition, and culture. Since this has been true throughout their history, the Greenlanders will never recognize the right of foreigners to interfere with their harvest of wild food, seals and whales included.

The Greenland whale hunts have frequently been challenged by animal-welfare groups, and representatives of Greenpeace and other organizations have criticized what they view as the excessive cruelty of the native hunters' methods. Although not formally aligned against aboriginal subsistence whaling in Greenland, where aborigines, unlike the Icelanders and Faroese, are of appropriate size and color, the environmental groups would doubtless prefer to see it done by men in native costume, using primitive tools. That aborigines use outboard motors, fibreglass skiffs, and rifles to kill whales is barely tolerable, and leads to the argument that Inuhuit hunting will "escalate and become commercial and industrialized"—a fear based on the fact, unavoidable in the modern cash economy, that some of the meat must be sold to pay for the hunter's boat and gear and fuel. However, it is the hunter's family, not the market, that takes care of the products of the hunt, which are often shared with relatives or with families unable to hunt food for themselves. This ancient custom has not changed in Avanersuaq.

In traditional hunting, land and life belong to every member of a community. Greenland's mute sea ice and empty land are not an "environment" in the Western sense—a human "habitat," to be exploited. They are the ground of a hard life, and a realm of memory and cultural renewal, providing a sense of continuity and tradition which lies at the heart of Inuhuit well-being. Hunting is the vital nerve of Inuhuit existence, and for outsiders to come and remove that nerve from the spine of a culture so much older than their own—a "green" culture, what's more, which has always lived in balance and harmony with the world around it—would be to do great harm to other human beings without any significant benefit to whale populations.

BY afternoon, the drift ice over the fifteen miles between Narssaq and Qaanaaq had once again gathered in broad floes, solid enough so that seals had hauled themselves out and were scattered here and there across the whiteness. The hunters went up to the lookout "where everything becomes clear" to work out a homeward route through the narrow leads.

We went quickly to the laden boats and set out on a labyrinthine passage across Whale Sound, skirting the icebergs, grinding through patches of skim ice that separated one lead from another. Halfway across, Lars's motor quit, and Gedion returned to help him drain and clean his carburetor and wipe the sparkplugs. The hunters were quick and adept with the old machine, and I recalled what I had been told when I first went among Inuit, in Alaska—that they would take home an old outboard, the only one the family could afford, and, with even the youngest and the oldest in rapt attendance, dismantle it to the last nut and spring to make sure everyone understood the working of the smallest part that might have to be replaced with a bit of bone or sinew when out at sea, beyond reach of help.

The next day, narwhal were seen from the village, and three hunters—Lars was one—went out through the ice in kayaks, but at the sound of the helicopter on its way from Thule the thin craft turned back. The narwhal are made nervous by the sound of the rotors and become too wary to be approached, the hunters say.

From where I sat, on a lichened rock above the cemetery, the metallic chattering of the helicopter had been audible out of the south for ten minutes or more before I saw it, and the machine was still thirty miles away when it appeared, as black as a fly, descending a silver glacier from the ice of Steensby Land.

On the return flight across Whale Sound, a wintry sun struck dull facets on the icebergs, and all around was a white jigsaw of broken ice and undersea clouds, drifting beneath the windless green-black mirror. The machine circled with a fearful clatter over a large pod of narwhal, which drifted serenely in silver-glinted water of such clarity that Alex was able to identify a solitary male by its six-foot tusk of whorled ivory. Perhaps it had been the hunters who were unnerved by the helicopter, for the beautiful whales "lying aloft upon the water" seemed quite unbothered. Then we were over the Great Ice once more, bound south for Thule. ♦

## CORRECTION OF THE WEEK

[*From the Times*]

Because of a transcription error, an article yesterday about Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato's remarks about Judge Lance A. Ito misquoted the Senator at one point in some editions. In his conversation with the radio host Don Imus, he said: "I mean, this is a disgrace. Judge Ito will be well known." He did not say, "Judge Ito with the wet nose."

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## REPORT FROM VIETNAM

# THE LAST BATTLE

*The Vietnamese are ready for a real peace with the United States, but American policy decisions are still held hostage to the grief and rancor of a lost war. A correspondent revisits the scene of our national obsession.*

BY NEIL SHEEHAN

As the Vietnamese prepare to mark the twentieth anniversary of the fall of Saigon and the departure of the last United States helicopter from the roof of the former Embassy there, the lives of young Americans are once again being risked by their government on a mission impossible. In an echo of the days when "body counts" and "kill ratios" and other such phantom statistics were manipulated by policymakers, the United States government is engaged in a bureaucratic charade. This time, the game is to keep the number of Americans missing in action artificially high. The apparent motive is to exert pressure on the government in Hanoi to coöperate in seeking the remains of missing servicemen, and to help mollify activist groups, like the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia. These groups, which arose from the bitterness of a long and lost war, and were encouraged by prior Administrations resentful that the Vietnamese won, retain support in Congress and intimidate the Clinton Administration.

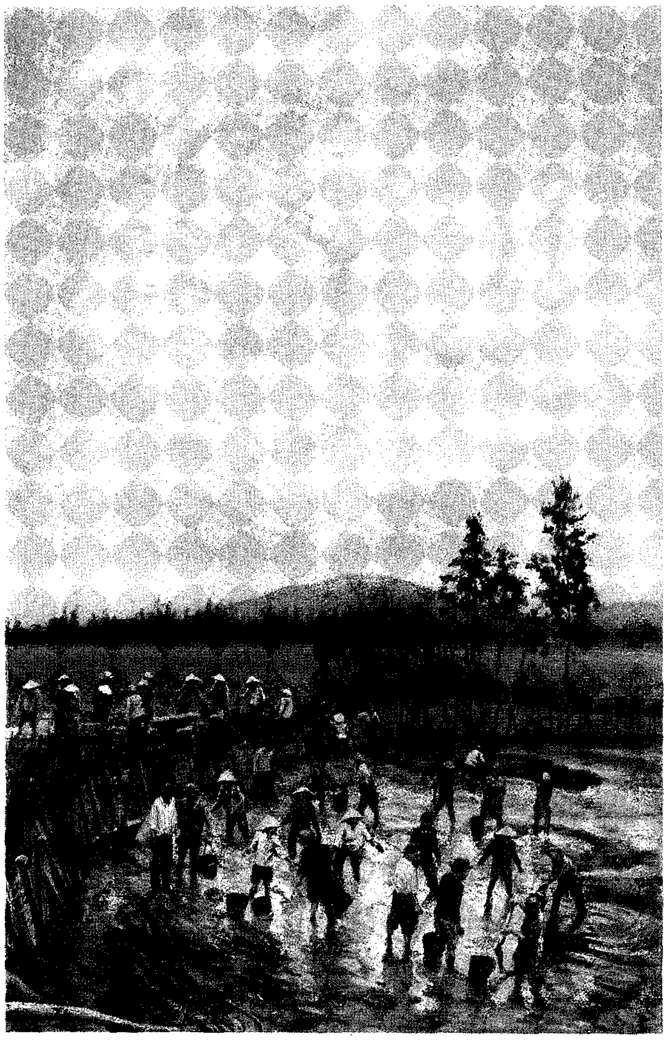
The officially stated mission of the Joint Task Force–Full Accounting, the U.S. military organization that the Bush Administration established in January, 1992, in response to the politics of the issue, is "to achieve the fullest possible accounting for Americans still unaccounted for as a result of the war in Indochina." The Joint Task Force conducts arduous and frequently dangerous searches and excavations for the remains of the missing in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. Yet over the past three years, despite the expenditure of approximately a hundred and sixty-eight million dollars and the heroic efforts of the search and excavation teams, the number of Americans missing in action in Vietnam has been reduced by a mere thirty-seven cases, from 1,658 to the current figure of 1,621. (The five hundred and twenty missing in Laos have been reduced by nineteen and the eighty-one in Cambodia by four.) The purported reason for the minuscule reductions is the long process involved in identifying remains at the U.S. Army's Central Identification Laboratory, in Hawaii. The real reason—the policy that puts the current cost of closing a single case at nearly three million dollars—is the bureaucratic criteria required to "account for" a missing serviceman. Either the man must walk out of the rain forest alive and be returned to his family, which has yet to occur, or identifiable remains must be found. The United States government already knows, however, that in hundreds of cases identifiable remains *cannot* be found.

The most egregious examples are men who went down in their aircraft over water, nearly all in the South China Sea. More than four hundred of the Vietnamese cases, or roughly twenty-five per cent, are in this category. Although the depths may hold bones and the debris of aircraft, and a few of the cases, such as those in which fishermen saw where a plane went down, may be worth investigating, there is no practical way to locate and retrieve remains in the overwhelming majority. Indeed, most of the original reports state that searches were conducted at the time of loss and that men and aircraft had disappeared. The Joint Task Force does nevertheless try to retrieve remains at sea—up to a point. If the aircraft went down within ten miles of land—in some cases farther—a search team goes out in a boat to the presumed last position of the plane, and the men look over the side. They have yet to find anything.

A more disturbing category, because it involves hazard of life and limb as well as considerable effort and expense, occurs when a search or an excavation is conducted on land and no remains can be found, or those remains which are found are not identifiable; in either instance, the case still cannot be closed.

On March 11, 1968, about an hour after midnight, a raiding party of twenty-six Vietnamese commandos assembled at the base of a supposedly unscalable cliff that made up the last two thousand feet of a fifty-eight-hundred-and-fifty-foot mountain called Phou Pha Thi, in the wilds of northeastern Laos. Their mission was to destroy a U.S. Air Force navigation-and-radar station, code-named Lima Site 85, that had been set up on the top of Phou Pha Thi to guide bombing aircraft to targets in North Vietnam. The Vietnamese commandos wore short-sleeved shirts and shorts, so that they could detect the trip wires of mines and alert flares on their bare arms and legs, and they kept their equipment as light as possible by leaving their radio with a reserve element at a hidden campsite and carrying only small arms, ammunition, and explosive charges. With grappling hooks on ropes, and wooden pegs driven into the rock as footholds, they climbed the virtually sheer face of the cliff, disarmed mines on the perimeter of the station, and completely surprised the American airmen manning it, who numbered nineteen. Twelve Americans were killed, and the bodies of eleven were left behind when the survivors were rescued by helicopter.

Last June, following an inquiry by the National League of Families, the Hanoi detachment of the Joint Task Force asked its Vietnamese counterpart organization, the Vietnamese Office for Seeking Missing Persons, to try to find participants in the raid. By September, the Vietnamese had tracked down the commando leader, a sixty-three-year-old retired lieutenant colonel named Truong Muc, who had climbed the cliff as a lieutenant. He is a member of the Nung minority people and lives in a remote village in Yen Bai Province, up toward the China border. Robert Destatte, the research historian for the detachment, who began dealing with P.O.W./M.I.A. affairs for the Defense Intelligence Agency in 1979 and is fluent in Vietnamese, drove, with another American linguist and two senior Vietnamese representatives, to the village in a couple of four-wheel-drive Mitsubishi wagons. (They had been part of Japan's contribution to Desert Storm before being shipped to Vietnam.) Colonel Muc was interviewed at great length. His account was credible, because it tallied with what was independently known about the raid from the American side. He dispelled tales that some of the airmen had survived as prisoners. He had not tried to capture prisoners, he said, and no airman had attempted to surrender. Instead, the Americans had killed five of his commandos and wounded a number of others before being overwhelmed. He agreed to return to Phou Pha Thi and help search for the remains of his former enemies by pointing out the location of bodies. A twenty-page single-spaced report of the interview was typed into a computer and forwarded by fax to the headquarters of the Joint Task Force, at Camp H. M. Smith, near Pearl Harbor.



*Villagers excavate a pond created by a 1967 Marine bomber crash, to search for the remains of two Americans who were in the plane.*

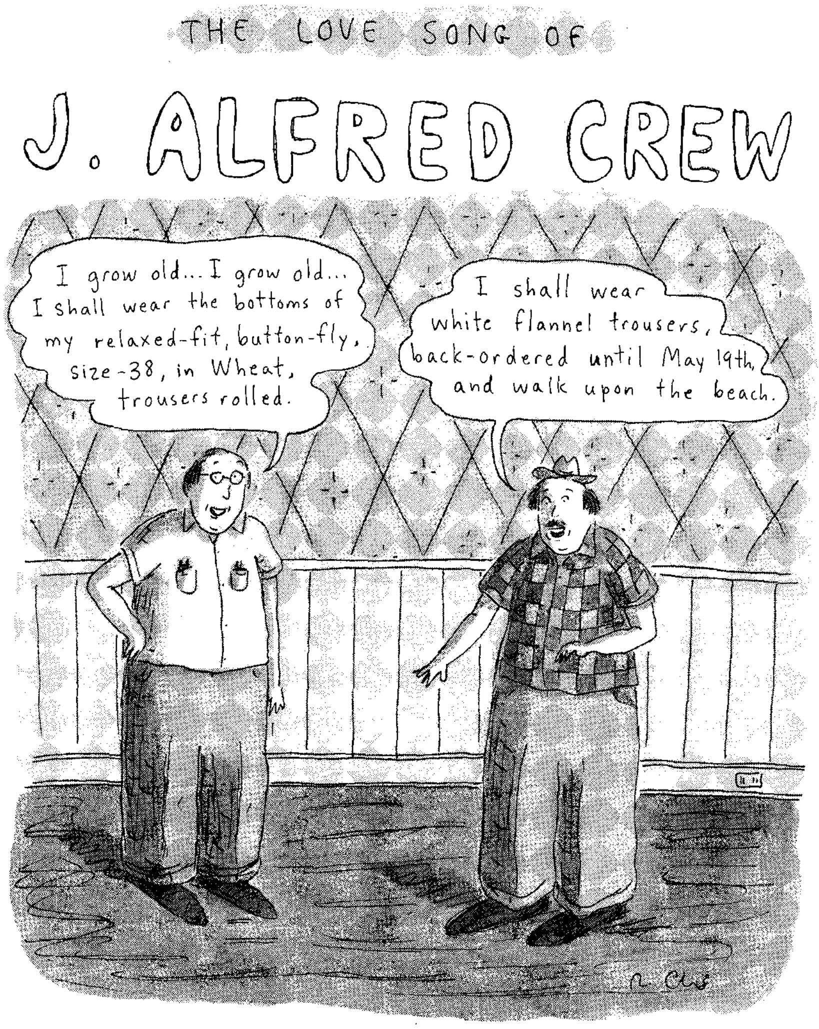
ALICIA CZECHOWSKI

In December, a full-scale excavation was laid on. Along with Colonel Muc, a twelve-member team, led by an Army captain from the Central Identification Laboratory, was lifted, with its equipment, by helicopter to the top of Phou Pha Thi. (Colonel Muc had never ridden in a helicopter before, much less with Americans.) As Muc walked the battleground again, he recalled that some of the bodies had been dismembered by bombing attacks that the U.S. Air Force had launched, right after the station fell, to blow up the top-secret radar-guidance equipment. There had been no way to bury the corpses properly. Phou Pha Thi rises abruptly in the shape of a long ridge from rain-forested slopes below. There are only patches of soil on the rock at the top. The Vietnamese commandos had pulled three of the dead Americans into a small depression, cut open sandbags, covered the corpses with five or six inches of dirt from the bags, then laid more sandbags on top.

The excavation team spent about six weeks on the mountain, through Christmas and New Year's Day. In the depression where the three Americans had been laid the team found a thin layer of red soil, which appeared to be from the sandbags—it was different from the soil around it—and fragments of the bags themselves. Of human remains there was nothing on Phou Pha Thi. The bones had apparently been consumed by the animals of the rain forest and by twenty-six years of wind and sun and rain. If the eleven men whose bodies had been abandoned on the mountain could now have been symbolically laid to rest, the effort might have made some sense, but instead they rest in the bureaucratic limbo of the "unaccounted for," and so Case 2052 is still "pending."

PHOU PHA THI at least had the advantages of open space, a good helicopter landing zone, and the clear, sunny weather of the Laotian dry season. At most of the remote sites, landing zones have to be cut out of the rain forest, and the teams have to contend with three potential perils: venomous snakes, like cobras, kraits, and bamboo vipers; live ordnance, in the form of unexploded bombs, shells, grenades, mines, and rockets; and malaria and other tropical diseases endemic to the environment. Every team includes an Explosive Ordnance Disposal Specialist and a medic trained to care for incapacitated service personnel until they can be evacuated to a hospital in Thailand.

At one rain-forest excavation in Song Be Province, north of Saigon, the team ran across a nest of bamboo vipers and killed seven of them. At a crash site of a Navy jet in central Vietnam, the explosives specialist was able to dispose of a Zuni air-to-ground rocket that had not gone off, but at a dig in a former Special Forces camp in the south the captain in command ordered the excavation abandoned, because the team was encountering too many claymore mines—vicious devices that spray shrapnel in a wide arc. While I was in Vietnam in late February, a team was digging for remains at the old Lang Vei Special Forces camp, near Khe Sanh, that was overrun in 1968. The team members were working gingerly, be-


THE LOVE SONG OF
J. ALFRED CREW
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cause of all the live ordnance they were finding.

Flying is another hazard. Last summer, one of the nineteen-sixties-design Soviet Mi-8 helicopters in which the teams are ferried about in Vietnam ran into a downdraft while circling to gain altitude so it could land at a crash site near the top of a forty-six-hundred-foot ridge. The helicopter plunged about thirteen hundred feet before the Vietnamese pilots were able to get it back under control. They were sufficiently clear of the side of the ridge so that there was air, and not mountain, below. So far, no team members have suffered anything more serious than cases of malaria and dysentery. "We've been very lucky," one experienced officer remarked.

When Lieutenant Colonel Melvin Richmond, Jr., chief of the Joint Task Force's Hanoi detachment, invited me to spend a day flying to excavations in the North Vietnamese countryside with him and Brigadier General Charles Viale, the commander of the Joint Task Force, who was visiting from Hawaii, I soon learned that these American military men—and now women, too—make every effort to win a rigged game. They believe in their work and accept the risks and hardships cheerfully, convinced that they are bringing home the remains of lost comrades and bringing solace to the families of the missing. Except for Viale—who served two tours in Vietnam, was wounded, and won three Bronze Stars—all were too young to have fought in the war. In their enthusiasm and dedication, they reminded me of the young advisers who had been my contemporaries at the outset, in the early nineteen-sixties. Richmond had said in a briefing the day before at the detachment's compound, dubbed the Ranch, in a suburb of western Hanoi, that excavations with fairly easily retrievable remains were a thing of the past. What I saw bore him out.

At the initial stop, Toan Thang (the name means Total Victory), a village east of Hanoi toward the Gulf of Tonkin, were Captain James McGinnis, a team of Americans, and twenty-two Vietnamese farmers he had hired, who had all been working for six days in the chilling rain of the North Vietnamese winter. We brought the first break in the weather—mist and a pewter sky of dense, low-lying clouds.

Twenty-seven years earlier, on November 17, 1967, a Navy F4-B Phantom jet had been accelerating toward this village on a scouting patrol to check on the weather over a bombing target farther inland. The Phantom had run into a barrage of SAMs, or surface-to-air missiles, from anti-aircraft batteries and also a lot of small-arms and automatic-weapons fire, because the Vietnamese had passed out weapons to farmers all over the countryside. Suddenly, the plane had spun out of control and smashed into what is now a vegetable field. The nearby farmers recovered from the wreckage the remains of the pilot, who had been in the front cockpit, and buried them in the village cemetery, and the Hanoi government repatriated them to the United States and his family in 1985. McGinnis and his crew were seeking the remains of the radar-intercept officer, who had been in the rear cockpit.

Ironically, the vegetable field was right next to the village's memorial cemetery for the Vietnamese dead of both the French and the American wars, each tombstone marked at the top with the Vietnamese words for martyr—*"Liet Sy."* But the vegetable field was no longer recognizable as such. The whole site had been gridded off with pegs and twine into four-metre squares, like an archeological dig. A pit dug by hand into the brown muck at one end of the site, on the edge of a paddy field, was about a metre deep in one square and half a metre in another. A line of farmers passed buckets of muck to team members, wearing knee boots and mud-splattered blue rain jackets and pants, who were working two screens set on racks at the other end. With water pumped through hoses from a nearby canal, they were washing all the muck from the pit through the screens to catch every bit of aircraft debris or human remains. A screen was replaced whenever it developed a hole larger than a quarter of an inch, because a hole that size can mean the loss of a tooth, and the loss of a single tooth with a filling or some other restoration that can be matched with a dental chart can mean the difference between identifiable remains and mere bones. Richmond had explained to me the day before that identifications were dependent on finding teeth, since for their purposes DNA requires bone fragments five or six inches long, and the fragments that the teams were retrieving from crash sites were often less than an inch long.

Viale asked Bill Grant, the civilian physical anthropologist with the team, what they had found so far. Bits of cockpit Plexiglas, an oxygen-mask buckle, and a fragment of bone, Grant replied. "Are you sure the bone is human?" Viale asked. Grant said that it was small and burned but that he would be able to tell by comparing it with pig bone. "How long is it?" I asked. Grant held up his finger and thumb to indicate a couple of inches.

McGinnis, a black officer with an engaging manner, turned out to have been the team leader on Phou Pha Thi. He did not complain about giving the search on the mountain his Christmas and New Year's Day. "I was home forty days last year," he said. He estimated that the team would probably have to dig the length of the field down to a depth of two metres to scour the site thoroughly and that this would take a total of twenty-five days. Viale counted the grid squares. "You've got fifty days of work here," he said.

THE old Mi-8 betrayed its age by shuddering in protest as it hovered to land at Cat Bi, the airport for Haiphong, where a covey of Mitsubishis was waiting to take us to our next stop—Kien An, a village fifteen kilometres southwest of the port. Captain John Collie, an intense, highly organized man with close-cropped, graying hair and bright-blue eyes, had hired a hundred and ten Vietnamese—about eighty per cent of the available labor in the village—to excavate a fishpond. He was preventing the adjacent paddy fields from collapsing into the excavation, which was two metres deep in the black muck of its center, by damming up the edges with woven-bamboo matting held in place by stakes.

The war made the fishpond. On November 25, 1967, eight days after the Phantom was lost, a Marine A-6 Intruder bomber with a pilot and a bombardier-navigator aboard took off from Danang on a lone predawn strike against a Vietnamese military airfield three and a half kilometres from this village. No one knows whether the plane was shot down or crashed from mechanical failure. The explosion and ball of fire in which it disintegrated when it made the crater that became the fishpond killed a farmer in a nearby house. The villagers say that when they put out the fire they found pieces of combat boots but recovered no human remains from the wreckage.

Under a blue tarpaulin erected as an equipment tent, laid out in a gesture of respect on white plastic sheeting that covered a folding cot, was all that Collie and his team, in eight days of washing muck through screens, had been able to find of two brave Marine aviators: some scraps of olive-green Nomex cloth, which was used for flight suits, because it is fireproof; a heel of a combat boot; part of a parachute container stained dark from the soil; fragments of its harness and its nylon canopy; and, in a clear-plastic bag, two pieces of human bone, each about three inches in diameter.

Dennis Danielson, an archeologist, who had previously worked in Nebraska excavating prehistoric Native American sites for the National Park Service, took the pieces of bone out of the bag and showed them to us. He explained that they were parts of ball joints, from an arm or a leg or a hip. The bone fragments were nearly black, having been either burned or stained by the organic material of the fishpond, he said.

On the drive back to the helicopter, Viale indicated that he was not optimistic about what the teams were likely to find. "Generally, if you look at any high-speed aircraft crash, it really blows the body apart," he said, and he mentioned the crash near Pittsburgh last September of a USAir Boeing 737, in

*"Workaholic? Brokers and salesmen are workaholics. Artists are obsessed. There's a difference."*

which all the hundred and twenty-seven passengers and five crew members died. Investigators had got to that crash scene right away, he pointed out, and still could not identify some of the dead. "And we're going into acidic soil"—which decomposes bone—"twenty years later," he said. "It's a wonder that we find anything." He declined, however, to say whether the criteria for identification should be changed. "That's a policy decision," he said. "I'm at the operational level. We just do the best we can."

McGinnis's team and its Vietnamese helpers eventually beat Viale's estimate of fifty days by digging their way down through the vegetable field in five weeks. They found remains but not teeth with restorations. Collie's team labored for six weeks and was luckier; it found more remains, including teeth that had been repaired. The team also retrieved two gold wedding rings from the fishpond's muck.

## SUNDAY, ACROSS THE TASMAN

Big weather is moving over the headlands.
Turrets and steeples jab up at it
and the bank towers stand rooted,
logos ablaze at the edge of the earth.

In a suburban church basement the A.A. faithful
are singing hymns of renewal, devotion,
and praise. He struggles with his umbrella
in the lobby of the Art Deco theatre,

a dead ringer for the old 72nd Street Loew's
with its plaster Buddhas and kitsch arabesques—
the Preservation Society's last, best stand.
Young couples walk past hand in hand

as golden oldies flood onto the sidewalk
from the sweatshirt emporium next door.
His heart bobs, a small craft
awash for a moment with nostalgia.

Bartók liked to pick out a folk melody
and set it, a jewel in the thick
of hammered discords and shifting registers:
not unlike this dippy *Mamas and Papas* tune

MEMBERS of the Clinton Administration who believe that reconciliation with Vietnam is in the national interest have achieved a major step toward it: despite the opposition of the P.O.W./M.I.A. lobby, they have raised the Stars and Stripes again in Hanoi for the first time in forty-one years. I couldn't resist taking a taxi out to see it soon after I arrived, and there it was—snapping in the wind from a flagpole on a third-story balcony of the just opened United States Liaison Office, on Lang Ha Street, a noisy, dusty four-lane boulevard in one of the newer sections of the city.

When I returned a few days later, Pat Limeri, the secretary to James Hall, who is the head of the Liaison Office, came downstairs to greet me and said she wasn't sure she could offer me a cup of coffee—the water might not be hot enough, because the district had just had a power failure. In the lobby, a young Vietnamese receptionist sat at a desk with shiny-new portrait photographs of President Clinton, Vice-President Gore, and Secretary of State Warren Christopher on the wall at her back. Most of the furniture, however, had not yet arrived. Limeri and Hall were working at their desks, on the third floor, from folding metal chairs. In the meantime, five of the top six floors of the building are unoccupied, awaiting the arrival of more State Department employees and representatives from other agencies, like the Department of Commerce and the United States Information Agency.

The "*not* the Embassy," as one person in the American community referred to the Liaison Office, is a contrived diplomatic ambiguity. Hall is an Asia specialist who holds a master's degree from Harvard, speaks Vietnamese, and spent four and a half years in South Vietnam during the war as a district adviser and Embassy economics officer. In Hanoi, he is the representative of the United States government—more than a consul yet not a chargé d'affaires—and is authorized to conduct official business, but to what extent is not said. One is also told emphatically at the Liaison Office that although the staff will seek to promote American business interests and do normal political and economic reporting, the office's main mission, its "raison d'être," is to further the search for the remains of missing Americans. Hall has three political-economic officers, one of whom is assigned full-time to P.O.W./M.I.A. affairs; and, to keep the Vietnamese reminded of the overriding concern, Colonel Richmond accompanies Hall to most important meetings. It is difficult to see how, beyond shepherding visiting delegations from Congress and veterans' groups, Hall and his aides can gainfully employ themselves at work that Richmond's detachment is already doing.

The game of mirrors seems aimed at convincing not only the Vietnamese but the P.O.W./M.I.A. lobby in the United States that the Liaison Office won't be occupying itself with anything beyond the lobby's single obsessive issue. Jesse Helms, of North Carolina, the new chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and Senator Bob Smith, of New Hampshire, who has made the P.O.W./M.I.A. issue a main concern, attempted, along with several other members of Congress, to sabotage the signing of the Liaison Office agreement in Hanoi, on January 28th, by sending a letter to President Clinton claiming that it was premature. The Administration's fears of the M.I.A. lobby were reflected in the subdued way the flag was raised, on February 8th. "They sneaked it up," one of the men at the Ranch said to me. He

floating along nicely among the debris.
The rain turns heavy, and the first
of the night's wild southerlies keens through,
laying waste the camellia and toitoi.

He wonders how the islanders managed
in their outriggers: if they flipped
or rode it through, plunging
from trough to trough with their ballast

of hoki, maomao, cod. Time for a drink.
A feral little businessman shakes
the bartender's left breast in greeting,
amiably, old friends.
                    *Hi, Jack*, she says.

*Country people*, he thinks, mistakenly.
The routines of home seem a lifetime away
and the scenes of his life rather quaint:
an old genre flick, never quite distinct

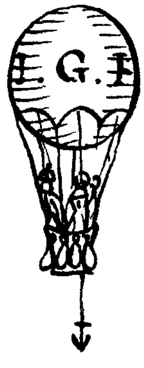
enough or strange to be revived
except on TV, and then only very late,

with discount-mattress and hair-transplant ads.

—August Kleinzahler

explained that some of the men there wanted to put on their uniforms for a proper flag raising, but were told they would have to raise it in civilian clothes, because Washington had discouraged any fanfare.

What the two governments quietly accomplished with the agreement was to clear the obstacles to a full normalization of relations once the politics of the P.O.W./M.I.A. issue permit it. A negotiation to settle seized assets, private claims, and the return of diplomatic properties is normally a lawyer's delight of length and complexity. Nguyen Qui Binh, a coiled spring of a man with a shock of black hair, who graduated from Harvard Law School and now heads the International Law and Treaties Department of Vietnam's Ministry of Foreign Affairs, told me, smiling, that he initially came to the table loaded for years of argument—and he gestured to indicate the thickness of his brief—but that it hadn't been necessary. The United States and Vietnam settled in about a year. "We made up our minds on both sides not to haggle over every point," Binh said. "We tried to bring into play the long-term relationship between the two countries and be guided by that principle."



Washington has actually never had diplomatic relations with the Hanoi government. Both sides agreed, however, to use international law as a guide for the negotiations, and, under accepted practice, all diplomatic property is to be returned after a break in relations. The United States had a claim to thirty-six buildings with diplomatic status standing on twenty-two parcels of land, two parcels in the North and the rest in the South. To return all thirty-six buildings would have been extremely complicated and expensive—the old residence of the American consul in Hanoi, for example, is now part of the Polish Embassy compound—so a swap was arranged.

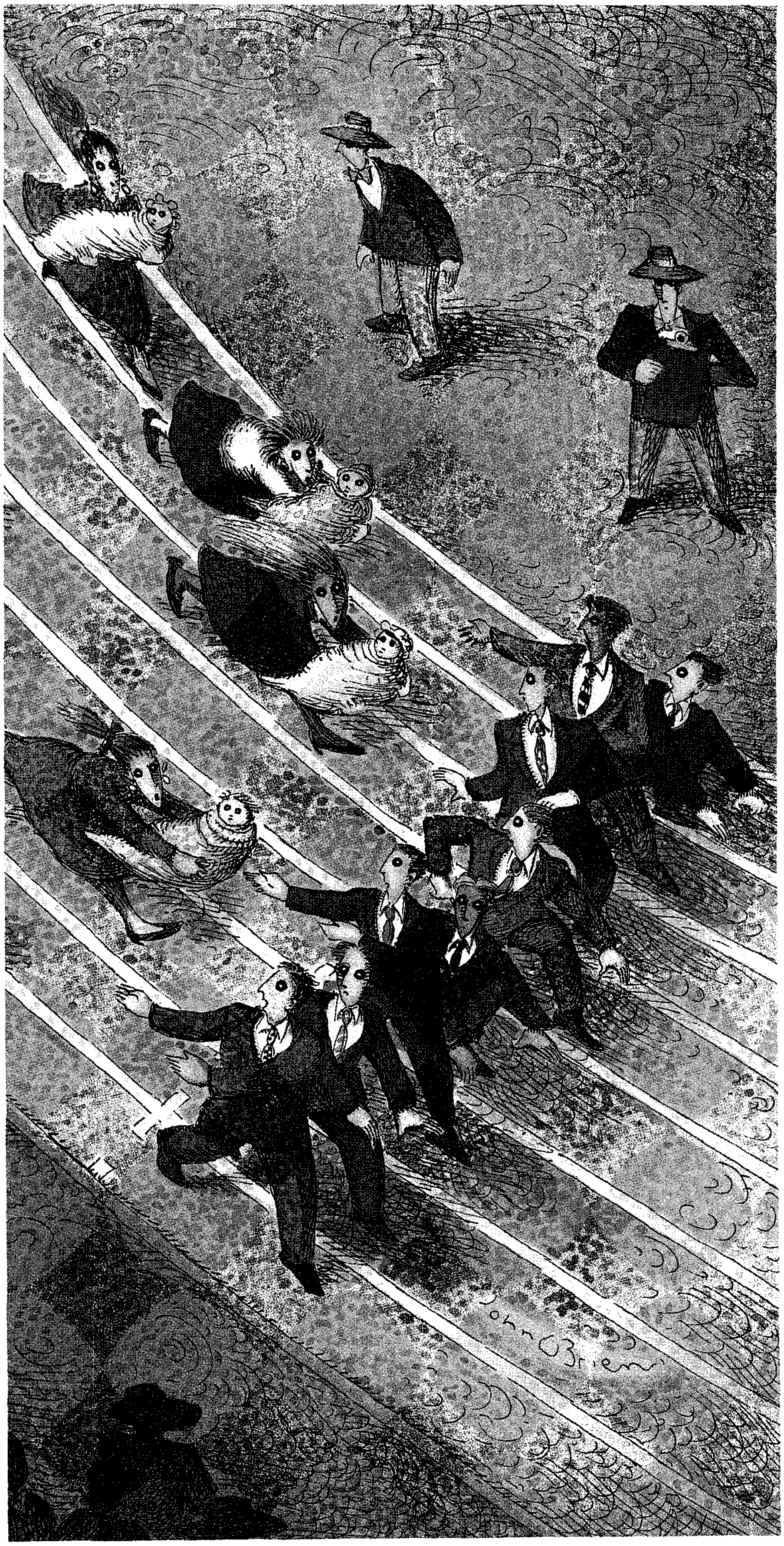
In Hanoi, the United States got, among various properties, the nine-story glass tower on Lang Ha, and the former mansion of the imperial viceroy for the North, as a residence for Hall or an ambassador to come; in Saigon, Washington got back the old, fortress-like seven-story Embassy and its surrounding compound, which is decrepit from twenty years of neglect but could serve as an adequate consulate once it's repaired, and three residential properties elsewhere in the city. The Vietnamese were able to claim only one diplomatic property—the former South Vietnamese Embassy on R Street, in Washington. Until it can be renovated, they have set up their Liaison Office, headed by Le Van Bang, who is one of Vietnam's leading diplomats and its former representative to the United Nations, in a rented suite.

Financial matters were also settled with relative dispatch. The United States released frozen assets of the defeated Saigon government, which amounted to $79 million in 1975 and are now $350 million with compounded interest. Hanoi, however, did not get anywhere near all of it. Vietnam agreed to pay the United States an additional $18 million for diplomatic properties not returned and $99.5 million—the entire amount—in private claims against it by American firms and individuals, plus $104 million in interest. Ironically, the bulk of the money, about $170 million, goes to oil companies that were kept out of the country after the nineteen-seventies not by the Hanoi government but by the U.S. economic embargo. The public debt to the United States of the Saigon regime amounted to $130 million. The Vietnamese will assume whatever proportion relates to social and economic projects. "They have been extremely forthcoming," one American diplomat said of the Vietnamese attitude throughout the negotiations.

WHILE Americans are still haunted by the anger and divisiveness of the war, the Vietnamese are, at their own peril, joining the modern world. A sea change has occurred in Hanoi since I first went to the North, in 1989, after the reformers gained the upper hand within the Communist Party and launched a policy called *doi moi*—New Way—to let free-market forces loose and begin to open up the country. The city was a time capsule then—a place

### SKETCHBOOK · BY JOHN O'BRIEN

## THE RELAY RAT RACE



where virtually nothing had happened architecturally since the outbreak of the Second World War. The elegant Hotel Métropole of the French days was a rodent-infested antique. There were only forty-four habitable hotel rooms in the city—at the Government Guest House, which had been instructed to start taking in hard-currency guests rather than Soviets, with their worthless rubles. The traffic lights didn't work, and the city did not bother to repair them, because Hanoi traffic jams were swarms of silent bicyclists, gliding together, gliding apart. One could even see the stars from a Hanoi sidewalk at night, because there was so little glare.

The stars are not so easy to see anymore; they have been obscured by an urban planetscape of neon from Sony and Samsung, Matsushita, Mitsubishi, and Daewoo. There are thousands of hotel rooms in the city, and the Métropole is once again the fashion spot of Hanoi, having been impeccably restored by the Sofitel chain into a four-star establishment that flies in fresh oysters from Europe for "Mediterranean nights." The lobby was a rush hour each morning of uniformly dark-suited, sober-tied Japanese executives and their squads of assistants—a visiting delegation from the Keidanren, the preëminent business organization of Japan, led by Shoichiro Toyoda, the chairman of Toyota, which is opening an assembly plant in the North. As a Japanese executive talked on one mobile phone, an assistant dialled a number on another one and dashed over and handed it to him. The executive snatched it and switched back and forth between conversations, wielding the two phones like a pair of pistols.

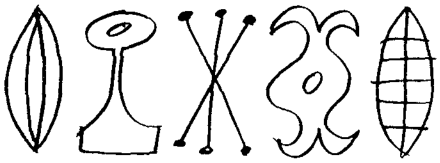
The danger is that the Vietnamese will turn their unique capital of tree-lined streets shading tile roofs into a second Bangkok—a forest of skyscrapers, a crawl of traffic, and an environmental catastrophe. Asian developers—mainly Taiwanese, Singaporeans, and South Koreans—have moved in with lots of cash from their trade surpluses and are wheeling and dealing sweetheart joint ventures with the Hanoi city government and the Communist Party leadership. The idealistic revolutionaries of the rain forest are showing that they are not immune to the temptations of their defeated opponents in the old Saigon regime—profiteering reaches right to the top. There are at least twenty major building projects under way, most of them in central Hanoi; concrete trucks roll up under spotlights as the construction crews, many of them unemployed farm laborers from the countryside, work through the night. The old Hoa Lo Prison, from the French days—the "Hanoi Hilton" to American pilots who were imprisoned there—is being demolished and will be replaced by a twenty-two-story combined hotel, office building, and shopping center.

The city lacks the infrastructure to handle urbanization on this scale. The Finnish government spent a hundred million dollars in aid over the past decade to give Hanoi a new water system, which will supply eighty per cent of the city with relatively clean, if not perfectly potable, water by the end of 1996, but the sewage system remains essentially the one built by the French in the colonial era. It is totally inadequate to handle the flow that high-rises will generate. Finnish engineers discovered that Hanoi's many lakes have so far been acting as natural sewage-treatment plants, diluting and aerating the waste. They are approaching the saturation point, and could quickly become cesspools. To build an adequate sewage system would be time-consuming—the Finnish engineers estimate that it would take ten years—and expensive, because the topography of the city is too flat to achieve a gravitational flow. The waste would have to be pumped through lines and then to a treatment plant or into the Red River. There has been some preliminary planning, and the Japanese have indicated that they might be willing to make a five-hundred-million-dollar loan, but nothing serious has been done.

The Vietnam Architects' Association, which acts as an advisory body to the government, has been trying to persuade the city and the central authorities to confine high-rises to the newer, western quarters of Hanoi, where there is space for infrastructure like sewers and wider streets, and no vistas to ruin. The association's vice-president, Cao Xuan Huong, a sixty-one-year-old Moscow-educated architect who lectures at the Hanoi Architecture College, told me that the association had succeeded in reducing the height of some projects, particularly around the famous Lake of the Restored Sword (Ho Hoan Kiem), but not in slowing the pace. The developers consider the city center a more favorable business environment, he said. Why is the government so unheedful, I asked, given the obvious consequences. "The pressure of money," he answered.

During the war, General Curtis LeMay, the father of the Strategic Air Command, wanted to use his B-52s to smash the dike system in the Red River Delta and kill hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese through massive flooding and the devastation of agriculture that would follow. President Johnson refused to permit it. Now prosperity and "the pressure of money" threaten to accomplish what B-52s were not allowed to do to the main Hanoi dike, which runs along the eastern side of the city to protect it from the river. In the monsoon season, the river rises six metres to its normal flood stage, which puts it approximately three metres higher than the city, and rises higher still during typhoons or unusually heavy rains. To keep the dike clear for reinforcement with sandbags or plugging in the event of a rupture, the law forbids building anything on top of it or within twenty-five metres of either side of it. Yet for the past several years the neighborhood watchmen appointed to safeguard it have been in cahoots with district and city architects, taking bribes for illegal permits to construct houses right into the sides of the dike and to run structures like driveways onto the top. About twelve hundred buildings were put up, many of them three- or four-story villas in use as restaurants and mini-hotels.

The scandal finally broke as another consequence of Hanoi's joining the rest of the world: international television news, via CNN and Hong Kong television, which Vietnamese now get through Chinese-made satellite dishes selling for about six hundred dollars. The disastrous flooding along the Mississippi two years ago and then the flooding in Germany and Holland this winter made Hanoians realize that Hanoi could also go *ha loi*—be flooded—if something wasn't done about the state of the dike. While I was in the city, Vo Van Kiet, the Prime Minister, issued a decree ordering the suspension of any official who had signed an illegal permit, and action from the city government to demolish the buildings. The deputy city architect was fired and a few houses were demolished. It will take more than that to save the dike from the ghost of Curtis LeMay.



THE Vietnamese coöperate in the search for missing Americans because they have made a calculated decision to seek a full relationship, economic and political, with the United States, as a counterbalance to China, the giant at their northern border. But after first hoping that George Bush would move faster toward normalizing relations before he left office (on the theory that as a right-winger he could get away with it more easily), and then that there would be more rapid progress under Bill Clinton, the Vietnamese are at last becoming realistic. The thinking in Hanoi is that, because of the weakness of the Clinton Administration, there may be no exchange of ambassadors until American politics reaches another decision point, in the election of 1996. Nguyen Xuan Phong, the head of the Americas Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, noted when I interviewed him that past Administrations in Washington had deliberately fomented public anger over the P.O.W./M.I.A. controversy and other resentments lingering from the war. "Now the U.S. government tries to get out of that emotion, and it is not so easy," he said.

The extent to which emotions do linger—and the extent of American gullibility on the P.O.W./M.I.A. issue—was illustrated by the reception accorded a new book on the subject, "Inside Hanoi's Secret Archives: Solving the MIA Mystery," published by Simon & Schuster in January. The book was written by Malcolm McConnell, a roving editor for *Reader's Digest,* and was based on research by Theodore G. Schweitzer III, a former United Nations refugee officer in Thailand. The book purports to be a sober analysis of the M.I.A. question, and grew out of Operation Swamp Ranger, a Pentagon-financed foray into the archives of the Army Museum in Hanoi which Schweitzer conducted under the guise of being a writer. The book has been taken seriously; it carries endorsements on the jacket cover from, among others, Melvin Laird, President Nixon's Secretary of Defense. Barbara Crossette, the U.N. bureau chief of the *Times*, wrote an uncritical news article about the book at the time of the signing of the Liaison Office agreement. And the book is significant because, when accepted at face value, it adds, as so many similar books have in the past, another twist to an already twisted myth.

I met Schweitzer when he first came to Hanoi, in the summer of 1989. He said then that he represented a private foundation he had organized to provide medical supplies to Vietnam, but he subsequently persuaded senior Pentagon officials of the Bush Administration to hire him to make copies of supposedly secret photographs and identity cards and other artifacts of downed American fliers at the Army Museum in Hanoi by scanning them into a computer. He was paid the salary of a G.S.-15 civil servant, close to ninety thousand dollars a year at the time, plus expenses—in all, probably well in excess of two hundred thousand dollars. Beverly Baker, a Pentagon spokeswoman, said that Schweitzer's work did help convince the Defense Department that there was a wealth of archival material available, and hastened an agreement for joint United States-Vietnamese research on P.O.W.s and M.I.A.s in the archives in Hanoi and elsewhere. As it happens, many of the photographs for which the Defense Intelligence Agency paid Schweitzer were hardly secret and could be purchased by any passing tourist at the Vietnam News Agency's public photo library, at 1 Ly Thuong Kiet Street. The museum staff bought the photographs for the equivalent of fifty cents a copy and charged Schweitzer four or five dollars. "I didn't care [that] they were buying them from the news agency," Schweitzer said when I asked him about the photographs.

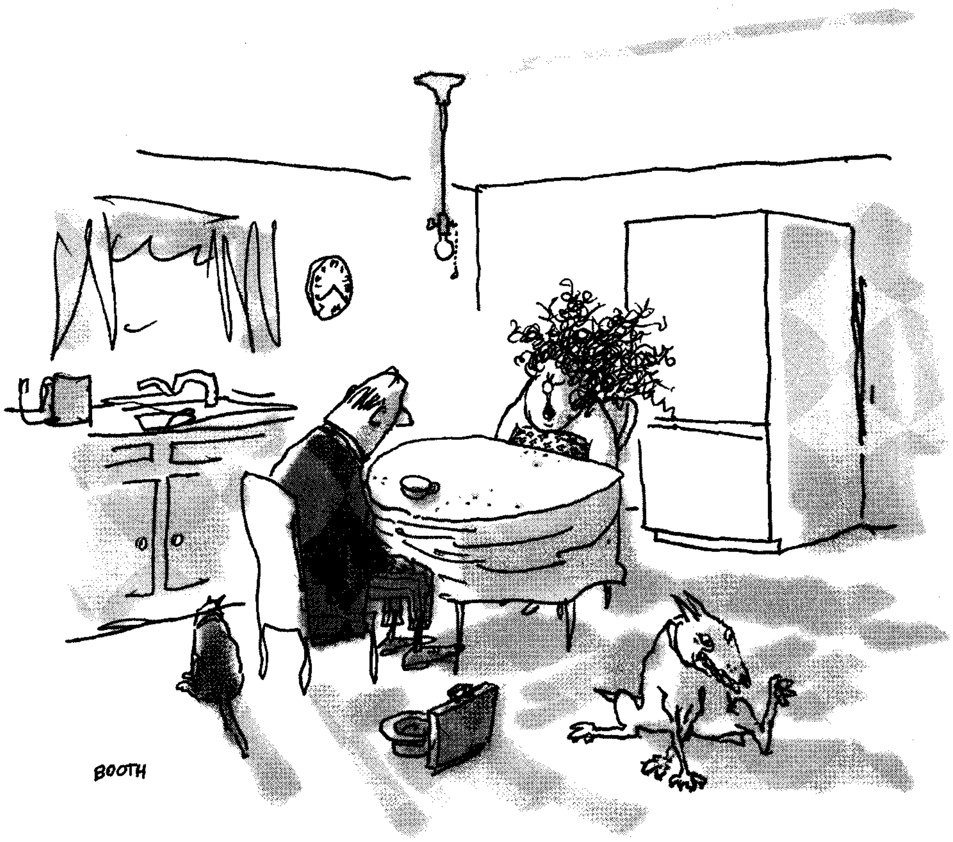
The book charges that the Vietnamese murdered large numbers of American prisoners and are covering up the crime. It quotes a "Lieutenant Colonel Nguyen Van Thi" of the General Political Directorate of the Army as telling Schweitzer that Vietnam's "darkest secret is that we killed many American prisoners in cold blood. . . . Perhaps hundreds." (McConnell and Schweitzer say that the Colonel's name is a pseudonym for a real Vietnamese officer, although the book makes no mention of this.) While torture and murder were common on both sides during the war, the overwhelming evidence is that the Vietnamese simply did not capture enough American prisoners to have murdered hundreds.

The Vietnamese, the book implies, are withholding many important documents for sinister reasons—a charge that is undercut by the book's specious exhibits. The book presents photographs from the Vietnam News Agency, without attribution, as if the pictures were really secret when Schweitzer received them, and the charge is illustrated with an Army Museum acquisition card that has in fact been doctored. Museum acquisition card No. 3805 catalogues the identification card and Geneva Convention card of Major Dean Pogreba, whose F-105 went down northeast of Hanoi on October 5, 1965, and whose remains have never been found. The book states that this acquisition card was not logged into the museum's main registry and that information written on the card shows that the Vietnamese knew what had happened to Major Pogreba's aircraft and deliberately hid that fact: "Schweitzer's scanning of these documents and the photographs of Pogreba's military cards were the first proof that he had fallen into enemy custody in 1965."

The photograph of the card in the book has a blanked-out spot under a two-line entry stating the type of aircraft that Pogreba was flying and the date and the coördinates of

"At Morgan Stanley, Ms. Brimworth, we do not shout 'Bingo!' "

the crash. The entry was made by Robert Destatte, the research historian for the Hanoi detachment of the Joint Task Force, who writes Vietnamese. What is blanked out is his initials and the date he examined the card at the museum and wrote the information on it for future researchers—July 22, 1991, about eight months *before* Schweitzer began working there. It turns out that the museum was already permitting Destatte, who was working openly as a Defense Intelligence Agency researcher, access to some of the same artifacts that Schweitzer copied, and the indication is that, with time and persuasion, much more would have been available to Destatte and other official researchers. (In the book, Schweitzer accuses Destatte of attempting to sabotage his work at the museum—an accusation that Destatte denies.) Page 161 of the museum's main registry shows that, contrary to what is stated in the book, acquisition card No. 3805 on Major Dean Pogreba was logged in properly. The original of the acquisition card, at the museum, has Destatte's initials on it. A Defense Department source confirmed for me that the copy of the card Schweitzer sent to the Defense Intelligence Agency also has Destatte's initials on it. Only the copy in the book has the blanked-out spot. When McConnell was questioned about the doctoring, he denied doing it, and said he had faithfully forwarded to Simon & Schuster what he had received from Schweitzer. Schweitzer also denied doctoring the card. Asked who had, he said, "I don't know and I don't care. You're nitpicking."



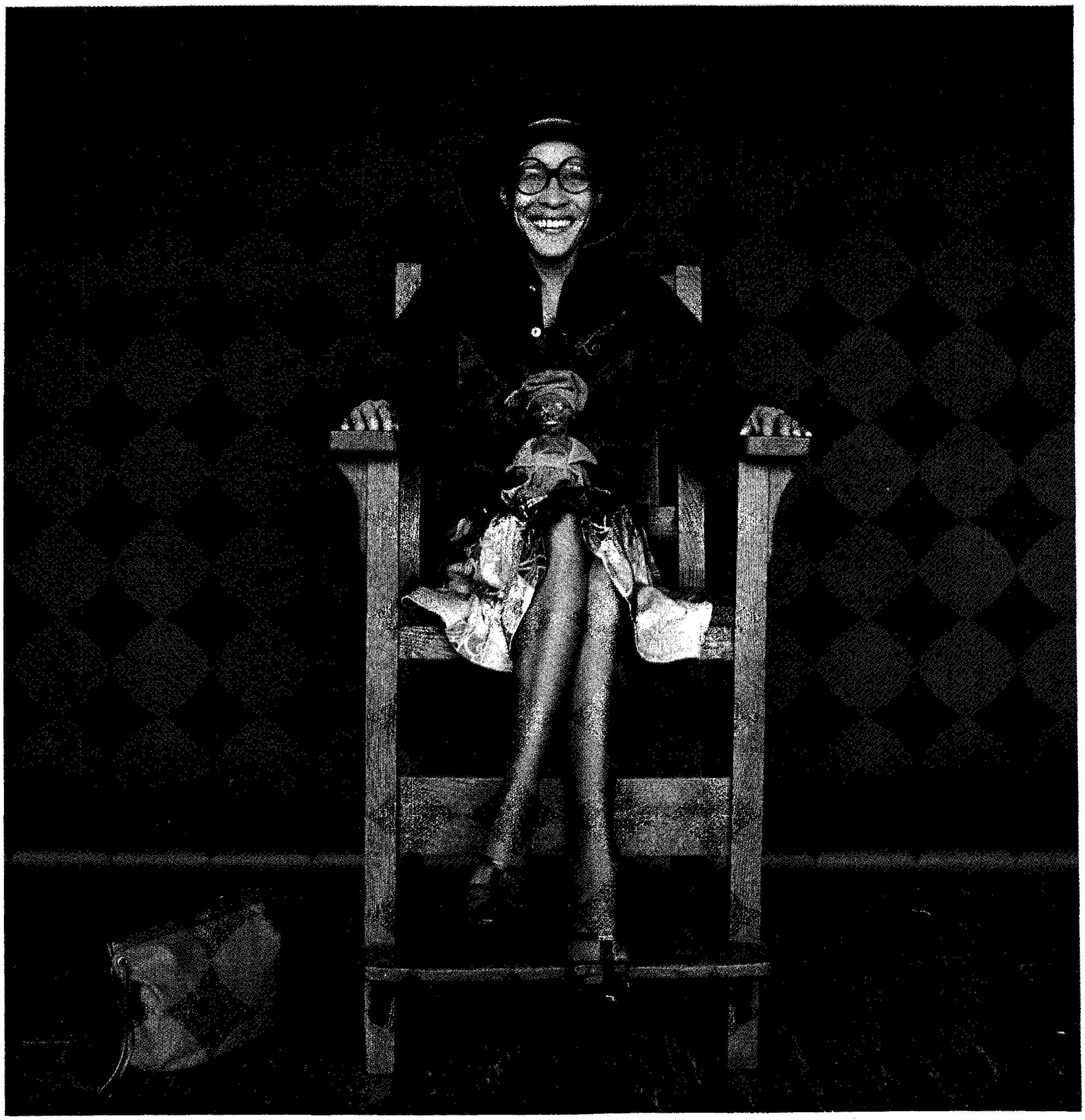
*"I'm not in a breakfast-fixing mood just now."*

• •

"IN the Reagan years, it was real easy," one officer with long experience in the P.O.W./M.I.A. field remarked. "You could say that the Vietnamese had all the answers. Now we know what we're really facing, and it isn't easy anymore." The last large archive of Vietnamese documents known to exist, the so-called Blue Files, which contain the record in captivity of each prisoner, and which the McConnell-Schweitzer book says the Vietnamese continue to deny to the United States, has in fact been open to American researchers for about a year and a half. Edmund Muskie, the former senator and Secretary of State in the Carter Administration, gained a commitment of access to the files during a trip to Hanoi in 1993. No one in Hanoi will discuss the Blue Files, because they are considered sensitive. They contain personal details—the prisoners were forced to write "autobiographies"—that could embarrass some former prisoners if their contents were made public. Investigators had been interested in the Blue Files particularly because they hoped that documents with leads to other missing men might be in the cache. The Blue Files held about six thousand documents, but they proved a great disappointment. They confirmed details about men who had died in captivity and whose remains had been repatriated, but they did not provide answers to a single unsolved case. Individual documents of value have since been discovered, and more will be found in the future because of the remarkable extent to which the Vietnamese have opened their archives to a former enemy, but only by hardscrabble research.

An attempt to generate the rapid return of identifiable remains by means of a gimmick—a list of eighty-four Special Remains Cases involving ninety-eight men which was handed to the Vietnamese in August, 1993—has also proved a fiasco. One man on the list turned out to have been already buried in Arlington; his remains had been retrieved during the war by South Vietnamese forces and returned to his widow. A skeleton with teeth was found last August after an arduous excavation at a remote site in central Vietnam which required a two-day trek to reach. Two other sets of remains have also been found, but whether they can be identified is uncertain. In thirty-one of the eighty-four cases, the investigating teams have recommended a finding that the remains are irretrievable. The witnesses are dead or have forgotten where the remains were buried, or the rain forest that was once the site of a prison camp has been turned into paddy fields by the enormous growth in population since the war. There are no longer any landmarks by which to locate a grave.

Painful as it may be, the families of the lost will sooner or later have to accept the answer that there are no answers. ♦



DOWNTOWN CHRONICLES

# FRIENDS OF DOROTHY

*The late Dorothy Dean was a black woman who never much identified with blacks or women. But she did understand gay white men, and at Harvard in the bohemian fifties and in the New York of the "underground" sixties she and her entourage created a brittle aesthetic that defined a now vanished era.*

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BY HILTON ALS

One spring afternoon in 1987, a number of middle-aged men—mostly white and mostly gay—gathered for a memorial service at the Friends Meeting House, on East Fifteenth Street. As New York-based editors and writers, gallery owners and museum curators, theatre directors and performers, fashion designers and interior decorators, investment bankers and C.E.O.s, they had helped shape much of New York's cultural life since the early sixties. They had assembled to honor Dorothy Dean, a black woman who had been a galvanizing presence in gay New York for nearly twenty years. She had died the previous winter, of lung cancer, at the age of fifty-four.

A 1978 photograph of Dean by Robert Mapplethorpe, a Dean admirer himself, was set up on an easel in the lobby. In the photograph, Dean looks like an ecstatic magistrate, sitting in what could be a seat of justice or an electric chair. It is a measure of her social significance that Mapplethorpe photographed her at all. She was not beautiful. She was not fashionable or rich or the creator of anything important outside herself. She was not a black man.

She was, however, a cynosure in an influential demimonde, a fixture in an era of dramatic social change. For nearly two decades, Dean had reigned, with both cruelty and compassion, over that site of urban gay culture she called "the fruit stand." And the brilliance of her reign was evoked for some of the mourners as they filed past Mapplethorpe's portrait. For others the image symbolized the end of an era, *their* era, swept away by a new gay body politic. As far as a younger generation was concerned, the excesses and social mores of the sixties and seventies—drugs, drinking, sexual experimentation, the twin recourses of flamboyant display and closeted furtiveness—were dead, like so many of that era's participants.

Conversations before the eulogies focussed on Dean lore: Dorothy as confidante and betrayer of confidences, Dorothy as the self-described Spade of Queens. "Lots of queens are still dining out on Dorothy stories," the architect Buddy Mear says. The subject of all these stories had been the first woman fact checker at *The New Yorker*—and a rumored accomplice in a celebrated kidnapping case. She had performed in, and helped produce, Andy Warhol's 1965 underground film classic, "My Hustler," and served as an unofficial historian of gay New York in its mid- and late-twentieth-century incarnations. If her life seemed extraordinarily narrow, it nonetheless encompassed multitudes—gay and straight, uptown and downtown, high art and trash. In the years after her death, she would be the inspiration for characters—characters whose first-rate minds were especially attuned to the hilarity of disaster—in a number of works of fiction: Dee Dee Beane, the imperious "mascot of Manhattan," in Darryl Pinckney's "High Cotton"; Gwen, "the black Dorothy Parker," in Lynne Tillman's "Cast in Doubt"; Dorothy Dean, the caustic sage, in James McCourt's "Time Remaining." She is a figure, too, in still uncompleted works by Brad Gooch and Fran Lebowitz. "Dorothy was the kind of character New York used to *breed*," George W. S. Trow, one of Dean's eulogists that afternoon, says. "Dorothy had access to Warhol before he was Warhol. She had access to the Harvard aspect and the camp aspect. It's difficult to imagine an African-American woman in a comparable social role today."

Dean was born into the black bourgeoisie, in 1932. Her father, Reverend Elmer Wendell Dean, was a native of Statesville, North Carolina. He made his way north and eventually led congregations in New York and New Jersey. For a time, he settled, with his wife and their two daughters—Dorothy and Carol—in White Plains, where the girls attended high school. Their parents stressed the importance of academic achievement, as a way to transcend the obvious confinements of race and gender. (Dean's brief appearance in Warhol's "My Hustler" was a sendup of her family's reverence for education. Her character offers this advice to the film's star, Paul America: "You are very pretty but you are not exactly *literate*. . . . Sweetie, I will get you educated. . . . I mean, why be tied down to these old faggots?")

Growing up, she was touted by her family and their friends as exceptional; she was apparently the first black valedictorian in the history of White Plains High School. In a letter recommending her to Radcliffe, her high-school English instructor asked whether he should "encourage a brilliant . . . little negro girl to think of Radcliffe as a possible fairy godmother?" As an exception, Dean had to be as clean, polite, and ladylike as possible. As an exception, she had to maintain her distance from those blacks who were not of the same social or economic standing. Dean went on to Radcliffe, where she earned a bachelor's degree with honors in philosophy, and then to graduate school in fine arts at Harvard.

Despite the overt racism of the segregated fifties, America's black middle class prospered during those years of postwar boom. Many of Dean's parents' friends were self-employed and had small businesses within the black community, or owned real estate. Others had careers in black-run colleges or the church. Their world was small and insular, and Dorothy hated it.

She never rejected the idea of social class (she enjoyed privilege and hierarchy); what she rejected was the culture and politics of her own class—its cult of gentility. Away from home, she could choose her own oppression. "I am a white faggot trapped in a black woman's body," she liked to say. And when she began her graduate studies at Harvard, in 1956, she joined another kind of society. It was a loosely formed clique of mostly white gay men who shared a number of attributes that Dean admired: wealth, intelligence, wit, beauty, social standing. She dubbed them, unforgettably, the Lavender Brotherhood, and she served as confessor, thesis adviser, and "cruise" director.

She would meet the Brotherhood for Daiquiris at Club Casablanca, a bar on Brattle Street. "The Casa B was an atmospheric place, and the sentimental music . . . the darkness of the place all helped the milieu," the late writer John Anthony Walker once recalled. "It was like being in a theatre: someone would make an entrance." At the Casablanca, Dean, with her skill as a verbal caricaturist, regaled the Brotherhood, cutting like a scalpel into what she pointedly called "the soft white underbelly of Cambridge." On such occasions, she was known as Nurse Dean. When she ostracized those who did not meet with her favor, she was Dottie Doom. Upon being introduced to

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*Dean photographed by Mapplethorpe in 1978. "Dorothy was the kind of character New York used to breed," one friend says.*

a man who had rented an apartment below a friend she was angry at, Dean said, "I hear you're beneath contempt."

Although the Brotherhood was an antidote to the intensely straight ethos of Harvard (and of the larger world as well) in the late fifties and early sixties, few of its members had rejected their families' core values, and they followed traditions established by their parents: cocktails, noblesse oblige, and no political discussion. One Harvard friend of Dean's says, "Nobody discussed Dorothy's race; people didn't know how to. She had so much unhappiness because she was transcending race by being 'just Dorothy.' "

Like many middle-class blacks of her time, Dean aspired to be included in the world of the white élite. Unlike many middle-class blacks, she refused to take even a perfunctory interest in the politics of civil rights. She recused herself from the stock narrative of the pastor's daughter who heads the local chapter of the N.A.A.C.P. She shocked her white friends by calling blacks "niggers." She referred to James Baldwin as Martin Luther Queen. Yet her peculiar discourse of racial derision is complicated, and it is sometimes hard to distinguish between parody and participation. In the *All-Lavender Cinema Courier*, a photocopied newsletter she wrote and published in the mid-seventies, Dean said of a popular black film, "A disgrace to the race, and I do mean jigaboo. . . . I think it is shocking that the likes of Billy Dee Williams and the Big Black Dope himself, i.e. James Earl Jones, should lend their services to such a project and I would venture to opine that it merely goes to show that spades are every bit as venal and rapacious as anybody else when it is a question of money. Step right up, darkies, and gits yoh watermelon here."

The former investment adviser Rollins Maxwell, who once had an affair with Dean, says, "I remember talking to a friend once about Dorothy and her blackness, and he said, 'But Dorothy is white.' And in every respect she was, except the obvious one: her skin color." The film and theatre critic John Simon, who met Dean at Harvard, insists, "I think if anyone had told her she was black, it would have come to her as an astonishing revelation." Certainly Dean quite consciously became an ironic metaphor for upper-class gay sexuality and privilege, with her pose of "out-Wasping the Wasps," as A. J. Sherman, who shared a house with her in Cambridge, put it. She accomplished this through costume (thick glasses, dainty sleeveless shifts, straight-hair wigs, oversized handbags), tone of voice (a lockjawed drawl), arch syntax ("One must make haste to the fairy aerie"), and finishing-school manners (although she might have behaved outrageously the night before, she generally sent a thank-you note to her hosts). Even so, Dean was regarded among the Brotherhood as strange, "unnatural," which is precisely how its members regarded themselves.

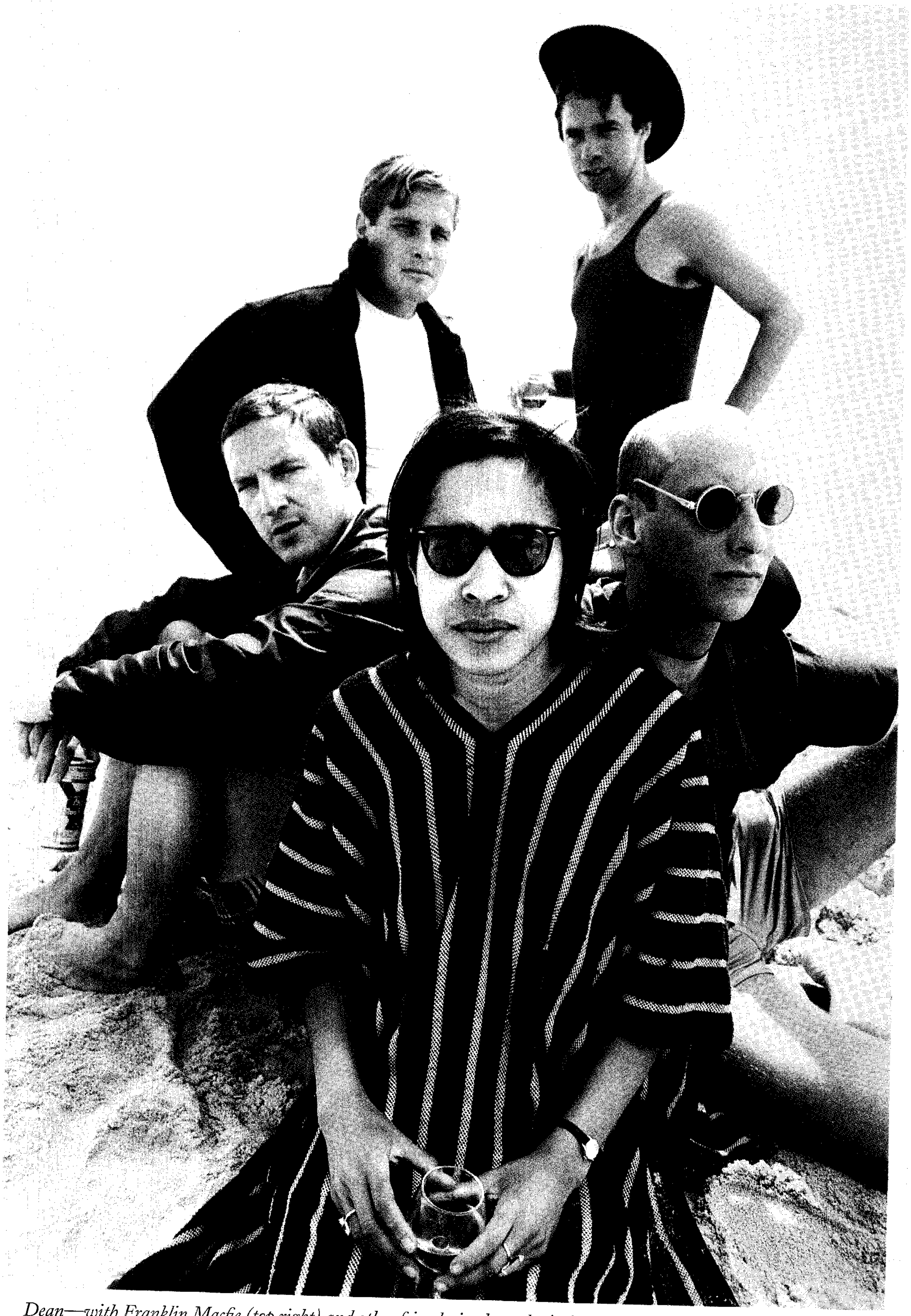
Of the friends and acquaintances Dean made in and around Cambridge, she was closest to Arthur Loeb, whom she had met when they were both undergraduates. "I called him Liebestraum," she later said. ("And when she was pissed she called him Liebestod," the actor Paul Schmidt recalls.) Loeb, who owns the Madison Avenue Bookshop, is a son of John Loeb, a philanthropist and a founding partner of the investment-banking firm Loeb, Rhoades. His mother, Frances, is a Lehman, of the socially prominent banking family. The Loebs are known as one of the most politically and financially powerful German Jewish families in New York. Arthur was physically impaired—he was born with little muscle strength in his left arm and leg—and had always been a person apart. A family friend of the Loebs speaks of him as the diffident son of two forceful parents: "He rebelled against all that. He was different, quite sensitive."

In Dorothy Dean, Loeb found a voice critical of familial tradition. "The German Jews were at enormous pains to deny any otherness," Sherman says. "Of course, the Loebs were too assimilated to conform to that type, but I always felt there was a similarity between German Jews and the kind of striving blacks Dorothy came from—their concerns about not associating with 'common' blacks, about being 'lighter' than other dark-skinned peoples who were not as educated." (In a 1959 letter to Dean, her sister, Carol, referred to a group of blacks as "the Spook Menace.") A Harvard acquaintance of both Dean's and Loeb's remembers the two as "making quite a study in contrasts: Dorothy was small and dark; Arthur was tall and pale. Their social personalities were reversed. Dorothy was Arthur's voice in the world. She was tough. But Dorothy accepted Arthur unconditionally."

The stories told about their relationship are filled with conjecture. Was Loeb's bond with Dean—he had once asked her to marry him—a way for him to distance himself from his family? Was Dean using Loeb for his gifts of money and attention, for the grand surroundings she so enjoyed? But Arthur Loeb kept Dorothy's secrets, as she kept his. In early 1956, Dean found herself pregnant. Some people thought that the father might have been a Dutch student she met while she was in Holland on a Fulbright; others speculated that he might have been an M.I.T. professor. In any event, she had the child, a boy, and immediately put him up for adoption; Arthur Loeb helped cover her expenses. A 1956 letter to Dean from a social worker involved with her case refers to her depressed state at the time: "I . . . hope that the future [will] not be as despicable as you feel it must be." Yet, like other women known for organizing the party (Elsa Maxwell, Dorothy Parker, Edie Sedgwick), Dean did it to avoid her twilight self, an insecure killjoy who sought confirmation from the world of her worst suspicion: that, whatever the party, she had not been invited.

"THE American upper class had its last dance in the fifties and early sixties," Jefferson Lewis, who worked with Dean at *The New Yorker*, recalls. "It was the last time the class game could be played in that fashion, before what we refer to as 'the sixties' happened. As a black woman then, Dorothy wasn't someone you'd usually expect would be invited to the party." But the cocktail party, that holdover from the fifties, was where Dean became acquainted with most of her audience, in between walkouts, breakups, sexual intrigue, and other elements of "drama." In 1963, bored with the secluded life of the academy, she moved to New York. As before, she spent most of her time with the Brotherhood, now reconvened in New York, which it viewed as an outsized Cambridge. Although the cocktail party remained a common gathering place through the mid-sixties, its emotional timbre had changed: the Brotherhood maintained a collectively "nice" veneer, but New York matched its highly aestheticized version of cruelty with the

TERRY STEVENSON



*Dean—with Franklin Macfie (top right) and other friends, in the early sixties—took a road less frequently travelled.*

threat and, sometimes, the promise of physical violence. (Some members of the Brotherhood found an uneasy solace in the muscular arms of black hustlers, with whom they could play at relinquishing power and privilege in a context they still controlled with money or charm—the same gifts they used in courting Dorothy's favor.)

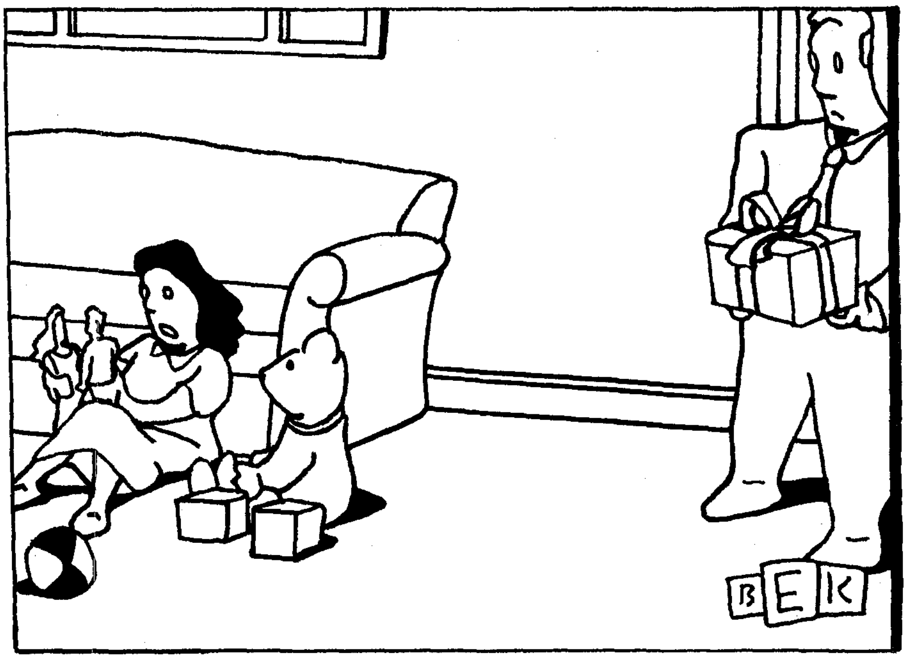
Dean was equally at home, and equally out of place, in the world of débutantes and dinge queens that made up New York's "underground" culture in the sixties. But she was an unusual enough presence to attract notice. Certainly she did so at *The New Yorker*, where she started work as a fact checker in 1963. Jefferson Lewis, who spent seven years in the fact-checking department, recalls, "She had an I.Q. that went off the charts but no particular ambition. She was lazy. And she didn't observe the decorum of the place. Dorothy had a don't-tread-on-me personality that wouldn't allow for the magazine's more difficult, self-conscious writers." And even writers more tolerant had their share of difficulties with her.

"She was really scary and thought I was an idiot," the staff writer Calvin Tomkins says. "I was working on a story about Robert Rauschenberg, and she was my checker. I handed the piece in, and she came to my office and said, 'Is this guy on the level? This guy's a fraud, not an artist. You've been taken in.' And so on. And, of course, checkers never ventured an opinion about a piece. Never. That was part of the hierarchy of the magazine then. So off Dorothy goes to 'check' Rauschenberg and prove me wrong. And she comes back entranced. Bob used to collect people, and he collected Dorothy. She became a part of his entourage. For a while."

Brendan Gill: "She was absolutely determined to self-destruct here at the magazine. She would do something terrible and run up the stairs to my office and exclaim, rather gleefully, 'I'm going to be fired! I'm going to be fired!' And I would say, 'Well, Shawn will never fire you.' She was so beguiling—the pleasure and delight in her face when she knew she could get away with *something*. And, of course, I was wrong. After about a year, Shawn did fire her."

After her departure from *The New Yorker*, Dean held a number of other editorial positions, including one at *Vogue* and one at Huntington Hartford's short-lived magazine *Show*. Her last full-time editorial job was at *Essence*—"the magazine that proves black is *pathetic*," she told friends. She said she was fired after suggesting that the magazine put Andy Warhol in blackface on the cover.

"So much less was expected of you then," Paul Morrissey, who directed a number of Warhol films, says. "And because no one expected much you had all the time in the world to be smart and entertaining." Dean made a limited effort to support herself; she did some freelance copy editing and proofreading. Otherwise, she accepted gifts of money from friends or from her mother. (After her husband's death, in 1960, Mrs. Dean had retired to Yeadon, Pennsylvania. Dorothy rarely visited her.)



*"Well, who's it from? I don't take blind submissions."*

Dorothy's will to failure exonerated her career as a "fag hag." She did not seek to legitimatize her role by calling it something else. She did not become a wife, as Dorothy Parker did when she married Alan Campbell, or Linda Lee did when she married Cole Porter. Nor did Dorothy follow Vanessa Bell's and Libby Holman's example by becoming an overbearing mother. In renouncing traditionally "female" desires—marriage, children, forbearance—Dean took a road less frequently travelled: that of a woman pursued by the need to carry out a most vengeful independence. Her ambition centered on self-creation. As a fag hag, Dean constructed her role through language—language that took the form of punitive humor, "unladylike" opinions, and a fearful resistance to the exigencies of romantic love. If her gay male companions established "nice," careful, and remote public personas, especially in straight society, Dorothy gave voice to the ultimately self-punishing anger they had learned to repress.

Dean derived her power, in part, from her standing in a semi-sequestered world; if she was to consolidate that power, her world had to stay controllable, and therefore small. Certainly the world that she inhabited was small and closeted enough for her to control it with advice—and gossip. "She was an echo chamber," Desmond FitzGerald, the Knight of Glin, who knew her at Harvard, says. "Everyone" knew Dorothy, and Dorothy knew "everyone," gay and straight—either from Cambridge (Arthur Loeb, A. J. Sherman), or from the artistic avant-garde (Andy Warhol, Robert Wilson, Henry Geldzahler), or from something very like "society" (the collector Sam Wagstaff, the art historian John Richardson). In her efforts to characterize and control people she renamed them: Andy Warhol became Drella (a contraction of Dracula and Cinderella); W. Peter Prestcott, a founding editor of the magazine *Food & Wine*, became Priscilla Puccini.

At times, Dean's impulse to control gave way to the impulse to police. "I had

stolen a valuable sculpture at a party given by a friend of hers," a friend recalls. "I used to have a little problem stealing. She knew I did it. She'd introduce me to people at parties as a thief. She'd follow me around the room screaming 'Thief! Thief!' I broke down eventually."

Dean buttressed her social power by playing an adult in a world where adults were exotic. Being an adult meant dressing the part, too. George Trow recalls, "Everyone tried to look younger. Not Dorothy. She carried a *purse*." In this guise, Dean reverted to being the pastor's puritanical, stern daughter, who viewed the world through a moral grid—but with a difference. Dean had grown up in a world that posed "us," blacks, against "them," whites—the righteous against the wicked. Now she transplanted that moral structure—an outgrowth of the church, her first home—to gay New York. Gay men were "us," and "them" was everyone else.

Dean drew a sharp line between her private self and the improvised script her performance followed—a script she wrote on cocktail napkins and matchbook covers, and in the margins of other people's lives. In her small, newspaper-strewn apartment on Morton Street, where she lived from 1963 to 1979, Dean received few callers other than men who would not contradict her isolation.

On occasion, she shared "trade" with her male friends. Her friend Franklin Macfie recalls, "Sometimes I'd pick up tricks who were more or less straight and they would want a girl. That was Dorothy." As a rule, Dean's sexual affairs were limited to one-night stands. She reserved her most tender expressions of affection for cats and other small, furry animals. She herself was seen but not held.

And she could be venomous in her repudiation of those who she presumed found her undesirable—heterosexual men. John Simon recalls, "She broke off our long-standing friendship when I began reviewing movies, in the early sixties, and wouldn't take her to as many screenings as she would have liked. I suppose there were other women I was attracted to and wanted to be with. Dorothy was intelligent, but she was not sexually attractive. So she told me *in detail* of my great injustice as a friend. She had a way of lashing out at you either behind your back or to your face—depending on whether your face or back was available." It was also in the early sixties that Dean wrote to Desmond FitzGerald:

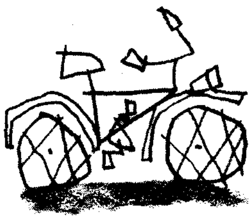
> I have noticed at almost every recent encounter your abstractedness and restlessness concerning this "girl-friend" of yours—and I find it extremely annoying, not because I am "jealous" or in any way presume to judge of the wisdom of your so indulging yourself, but rather because you allow yourself to be obsessed with the matter to the point of outright illmanneredness, to say nothing of unbecoming tiresomeness, imposed upon your dealings with me. . . . I do not care—and henceforth refuse—to serve as either your mother or a psychiatric counsellor. . . . Rationally or irrationally, it is inviolably idiosyncratic to me that I could never find acceptable as a truly-true friend an individual so emotionally attached to a person—be it girl-friend, psychiatrist, or god knows what. . . . Vital communication is hopeless.

Which is only to say that Dean wanted to be FitzGerald's girlfriend herself, to be central to someone's life other than her own.

As the sixties wore to an end, some of Dean's friends, never having established careers for themselves, bottomed out. It was as if they were exhausted from the effort of making up their epoch as they went along: Free Love, Free Angela, Free Your Mind. Social success was compensatory; yet it depended on one's energy level, on the ability to be outrageous without pause and without regard for the consequences. "You are exceptional," Dean's mother wrote to her in 1969, urging her to apply for a job as an administrator at Swarthmore. "You are a negro *cum laude* graduate of one of the best colleges in the world. Valedictorian in a top High School, in a class of over 500 graduates." What Mrs. Dean saw in Dorothy was a narrative of unfulfilled promise; what Dorothy lived was a narrative of loss, compounded by the end of her friendship with Arthur Loeb. The reasons for the breakup were doubtless complex, but friends emphasize one particular development: he quit drinking, and she did not.

Dean, having rejected her parents' world as small and insular, had busily created for herself a world that was, in its own way, just as small and insular. But now that world, too, was changing. The ten years following her arrival in New York saw the riots at Stonewall, the advent of gay liberation, and the opening of leather and S & M bars. Private sexuality was becoming the occasion for public politics. Meanwhile, New York—Scumsville, she had taken to calling it—was attracting an ever-growing influx of gay men from parts of the country that she would never know. The gossip and the secrets she had once traded no longer amused everyone; she no longer knew who everyone was. She defined her limits: "I have found it requisite in 'life' to so arrange my daily affairs as perforce not to admit of the intrusion of existentially distracting influences." She had no respect for "alternative" anything. (She called Bob Dylan, a companion of her friend Edie Sedgwick, Fifi Zimmerman.) She hated rock and roll. (Rhythm and blues she called "screaming nigger fuck music.") She considered herself "above" the synthetic optimism of those years.

Around that time, she became a bouncer at Max's Kansas City, the legendary club off Union Square. Sitting on a stool, her legs dangling, she didn't need a velvet rope to keep undesirable people out. Her withering glance told them to stay away. For some, she was still a symbol of rambunctious fearlessness; for others, she was a comfort, an anchor. In a poem entitled "Dear Dorothy (for Dorothy Dean)" the poet Robert Creeley wrote, "I get scared of getting/lost, I hold on hard/to you.Your voice was/instantly familiar."



Creeley met Dean in 1973, and recalls a "very pleasant afternoon spent drinking" at Max's. He says, "Around five-thirty, Dorothy had to leave. We were both a little wobbly. And as she made her way to the great swinging doors, I undertook to help her, whereupon she swung at me with her great leather purse, growling, 'Fuck off, you creeps!' And I understood what she meant: that I had presumed she needed help, and—an even greater presumption—that I thought I could be the one to offer it."

INCREASINGLY, Dean's willfulness was less subject to her will; her behavior assumed the uneasy manner of a parodist who may no longer be in on her own joke. In 1974, Dean wrote a letter to the marketing division of Buitoni, correcting the spelling on a package of frozen food, and elicited this response: "Dear Ms. Dean: Thank you very much for taking the time and interest to bring to our attention the erroneous spelling of Correggio on the back panel of our Eggplant Parmigiana. . . . To express our appreciation, enclosed please find a coupon good for $2.00 toward your next Buitoni Frozen Food purchase, and under separate cover, a Buitoni gift package." She developed a fixation on Clint Eastwood. "Gentlemen: I wish to inquire as to whether United Artists is contemplating a Manhattan re-release of Thunderbolt and Lightfoot?" she wrote to the studio's publicity department. "If not, why not? If so, when and where? Preferably—immediately, at a theater into which a female might safely venture unescorted." Her drinking became heavier. She wouldn't join A.A. "Everyone I knew who joins gets so boring," she said. Or maybe she would join. "I went to my first A.A. meeting today," she told a friend. "Give me a drink. Let's celebrate."

In 1976, Dean wrote to a friend, "Somebody important seems to think I know something, directly or indirectly, about the Bronfman kidnapping. . . . I have been pestered by newspapers and both prosecution and defense. . . . It is all extremely distressing, and god knows when it will end."

The "Bronfman kidnapping" first made the newspapers in August of 1975, when it was reported that Sam Bronfman II had been abducted from the driveway of his mother's house in Purchase, New York, by three unidentified men. Sam Bronfman, aged twenty-one, was a nephew of Arthur Loeb and the eldest son of Edgar M. Bronfman, then the head of the Seagram Company, a billion-dollar enterprise. Edgar Bronfman agreed to pay millions in ransom, and deposited the money at the designated place and time—in Queens at three in the morning. But Sam was not released. Two days later, as the result of a tip, he was found, unharmed, in an apartment house in Brooklyn; the money was discovered in an apartment in a nearby building. Had the whole thing been staged, with Sam's help?

Sam denied knowing anyone connected with the incident. But for those inclined to be suspicious of the kidnapping, Dean's associations provide some intriguing clues. According to people who knew her at the time, Dean claimed that several months before the incident took place she had introduced Sam to Willie Dunn, a former friend of Arthur Loeb's. It has been suggested that she helped Willie Dunn devise the scenario for Sam's abduction. In any case, she seemed to know all the major participants. It has also been suggested that, to stage the kidnapping, Dunn enlisted the help of two friends, a firefighter and a limousine-service operator. (Although these two men were later indicted for kidnapping, they were ultimately acquitted of that charge and convicted only of grand larceny.) Currently, Sam is professionally subordinate to his younger brother, Edgar Bronfman, Jr., the president and C.E.O. of Seagram.

"She was afraid to stay in her apartment after that, so she came to stay with me for a while," W. Peter Prestcott says. "She was distraught. She said she was in the middle of it." Some have speculated that, if Dean was indeed involved in the Bronfman affair, she might have been spurred by the bitterness she felt over her breakup with Arthur Loeb. Or perhaps it had begun as a joke, the way so many things did in the world she had tried to create.

HER eccentricities grew more pronounced. She saw fewer and fewer members of the original Brotherhood, who had gone on to careers, to A.A., or to steady lovers. She played a secretary in a gay porn film directed by her friend Jean-Claude van Itallie; it was entitled "American Cream," and she was billed as Black Barbarella. She continued to produce, sporadically, the *All-Lavender Cinema Courier*, but the low camp of its language and wit belonged to another time, another generation: "*Exorcist II: The Heretic.* Woe betide the naif who elects to squander gay pennies and/or time on this large-scale clinker. . . . Yet know that by now the renascent de-demonized Linda Blair [is] about 18, gelatinous of texture, and to all intents and purposes well primed in the arts of tap-dancing, polyestered harlotry (*viz.*, massive, flopping boobs; puffy countenance; sluttish makeup; platform shoes such as worn only by hookers and members of minority groups, be the latter down- or uptrodden)." She kept scrapbooks filled with images of pandas and koala bears.

She could project her dissatisfaction with her personal life into most areas of her professional life. In 1976, she sued Knopf, where Robert Gottlieb was then editor-in-chief, on the ground that she had had to perform what she believed were excessive and inadequately compensated services on a freelance assignment. In a letter to Gottlieb she wrote, "I have noticed (as have certain reviewers, as you must know), numerous unforgivable 'slips' in Knopf books on which I have not worked at all. For example, take a look at From Julia Child's Kitchen, p. 599, Chapter XIV heading in very large letters (and this also appears on the

Contents page, of course): 'Fundaments.' This is preposterous. Does anybody at Knopf anymore know English (let alone French)? Does nobody care about language at large? . . . The primary point I have to make, thus, Mr. Gottlieb is: *Please* do something fast. Let's face it, Knopf is going to hell in a handcart." Gottlieb's response: "I think this additional money is deserved—your work went beyond ordinary 'proof-reading.' But I can't place as high a valuation on it as you do. My personal hope is that you will look for, and find, work more suitable to your talents than proofreading; you are bound to be disturbed, if you limit yourself to this final stage of things, where, by definition, you must be unable to exercise your real capacities. Which is none of my business to say, but I've said it."

That same year, she fell in love with Norman Fisher, who sold cocaine to art-world luminaries such as Sam Wagstaff and Robert Mapplethorpe, then Wagstaff's boyfriend. She called Fisher the Forbidden Fruit. In a letter addressed jointly to the Frick Collection curator Edgar Munhall and the former art consultant John Abbott she wrote:

> Just to keep you up to date on the ROMANCE of my wan life. On Monday evening, 7 June last (a date graven in the memory for all eternity) I actually had, at *his* suggestion, a real live honest-to-god "date" with the Forbidden Fruit. We went to a little opera at Alice Tully Hall (during the performance I actually got to hold the FF's hand—it was indescribably thrilling. . . . Unfortunately, the evening fell apart later when we returned to the Forbidden Fruitstand [and] . . . a whole swarm of that riffraff and trash with which Norman . . . is wont to associate invaded the fairy aerie . . . Anyway, privacy and intimacy quickly dissipated, and I left in tears.

In an attempt to have her upstairs neighbors evicted, she kept a detailed report of their activities, which she claimed prevented her from working:

> 15 June 1978. Thursday
> Afternoon—restless shuffling, pacing in place (Dining Area)
> Banshee wails from "kitchen"
>
> 16 June 1978. Friday
> ca. 8:15 P.M. DITTO, with more banshee wailing
> random stumbling, jousting, jostling, roaring (vacuum cleaner—which is always flung down, rather than put down), stomping . . .
>
> 17 June 1978. Saturday
> Wailing, furniture scraping

Her attempts at eviction evidently failed; friends believe that before long she herself was evicted. Raymond Sokolov, the arts editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, recalls, "When Dorothy was thrown out of Morton Street, she was convinced she was going crazy. I took her to St. Vincent's so she could get treatment, dry out. She hated the doctor—he wore an earring in one ear. After he'd examined her, he said that Dorothy must be delusional: 'She keeps saying she went to Radcliffe.' "

And the years of drinking were taking their toll; increasingly, she became disoriented when she drank, which was much of the time. Friends found her unmanageable. The actor and former Warhol superstar Taylor Mead wrote her, "Dear D. Dean, Thanks for your letter. The evening at . . . Sardi's was delicious. You behaved with the utmost soigné until . . . the cab home—you kept telling the driver he was going in the wrong direction and that you didn't like him. Mildly embarrassing. Love." In 1979, when Dean was forty-six, she applied to the Harvard Law School, writing in her application, "I feel so strongly on the subject of civilized surroundings that even if rejected by Harvard Law School, I am resolved next fall to move back anyway to Cambridge. It is psychologically and ethically familiar, intellectually and behaviorally congenial—which New York City emphatically is not."

Instead, in 1980, at the invitation of a friend, Dean moved to Boulder, Colorado, another college town, ostensibly to stop drinking. "Did I tell you about the local phenomenon, The Liquor Mart?" she wrote to John Abbott. "This place occupies a sweep of approx. 18 city blocks—liquor, liquor, liquor everywhere. . . . Oh, joy." In Boulder, which she said she liked, because "there is no Art and there is no Fashion—this is an enormous relief," she supported herself by working for a time in a bookstore, and then, from 1981 until 1986, as a copy editor and proofreader. She stopped drinking at irregular intervals. She attended Bible classes, as though she were trying to become the girl she had never been: docile, polite, the daughter of a man of God.

She returned to "Scumsville" several times, mostly for funerals. There were fewer and fewer calls to her Central Swishboard. A great many people she had known were dying, and so was the relentlessly ironic subculture of which she had been such a vital part. A new social climate had rendered obsolete her place at the fruit stand. Odette O'Doyle, in James McCourt's "Time Remaining," captures Dean's response to the events of the day when she muses, "You've heard me on ACT/OUT. Aggrieved Children Throwing One Uncut Tantrum. . . . All [they] want is . . . recognition and vindication on the primary narcissistic level."

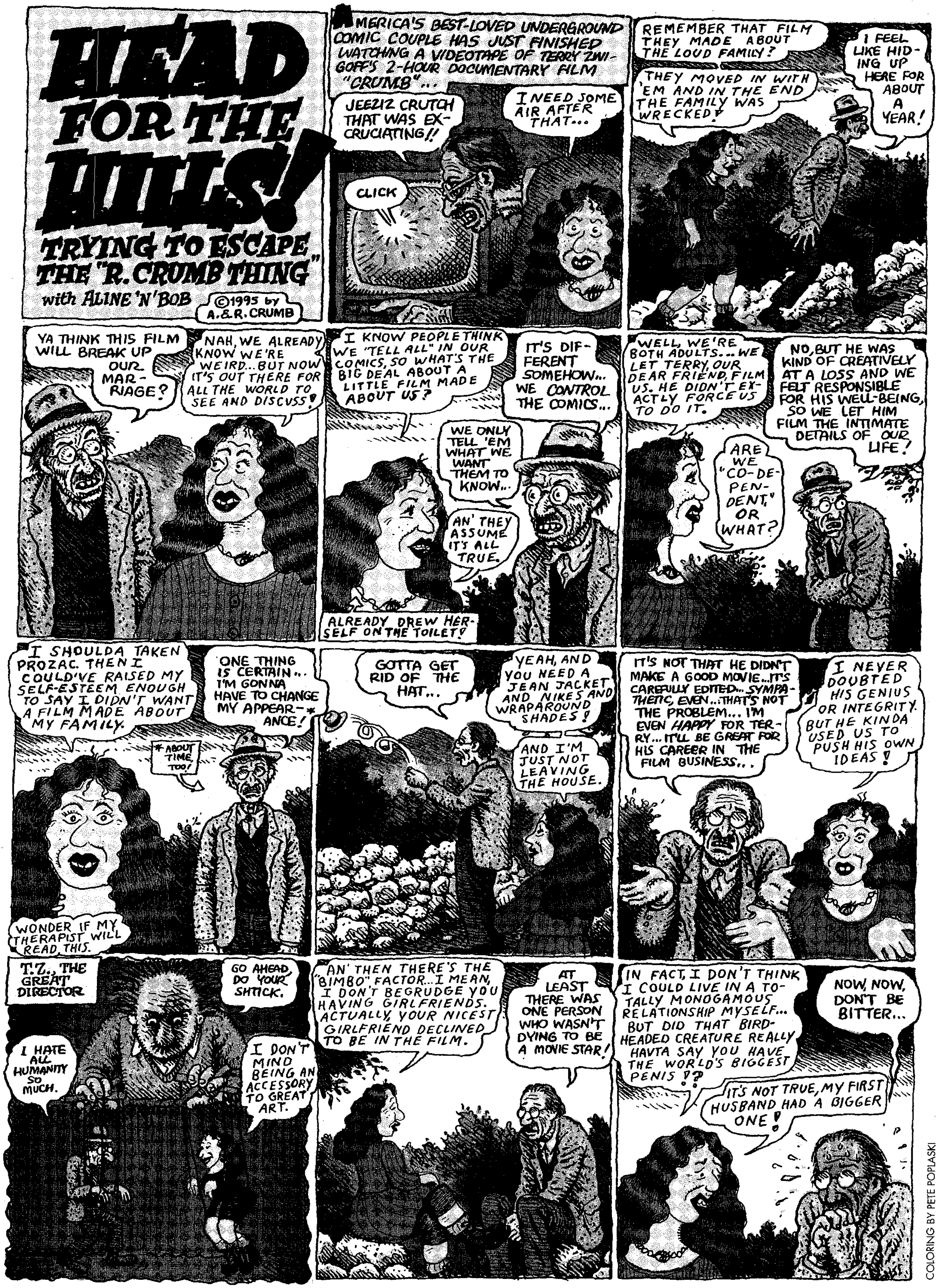
Dean never abandoned language: she wrote many letters to old friends who had given her up, or who were preparing to die. Sometimes her letters were roundabout requests for money to be used for installing a phone or buying new reading glasses. She didn't often ask for pity, but when she did it was on her own terms, and couched as a joke. What some people would remember most about Dorothy was her smile. Robert Creeley wrote, in the poem he dedicated to her:

> Your ineluctable
> smile, it falls back in your head,
> you *smile* with such a gentle
>
> giving up.

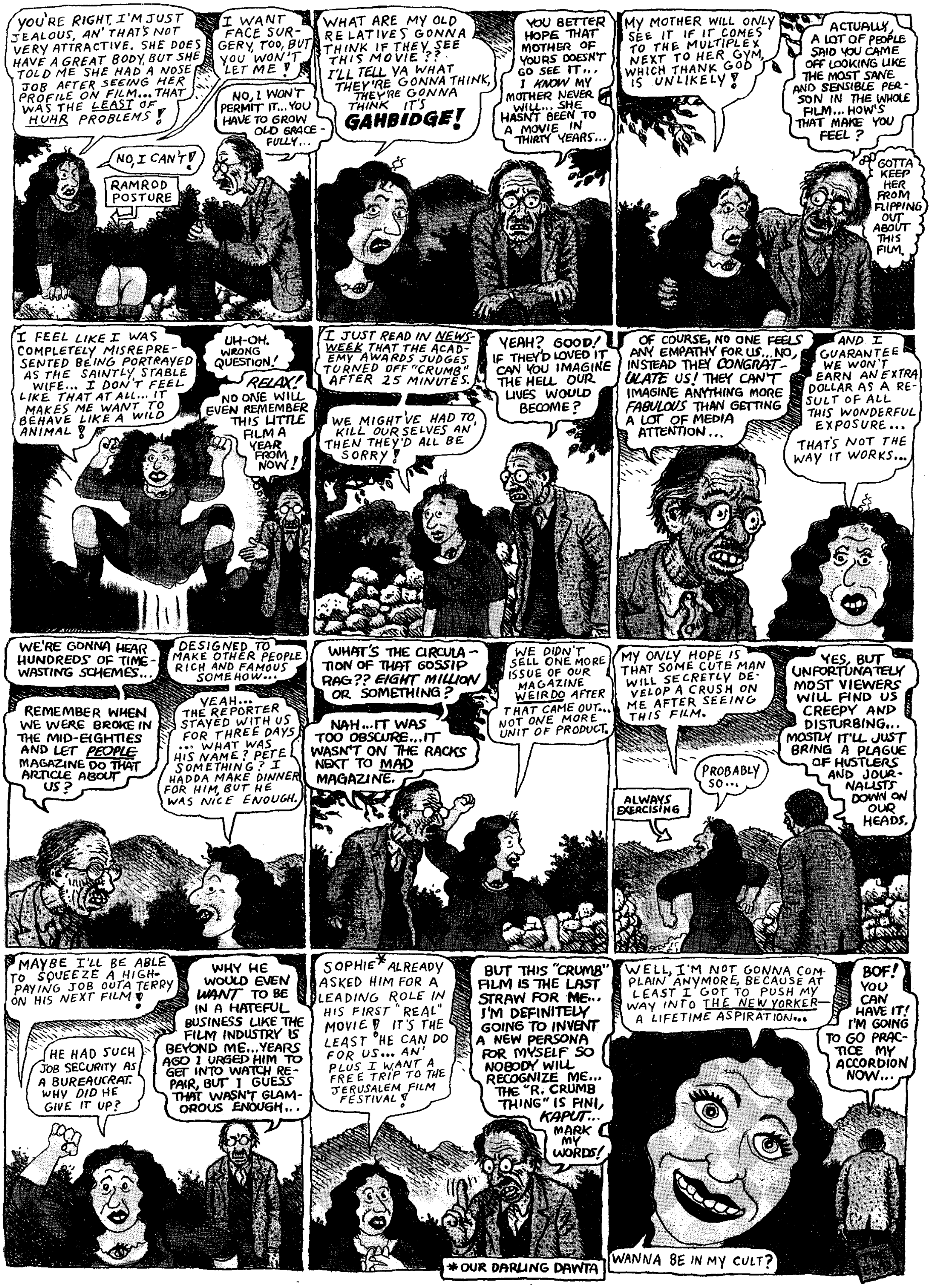
But the smile, too, began to fade. From Colorado, her last home, Dean wrote to Abbott, "Well, I'ze tired. . . . I hope you eventually get this letter and eventually (before it is too late) will answer it. In the meantime, have fun. You know how; I don't anymore." ◆

# COMIC STRIPPED

*R. Crumb, the best-known and knottiest of the underground "comix" artists—the critic Robert Hughes calls him "the Brueghel of the last half of the twentieth century"—is about to become more aboveground than anyone might have dreamed, or hallucinated, and a lot more notorious than he cares to be. Terry Zwigoff's documentary film "Crumb," which won the Grand Jury Prize at the Sundance Festival, is a jarringly intimate portrait of the artist's family, upbringing, career, and sex life. (It opens Friday at the Film Forum, and will open nationwide in May.) In the following graphic colloquy, Crumb and his wife, the artist Aline Kominsky-Crumb, who now live in the South of France, tell how they feel about it all.*


HEAD FOR THE HILLS!
TRYING TO ESCAPE THE "R. CRUMB THING"
with ALINE 'N' BOB
©1995 by A.&R. CRUMB
AMERICA'S BEST-LOVED UNDERGROUND COMIC COUPLE HAS JUST FINISHED WATCHING A VIDEOTAPE OF TERRY ZWIGOFF'S 2-HOUR DOCUMENTARY FILM "CRUMB"...
JEEZIZ CRUTCH THAT WAS EXCRUCIATING!!
I NEED SOME AIR AFTER THAT...
CLICK
REMEMBER THAT FILM THEY MADE ABOUT THE LOUD FAMILY?
THEY MOVED IN WITH 'EM AND IN THE END THE FAMILY WAS WRECKED!
I FEEL LIKE HIDING UP HERE FOR ABOUT A YEAR!
YA THINK THIS FILM WILL BREAK UP OUR MARRIAGE?
NAH, WE ALREADY KNOW WE'RE WEIRD... BUT NOW IT'S OUT THERE FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE AND DISCUSS!
I KNOW PEOPLE THINK WE "TELL ALL" IN OUR COMICS, SO WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL ABOUT A LITTLE FILM MADE ABOUT US?
IT'S DIFFERENT SOMEHOW... WE CONTROL THE COMICS...
WE ONLY TELL 'EM WHAT WE WANT THEM TO KNOW...
AN' THEY ASSUME IT'S ALL TRUE.
ALREADY DREW HERSELF ON THE TOILET!
WELL, WE'RE BOTH ADULTS... WE LET TERRY, OUR DEAR FRIEND, FILM US. HE DIDN'T EXACTLY FORCE US TO DO IT.
NO, BUT HE WAS KIND OF CREATIVELY AT A LOSS AND WE FELT RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS WELL-BEING, SO WE LET HIM FILM THE INTIMATE DETAILS OF OUR LIFE!
ARE WE "CO-DEPENDENT," OR WHAT?
I SHOULDA TAKEN PROZAC. THEN I COULD'VE RAISED MY SELF-ESTEEM ENOUGH TO SAY I DIDN'T WANT A FILM MADE ABOUT MY FAMILY.
ONE THING IS CERTAIN... I'M GONNA HAVE TO CHANGE MY APPEARANCE!*
*ABOUT TIME, TOO!
WONDER IF MY THERAPIST WILL READ THIS.
GOTTA GET RID OF THE HAT...
YEAH, AND YOU NEED A JEAN JACKET AND NIKES AND WRAPAROUND SHADES!
AND I'M JUST NOT LEAVING THE HOUSE.
IT'S NOT THAT HE DIDN'T MAKE A GOOD MOVIE... IT'S CAREFULLY EDITED... SYMPATHETIC, EVEN... THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM... I'M EVEN HAPPY FOR TERRY... IT'LL BE GREAT FOR HIS CAREER IN THE FILM BUSINESS...
I NEVER DOUBTED HIS GENIUS OR INTEGRITY. BUT HE KINDA USED US TO PUSH HIS OWN IDEAS!
T.Z., THE GREAT DIRECTOR
GO AHEAD, DO YOUR SHTICK.
I HATE ALL HUMANITY SO MUCH.
I DON'T MIND BEING AN ACCESSORY TO GREAT ART.
AN' THEN THERE'S THE "BIMBO" FACTOR... I MEAN, I DON'T BEGRUDGE YOU HAVING GIRLFRIENDS. ACTUALLY, YOUR NICEST GIRLFRIEND DECLINED TO BE IN THE FILM.
AT LEAST THERE WAS ONE PERSON WHO WASN'T DYING TO BE A MOVIE STAR!
IN FACT, I DON'T THINK I COULD LIVE IN A TOTALLY MONOGAMOUS RELATIONSHIP MYSELF... BUT DID THAT BIRD-HEADED CREATURE REALLY HAVTA SAY YOU HAVE THE WORLD'S BIGGEST PENIS??
NOW, NOW, DON'T BE BITTER...
IT'S NOT TRUE, MY FIRST HUSBAND HAD A BIGGER ONE!

COLORING BY PETE POPLASKI


YOU'RE RIGHT, I'M JUST JEALOUS, AN' THAT'S NOT VERY ATTRACTIVE. SHE DOES HAVE A GREAT BODY, BUT SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD A NOSE JOB AFTER SEEING HER PROFILE ON FILM... THAT WAS THE LEAST OF HUHR PROBLEMS!
I WANT FACE SURGERY, TOO, BUT YOU WON'T LET ME!
NO, I WON'T PERMIT IT... YOU HAVE TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY...
NO, I CAN'T!
RAMROD POSTURE
WHAT ARE MY OLD RELATIVES GONNA THINK IF THEY SEE THIS MOVIE?? I'LL TELL YA WHAT THEY'RE GONNA THINK, THEY'RE GONNA THINK IT'S GAHBIDGE!
YOU BETTER HOPE THAT MOTHER OF YOURS DOESN'T GO SEE IT... I KNOW MY MOTHER NEVER WILL... SHE HASN'T BEEN TO A MOVIE IN THIRTY YEARS...
MY MOTHER WILL ONLY SEE IT IF IT COMES TO THE MULTIPLEX NEXT TO HER GYM, WHICH THANK GOD IS UNLIKELY!
ACTUALLY, A LOT OF PEOPLE SAID YOU CAME OFF LOOKING LIKE THE MOST SANE AND SENSIBLE PERSON IN THE WHOLE FILM... HOW'S THAT MAKE YOU FEEL?
GOTTA KEEP HER FROM FLIPPING OUT ABOUT THIS FILM.
I FEEL LIKE I WAS COMPLETELY MISREPRESENTED BEING PORTRAYED AS THE SAINTLY, STABLE WIFE... I DON'T FEEL LIKE THAT AT ALL... IT MAKES ME WANT TO BEHAVE LIKE A WILD ANIMAL!
UH-OH. WRONG QUESTION!
RELAX! NO ONE WILL EVEN REMEMBER THIS LITTLE FILM A YEAR FROM NOW!
I JUST READ IN NEWSWEEK THAT THE ACADEMY AWARDS JUDGES TURNED OFF "CRUMB" AFTER 25 MINUTES.
YEAH? GOOD! IF THEY'D LOVED IT CAN YOU IMAGINE THE HELL OUR LIVES WOULD BECOME?
WE MIGHT'VE HAD TO KILL OURSELVES AN' THEN THEY'D ALL BE SORRY!
OF COURSE, NO ONE FEELS ANY EMPATHY FOR US... NO, INSTEAD THEY CONGRATULATE US! THEY CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING MORE FABULOUS THAN GETTING A LOT OF MEDIA ATTENTION...
AND I GUARANTEE WE WON'T EARN AN EXTRA DOLLAR AS A RESULT OF ALL THIS WONDERFUL EXPOSURE... THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT WORKS...
WE'RE GONNA HEAR HUNDREDS OF TIME-WASTING SCHEMES...
DESIGNED TO MAKE OTHER PEOPLE RICH AND FAMOUS SOMEHOW...
REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE BROKE IN THE MID-EIGHTIES AND LET PEOPLE MAGAZINE DO THAT ARTICLE ABOUT US?
YEAH... THE REPORTER STAYED WITH US FOR THREE DAYS... WHAT WAS HIS NAME? PETE SOMETHING? I HADDA MAKE DINNER FOR HIM, BUT HE WAS NICE ENOUGH.
WHAT'S THE CIRCULATION OF THAT GOSSIP RAG?? EIGHT MILLION OR SOMETHING?
WE DIDN'T SELL ONE MORE ISSUE OF OUR MAGAZINE WEIRDO AFTER THAT CAME OUT... NOT ONE MORE UNIT OF PRODUCT.
NAH... IT WAS TOO OBSCURE... IT WASN'T ON THE RACKS NEXT TO MAD MAGAZINE.
MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT SOME CUTE MAN WILL SECRETLY DEVELOP A CRUSH ON ME AFTER SEEING THIS FILM.
YES, BUT UNFORTUNATELY MOST VIEWERS WILL FIND US CREEPY AND DISTURBING... MOSTLY IT'LL JUST BRING A PLAGUE OF HUSTLERS AND JOURNALISTS DOWN ON OUR HEADS.
PROBABLY SO...
ALWAYS EXERCISING
MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO SQUEEZE A HIGH-PAYING JOB OUTA TERRY ON HIS NEXT FILM!
WHY HE WOULD EVEN WANT TO BE IN A HATEFUL BUSINESS LIKE THE FILM INDUSTRY IS BEYOND ME... YEARS AGO I URGED HIM TO GET INTO WATCH REPAIR, BUT I GUESS THAT WASN'T GLAMOROUS ENOUGH...
HE HAD SUCH JOB SECURITY AS A BUREAUCRAT. WHY DID HE GIVE IT UP?
SOPHIE* ALREADY ASKED HIM FOR A LEADING ROLE IN HIS FIRST "REAL" MOVIE! IT'S THE LEAST HE CAN DO FOR US... AN' PLUS I WANT A FREE TRIP TO THE JERUSALEM FILM FESTIVAL!
BUT THIS "CRUMB" FILM IS THE LAST STRAW FOR ME... I'M DEFINITELY GOING TO INVENT A NEW PERSONA FOR MYSELF SO NOBODY WILL RECOGNIZE ME... THE "R. CRUMB THING" IS FINI, KAPUT... MARK MY WORDS!
* OUR DARLING DAWTA
WELL, I'M NOT GONNA COMPLAIN ANYMORE, BECAUSE AT LEAST I GOT TO PUSH MY WAY INTO THE NEW YORKER— A LIFETIME ASPIRATION...
BOF! YOU CAN HAVE IT! I'M GOING TO GO PRACTICE MY ACCORDION NOW...
WANNA BE IN MY CULT?
THE END

## FICTION

# WHY CHINA?

### BY JENNIFER EGAN

It was him, no question. The same guy. I spotted him from far away, some angle of his head or chin that made my stomach jump before I even realized who I was looking at. I made my way toward him around the acupuncturists, the herbal doctors slapping mustard-colored poultices on bloody wounds, and the venders of the platform shoes and polyester bell-bottoms everyone in Kunming was mysteriously wearing. I was afraid he'd recognize me. Then it hit me that I'd still been beardless when he'd ripped me off, two years before, and my beard—according to old friends, who were uniformly staggered by the sight of me—had completely transformed (for the better, I kept waiting to hear) my appearance.

We were the only two Westerners at this outdoor market, which was a long bike ride from my hotel and seedy in a way I couldn't pin down. The guy saw me coming. "Howdy," he said.

"Hello," I replied. It was definitely him. I always notice eyes, and his were a funny gray-green—bright, with long lashes like little kids have. He'd been wearing a suit when I met him, and a short ponytail, which at that particular moment signified hip Wall Street. One look and you saw the life: Jeep Wrangler, brand-new skis, fledgling art collection that, if he'd had balls enough to venture beyond Fischl and Schnabel and Basquiat, might have included a piece by my wife. He'd been the sort of New Yorker we San Franciscans are slightly in awe of. Now his hair was short, unevenly cut, and he wore some kind of woven jacket.

"You been here long?" I asked.

"Here where?"

"China."

"Eight months," he said. "I work for the *China Times*."

I stuffed my hands in my pockets, feeling weirdly self-conscious, like I was the one with something to hide. "You working on something now?"

"Drugs," he said.

"I thought there weren't any, over here."

He leaned toward me, half smiling. "You're standing in the heroin capital of China."

"No shit," I said.

He rolled on the balls of his feet. I knew it was time to bid polite farewell and move on, but I stayed where I was.

"You with a tour?" he finally asked.

"Just my wife and kids. We're trying to get a train to Chengdu, been waiting five days."

"What's the problem?"

"*Mei you*," I said, quoting the ubiquitous Chinese term for "can't be done." But you never know what, or which factors, if changed, would make that "no" a "yes." "That's what the hotel people keep saying."

"Fuck the hotel," he said.

We stood a moment in silence, then he checked his watch. "Look, if you want to hang out a couple of minutes, I can probably get you those tickets," he said.

He wandered off and said a few words to a lame Chinese albino crouched near a building alongside the market. *China Times*, I thought. Like hell. Heroin pusher was more like it. At the same time, there was an undeniable thrill in being near this guy. He was a crook—I knew it, but he had no idea I knew. I enjoyed having this over him; it almost made up for the twenty-five grand he'd conned out of me.

We set off on our bicycles back toward the center of town. With Caroline and the girls I took taxis, which could mean anything from an automobile to a cart pulled by some thin, sweating guy on a bicycle. It pissed me off that the four of us couldn't ride bikes together, like any other Chinese family. ("Since when are we a Chinese family, Sam?" was my wife's reply.) But the girls pleaded terror of falling off the bikes and getting crushed by the thick, clattering columns of riders, all ringing their tinny, useless bells. Secretly, I believed that what really turned my daughters off were the crummy black bikes the Chinese rode—such a far cry from the shiny five- or ten-speeds Melissa and Kylie had been reared on.

In our previous encounter, his name had been Cameron Pierce. Now, as we rode, he introduced himself as Stuart Peale, shouting over the thunderous racket of passing trucks. The names fit him exactly, both times; Cameron had had the impatient, visionary air of a guy who thinks he can make you a shitload of money; Stuart was soft-spoken, a sharp observer—what you'd expect from a reporter. I told him my name—Sam Lafferty—half hoping he'd make the connection, but only when I named the company I traded for did I notice him pause for a second.

"I've taken a leave while they investigate me," I said, to my own astonishment.

"Investigate you for what?"

"Messing with the numbers." And unnerved though I was by what I'd revealed, I felt a mad urge to continue. "It's just internal at this point."

"Wow," he said, giving me an odd look. "Good luck."

We dismounted in front of a large concrete kiosk teeming with several lines of people all shoving and elbowing one another good-naturedly toward a ticket counter in a manner I'd decided was uniquely Chinese. Stuart spoke to a uniformed official in vehement but (I sensed) broken Chinese, gesturing at me. At last the official led us grudgingly through a side door and down a dimly lit corridor that had the smudged, institutional feel of the public schools I'd attended as a kid and made sure my daughters would never go near.

"Where is it you're headed—Chengdu?" he called.

We had entered a shabby office where a military-looking woman sat behind a desk, seeming thoroughly disgruntled at Stuart's intrusion. "Yes—for four people," I reminded him.

Within minutes, I'd handed Stuart a wad of cash and he'd given me the tickets. We reëmerged into the tepid, dusty

FILIP PAGOWSKI

sunlight. “You leave tomorrow,” he said. “8:30 A.M. They’d only sell me first class—hope that’s O.K.”

“It’s fine.” We always rode first class. So had Stuart, I guessed, in his prior incarnation. “Thank you,” I said. “Jesus.”

He waved it away. “They don’t want Americans having a lousy time over here,” he said. “You point out that it’s happening, they’ll fix it.”

He handed me his card, the address in English and Chinese, the *China Times* logo neatly embossed. Still a pro, I thought.

“You live in Xi’an,” I remarked. “We may go there, check out that clay army.”

“Look me up,” he said, clearly not meaning it.

“Thanks again.”

“Forget it,” he said, then mounted his bicycle and rode away.

“A total stranger?” my wife said, back in our hotel room, where I’d surprised her with the train tickets. “He just did this, for no reason?”

“He was American.” I was dying to tell her he was the cocksucker who’d conned me, but how could I explain having hung out with the guy, having accepted a favor from him? I knew how Caroline would see it: one more incident in the string of odd things I’d been doing since the investigation began, the most recent of which was to beg my family to drop everything and come with me to China. It wasn’t depression, exactly; more a weird, restless pressure that made me wander the house late at night, opening the best bottles of wine in our cellar and drinking them alone while I channel-surfed along the forgotten byways of cable TV.

“Where are the girls?” I said. “I got them each a little knife to peel pears with.”

“You bought them knives?”

“Just little ones,” I said. “Have you noticed how the old ladies are always peeling pears? I’ve got a feeling there’s something on those skins they shouldn’t be eating.”

Caroline had washed her bras and underpants and was hanging them on the open dresser drawers to dry. In the late seventies, before we married, we’d spent a year in Kenya with the Peace Corps. Caroline washed her clothes the same way over there, hanging them on strings she tied across our tiny room. I used to watch her through the web of strings and underclothes—her reddish-brown hair and deep, peaceful eyes that made me think of amber. I always liked remembering that time, knowing the money and houses and trips we’d gotten our hands on since hadn’t washed it all away. We’re still those people, I’d tell myself, who helped the Masai to repair their houses made of cow dung.

Caroline opened a window, and instantly the sour, bodily smell of China poured into the room. “A perfect stranger,” she mused, smiling at me. “Must’ve been that sweet face of yours.”

My daughters give me away. They are blond, expensive-looking creatures whose soft skin and upturned noses I used to take credit—wrongly, I know—for having procured for them at great cost, as I had their orthodontically perfect smiles. In Kenya, the Masai children had dry lips and flies in their eyes. Memories of their deprivation had overwhelmed me in recent months, for reasons unknown. I’d find myself staring at my daughters accusingly, awaiting some acknowledgment from them of the brutal disparity between the Masai kids’ lives and their own. Instead, I found in their beauty a righteousness that galled me. The Avenging Angels, I’d started calling them, which perplexed my wife.

Not that my daughters were identical. They were ten and twelve years old, the younger one deeply in awe of the elder, Melissa, whose figure-skating prowess had lent her a kind of celebrity at their private grammar school. Melissa was also, the world seemed to agree, fractionally more lovely. Determined to correct this imbalance, I had lately become the fervid champion of Kylie, my youngest, a campaign my wife deplored and begged me to abandon. “Picking favorites is awful, Sam,” she told me. “Melissa thinks you hate her.”

“The world picked. I’m just evening up the balance.”

But there was something heavy-handed in the sudden barrage of affection I lavished on Kylie. She rose to the occasion, gamely enduring our “special” trips to the zoo and the Exploratorium and Ocean Beach, where we stumped through the damp, heavy sand, both wishing (or I was, at least) that Melissa—whom I’d bluntly excluded, whose skating competitions I often pretended to doze through—were with us.

But now their hatred of China, their deep resentment at having to spend the best part of their summer in a land where people blew their noses without Kleenex, had united Melissa and Kylie in steely mutiny against me. “Daddy, why?” had been their refrain from the moment the trip began: the boat from Hong Kong into Canton, the days of waiting for a plane to Kunming that, when it finally arrived, could not have inspired less confidence had we assembled it ourselves. “Why, Daddy?” With time the object of their query had grown more and more diffuse: Why here? Why any of this? They were asking the wrong man.

The buildings of Chengdu were newer, and therefore less pleasing, than those of Kunming. I roamed the streets impatiently, my wife and listless daughters in tow. We drank green tea in a moist enclave beside a Buddhist temple. The fog smelled of chemicals. An Asian girl with strange, pale-blue eyes kept staring at us. “Do you think she might be crazy, Dad?” Melissa asked.

“She’s admiring your haircut.”

Melissa glanced at me, thinking I might be serious, then recognized the acid sarcasm that had become my preferred mode of speech with her of late.

“Probably had you for a dad,” she muttered.

“Probably wasn’t so lucky.”

My wife sighed. “She’s blind,” she said. And instantly I saw that Caroline was right; the girl was drawn by our unrecognizable voices, but her eyes were empty.

“Let’s go to Xi’an,” I said. “It’s supposed to be fascinating.”

Melissa opened our guidebook, scanned the pages, and read aloud: “The Qin Terra-Cotta Warriors are one of the few reasons to visit Xi’an, an urban wasteland of uniform city blocks and Soviet-style apartment buildings, but they are a compelling one.”

“That’s not what I heard,” I said, suppressing an urge to knock the book out of her hands.

“Terra-cotta worriers?” Kylie said.

“Heard from who?” my wife asked.

“The guy who got us the train tickets.”

“They’re thousands of clay soldiers as big as real men,” Caroline explained to

Kylie. "A paranoid Chinese emperor had them built underground to protect him after he died."

"Neat," Kylie said.

Caroline looked at me. "Let's go there."

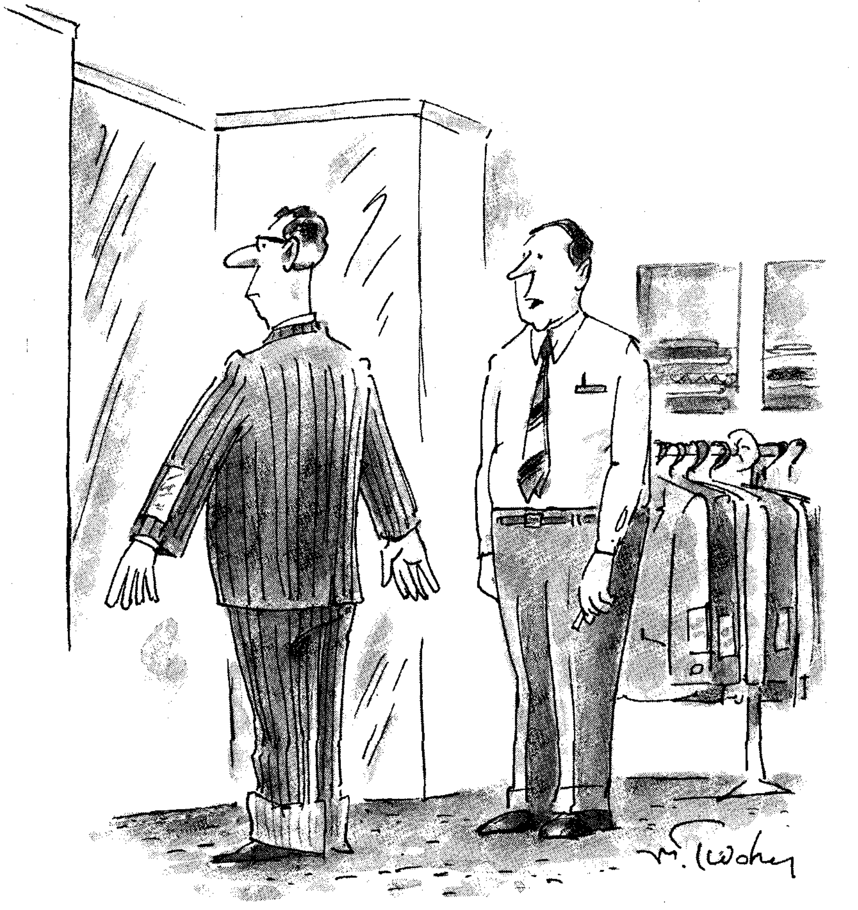
"Why?" Melissa asked, but no one answered.

Looking downtrodden, Melissa wandered out first from the tea shop. As we followed her, I turned to glance behind me, and sure enough, the Asian girl with the pale-blue eyes was still gazing blindly after us.

I KNEW—and Caroline knew—that since the investigation began my status had slipped—or risen—from that of her husband and equal to that of a person she indulged. Gratitude and guilt played a part in this. I'd worked my ass off at the office for years while she puttered away in her sculpture studio. Then, three years ago, Caroline hit the jackpot, landing a piece in the Whitney Biennial. This led to more exhibits, one-person shows in several cities, including New York, and dozens of studio visits from thin, beautiful women and their sleek young husbands who smelled (like me, I suppose) of fresh cash, or from scrawny, perfumed old bats whose doddering mates brought to mind country houses and slobbering retrievers. Everything my wife had yet to sculpt for the next three years was already sold. We'd talked about my quitting, pursuing anthropology or social work like I'd always said I wanted to, or just relaxing, for Christ's sake. But our overhead was so high: the house in Presidio Terrace, the girls in private school heading toward college, skating lessons, riding lessons, piano lessons, tennis camp in the summers—I wanted them to have all of it, all of it and more, for the rest of their lives. Even Caroline's respectable income could not have begun to sustain it. Then let's change, she'd said. Let's scale back. But the idea filled me with dread; I wasn't a sculptor, I wasn't a painter, I wasn't a person who made things. What I'd busted my chops all these years to create was precisely the life we led now. If we tossed that away, what would have been the point?

We were still chewing on this when I found out about the investigation. Its architect, the aptly named Jeffrey Fox, had been after my scalp for years because his wife, Sheila, was a ball-buster, whereas mine was lovely and terrific. He was always sniffing around Caroline's studio, and had bought three of her pieces the year before. "That little turd!" Caroline had shrieked when I told her about the investigation, and night after night we'd sat awake long after the girls were in bed, holding whispered conferences on how I should respond: write a letter to the board proclaiming my innocence? Mount a counter-offensive against Fox? But no, we decided. The best thing to do, for the moment, was nothing. Let the investigation run its course, and when it turned up nada, question the legitimacy of its having been started at all. In the meantime, take a leave, clear my head, get some sleep. Ha-ha.

The unlikely, intangible result of all this was that Caroline owed me. I knew it, she knew it, and I won't lie—this was not a feeling I minded.



*"It's very indoorsy."*

MY wife and daughters stared morosely from the taxi windows as we sped from the Xi'an airport to the Golden Flower hotel, past block after block of drab apartment buildings and sidewalks lined with limp, dusty trees. The opulent hotel boosted everyone's spirits; nothing like the sight of uniformed doormen, marble floors, and rich Midwesterners patting their billfolds to renew one's faith in the bounty of the universe. To my secret delight, not even Caroline cared to accompany me into "old" Xi'an, which, according to the Asian woman in a collegiate headband behind the front desk (no doubt she was the product of classes in how to look and act Western), was where I would find Stuart's address. I left Caroline sprawled on the bed boning up on Qin Shi Huangdi, the maniac emperor who'd built the terra-cotta warriors—at the cost of many a laborer, she reported; the final masterpiece contained not only the blood and sweat of its sculptors, but occasionally even their flesh.

On the streets of "old" Xi'an I found the lady tea venders out in force—women whose idea of washing a glass was to sprinkle water on it. I hadn't let my daughters near these people, convinced that their unwashed glasses harbored all manner of deadly diseases just waiting for the chance to invade my girls' frail intestines. But I bought myself a glass of tea and sipped it, bought one of those fluffy white buns filled with a suspicious mash of vegetables and scarfed it down, then bought a second. I felt terrific.

I wandered inside a Buddhist temple and heard people chanting to this delicate sound of chimes, and my stomach was fluttery in a way I remembered from childhood, the feeling you had shoplifting, or creeping into the next-door neighbor's basement. I left the temple, savoring this as I walked to Stuart's street, when suddenly, from half a block away, I saw him. He was standing right there on the sidewalk, talking with three old Chinese ladies. My heart leaped—there is no other way to put it. The blood rushed to my face the way it used to when I'd just seen a girl I wanted to put the moves on, and then I stopped dead. What in hell was the matter with me? This was a man, after all—a man who'd ripped me off and made me look like an ass. Was I losing my mind? But already I'd started walking again, toward him.

"Stuart," I said. He looked blank, and I felt weirdly crushed. "Kunming, remember?" I said. "You got us the tickets."

"Oh. Right." He gave a baffled smile. The Chinese ladies moved away.

"We made it," I said, idiotically.

There was an awkward silence. "So, you still writing about drugs?" I asked.

"This week it's smuggling."

"Smuggling what?"

"Antiques. People leaving the country with vases and stuff."

"You sort of specialize in crime stories?" I asked, my pulse firing like a machine gun.

"It's an area I know pretty well."

"From experience." I couldn't stop myself.

Stuart cocked his head. "You sort of a would-be journalist?"

"Either that or a would-be criminal," I said, and burst out laughing.

Stuart said nothing. He took a long look at me, and I saw in his face the first sign of real curiosity.

"Anything to see around here besides those clay warriors?" I asked.

"Not much in Xi'an," he said. "Tomorrow I'm going to some Buddhist caves outside town that are pretty extraordinary."

"Is that right?"

"You're welcome, if you can sneak away," he said. "But you'd have to stay overnight."

"Might be doable."

He named a place at the train station and said he would wait there at ten the next morning. "If you can make it, great," he said, turning to go.

"I'll be there," I said.

BRADY bonds, emerging markets; these were much on Cameron Pierce's mind at Harry Meyer's stag party, where I met him the first time. Olive-green suit, ponytail, an air of having more cowboy in him than the rest of us. How did Harry know him? Harry was tables away, a wet shirt draped over his head, trashed. It wasn't long before the strippers showed up, three of them, each with different-colored hair, and while they went to work on Harry, Cameron told me about the limited partnerships he was setting up to invest in African countries: Nigeria, Ivory Coast, Botswana, Zimbabwe.

"You spend much time over there?" I asked.

He'd pulled a red apple from the centerpiece and was eating it with a fierce pleasure that made me want one, too. "As much as possible," he said, grinning.

"I hear you," I said. And, on impulse, I told him about my stint with the Peace Corps—something I rarely mentioned to people in the business.

Cameron set down his apple core and leaned toward me so that I could hear him over the hoots and catcalls issuing from our colleagues. "That's what makes all this bullshit worthwhile," he said. "Getting out. Seeing what's really there." We understood each other then; we were separate from—better than—what surrounded us.

The next week, Cameron Pierce's lackey made a presentation at our office. One of our junior traders, Burt Phelps, seemed as interested in the deal as I was but wanted to do more checks on Pierce, or at least wait until Harry Meyer came back from his honeymoon on Bora Bora so we could run it by him. "Feel free," I said. "I'm going in." I was operating on pure gut, that great, impulsive organ we traders live by. And because he felt like an asshole, I guess, Burt went in, too. Both of us put up the minimum—twenty-five thousand. The lackey came to pick up our certified checks.

Cameron and I talked on the phone a couple of times after that. He was heading for the Far East. "That's the place," he said. "You want to get lost, do it there." We agreed to have lunch after he got back. My monthly statements started coming in; with returns at twenty per cent, I couldn't complain. Burt was over the moon. Then I guess we sort of forgot about it. I'd got four statements in all when they stopped arriving, but it was two months at least before I noticed, and then only when Burt mentioned it: "Sam, you heard anything lately from Africo?" he said.

The rest was straight out of bad TV: calls to the Africo office hitting a disconnected line; a trip to the Kearny Street address on Cameron Pierce's business card revealing that Africo, Ltd. had never been there. Nor was it registered with the S.E.C., nor anywhere else; ditto for Cameron Pierce and his lackey, whose name I can't remember now. Harry Meyer, whom we'd forgotten even to consult, had never heard of the guy. "Cameron who? My party?" he said, perplexed. "Someone else must have brought him." In other words, they were con men. We'd been had. Not that unusual in a business like ours, where guys had so much cash to throw around. But the ones it happened to were usually younger, more junior than me. More like Burt. And it was Burt who'd had the reservations.

In the world of lousy investments, twenty-five grand isn't much to lose. But I couldn't get over it. The guy had sat there selling me on his phony deal, and while I was thinking how much I liked him, how good it all sounded, he was thinking, He's nibbling, no question. Peace Corps?—oh shit, I've got him now! The guys at work teased me about the fine example I'd set; Caroline wrung her hands a little over the money; then they all pretty much forgot about it. But not me. I kept thinking of him, Cameron Pierce, wondering how many "partners" he'd brought in, how many "deals" he'd pulled off in the past. He was somewhere—lying on a beach, smoking cigars, spending our money. At night, while Caroline slept, I'd find myself wondering who he was, really, at the very bottom. Was he anyone?

If I'd really listened to the guy, I decided, I would've seen it coming. Hadn't he practically told me? I'm from another world, he'd said—a place where this one means nothing. I'd assured him that I was, too. But it wasn't true. I'd played by the rules. And he'd won.

“WHAT kind of bullshit is this?” Caroline said, when I'd outlined for her what struck me as a perfectly reasonable plan: while she and the girls visited the Qin terra-cotta warriors the following day, I would take an overnight trip with a total stranger to another part of China.

“The same guy who got us the tickets?” she said. “He lives in Xi'an? Why didn't you tell me that before?”

“I wasn't sure how you'd react.”

“Why should I care?”

“You seem to care now.”

“Now that I know you kept it a secret, I care. Now that you've decided to disappear with him, yes, Sam, I care.”

We stared at each other, furious. “Is this sexual?” Caroline asked in disbelief.

“Oh, Christ in holy heaven!” I thundered.

My wife studied me. After a long while she said, “We're not doing this, Sam.”

“Not doing what?”

“Whatever it is you're trying to do.”

“I'm going with him.”

“Fine,” she said. “We'll come, too.”

WE stood mournfully in the long, snaking line of Chinese peasants waiting to board the train. Melissa and Kylie were doing their best to sulk, but their utter mystification at our sudden change of plans and the appearance of a stranger in our midst interfered with the purity of their displeasure. I went with Stuart to buy the tickets—his, too; it seemed the least I could do after he'd so gracefully agreed to bring my entire family with him to the Buddhist caves. He took off to do an errand before the train left.

“Is this a train to the worriers, Daddy?” Kylie asked.

“The warriors are for tourists,” I said.

“But wasn't that the whole point of coming here?” Melissa asked. “For the terra-cotta warriors?”

“You're welcome to stay and see them,” I said. “Personally, the obsessions of some whacked-out king are about the last thing I'm in the mood for.”

“Why don't we wait in the first-class lounge, so the girls can sit down?” my wife suggested.

“We're riding hard-seat,” I said. “It's only eight hours.”

The girls looked aghast. I watched them cast baleful looks their mother's way, and saw, in their silky, seamless faces, the thick patina so many years of privilege had left behind. Suddenly, I was enraged—enraged at both of them for not knowing what these privileges had cost.

“You can wait in line with the rest of the world,” I said. “It won't kill you.”

Crestfallen, they gazed at me—their father, who rarely let them ride a bus for fear of all the germs and scrofulous characters they might encounter.

“Your father's afraid that if we ride first class, his friend will be disappointed in us,” Caroline said acidly.

“He's not my friend,” I said.

“Then whose friend is he?” she asked.

FOR every square inch of hard-seat, there were roughly twenty-five people anxious to sit down, bringing to mind the phrase “lousy food and not enough of it.” The majority of passengers were peasant boys, barefoot, their rolled-up pants exposing those dark round scars they all seemed to have from the knee down. They'd been shopping in Xi'an and now were loaded up with identical cheap zippered bags half bursting with booty. There were no seats for my daughters, and I watched their faces fill with fear at finding themselves caught in the press of sweating, seething humanity I'd taught them to avoid. To my relief, several peasant boys leapt from their seats to make room for the girls, who ended up next to a window, facing each other. Caroline sat near them, still angry, avoiding my eyes. Stuart stood off to one side, already looking weary of us.

The hours drifted past. I kept an eye on my daughters, watching their sullenness give way to a kind of solemnity, acknowledgment of a situation that was obviously bigger than they were. Each time the train eased to a stop at a platform, food venders swarmed around outside its windows, pushing tiny carts. After the first two hours, Kylie and Melissa were in there with the best of them, dangling fistfuls of limp bills to buy homemade popsicles on toothpicks, plastic bags full of tiny green apples, or squares of coarse yellow cake. Everything they bought, they offered to their neighbors. This broke my heart.

The land got very strange. Gray hills bulged from the earth in such a way that their middles looked wider than their bases. “It's like Dr. Seuss,” I overheard Kylie say. Caroline sketched in her notebook. I stared out the window at the weird hills and told myself that we lived in San Francisco, in a house on Washington Street that I'd bought for a million in cash six years ago, that our house existed right now, the burglar alarm on, automatic sprinklers set to keep the garden alive. It's all still there, I thought. Waiting. But I didn't believe it.

WE reached our destination late that afternoon—the sun still high but pouring out thick, stale light. Our presence seemed more of a novelty here than it had anywhere else we'd been, and as we tottered toward the street, passersby gathered around to stare at us in unabashed amazement.

The *binguan*, or tourist hotel, could easily have doubled as a jail: small rooms each containing two narrow, squeaking beds, dirty concrete floors, communal “bathrooms”—a row of holes in the concrete—no paper, no doors, big flies drunk on the stench from below. “My God,” I told Caroline, frantic when I saw the arrangements, “there's no way we can stay here.”

“I should think you'd be delighted.”

“There's got to be a better hotel in this town!”

“This is a *tiny* little town, Sam. Why should there be another hotel?”

“Shit.” I was starting to sweat. “What're we going to do?”

“Relax,” Caroline said. “It's one night.”

“But the girls. Jesus!”

“We're O.K., Daddy,” piped Kylie from the next room.

I rushed over there to find her hunched on her cot, looking out the grimy window at a long outdoor trough lined with faucets—our sink—where Melissa was washing her face. I sat on Kylie's bed and put my arm around her. "I love you, baby," I said. "You know that." She nodded and slumped against me. Melissa returned to the room, dripping water and shivering.

"It's cold," she said.

"Get a towel," I told her.

"There aren't any."

I looked around. "How can there not be towels?"

"There's no hot water either, Dad," Melissa said. "Or soap." She threw herself on her cot to a yelp from the rusty springs and stared at the ceiling. I watched helplessly as her long hair gathered on the grimy floor. Then I felt Kylie shaking beside me and peered at her wet, streaked face. "Oh, baby, stop," I said. "Please, what's wrong? Tell Daddy."

"I'm scared," Kylie said, through chattering teeth.

"Scared of what? What's scaring you?"

Melissa sighed from her bed.

"What if we never go home?" Kylie asked, in a small, strained voice.

"Of course we'll go home," I said. "This is just a vacation."

For a long time, no one spoke. I held on to Kylie and stared challengingly at Melissa, my oldest, waiting for her to snort or wince—to betray her scorn in the smallest way. But Melissa lay still, her eyes closed, arms crossed on her chest.

WHAT exactly Stuart made of the bedraggled and downcast group he led to dinner, God only knew. I sensed that we amused him. The city felt like a place the world had forgotten: dusty streets, a department store whose listless, utilitarian window displays reminded me of South Dakota, where I grew up—those yellow sheets of plastic they hung inside store windows to keep out the glare. Kicking stones as I peered through that yellow plastic at outdated transistor radios that I didn't dare even ask my luckless father to buy me, promising myself I'd have enough money someday to buy the whole fucking store, if I wanted.

At a restaurant bizarrely named Wine Bar, we dined on bowls of scalding broth mixed with soy sauce and two raw eggs, which instantly boiled. The other diners ceased eating and gathered around to more fully enjoy the spectacle of our presence. Soon a modest crowd pushed in from the street through the open door and pressed faces to windows, peering in at us.

Stuart turned to the girls. "How much do you hate China?" he asked.

They glanced nervously at me. "Just a little," Kylie said.

"More than anything." Melissa, of course.

"What's the worst thing about it?" Stuart asked.

After some consideration, they agreed that the raucous throat-clearing and spitting on the pavement was the worst.

"In India, they spit red," Stuart said.

"Gross," said Melissa. "Why?"

"They chew a red nut, and it makes them spit. So they spit red."

"Do you hate it here, too?" Melissa asked in a sweet, bantering voice I almost never heard her use anymore.

"Me, I love it," he said. "You know every minute how far away you are."

"Isn't that true anywhere in the Third World?" Caroline said. "India, say, or Africa?"

"Too much suffering," Stuart said. "Unless you're there to help the people, what's the point? But in China, everyone eats."

"Our dad did that," Melissa said. "He went to Africa and he fed the kids."

There was a respectful pause. "Peace Corps?" Stuart asked.

"We went together," Caroline said, taking a sip from my bowl.

Outside, the night fell dingy and red. Trailed by a small crowd of spectators, we walked to a market where venders displayed piles of black grapes on thin cloths spread over the pavement. We hadn't seen grapes in China before, and Melissa and Kylie each bought a bunch. The grapes were hard and sweet. Stuart bought some fresh walnuts, which he carried over to us in his untucked plaid shirt. The girls each took one. "But how do we break it?" Kylie asked.

"Ah, that's the best part," Stuart said. He placed a nut on the pavement and split it with the heel of his boot. It made a satisfying crack. The meat inside was a stark, glistening white. We all got into it, cracking walnut shells with our shoes, pulling the sweet white meat from inside while a crowd of our Chinese hosts eyed us with bemused per-

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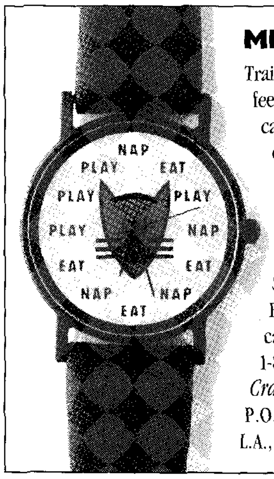

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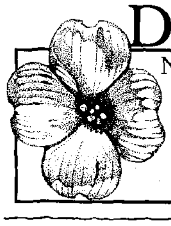

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plexity. "Americans," I imagined them saying, afterward. "The poor sons of bitches have everything in the world, but they've never tasted fresh walnuts."

As we walked back toward our *binguan* in the quiet dark, Melissa stopped, turned suddenly to all of us, and announced, "This was the most fun day in China."

NIGHT in that town was heavy and black as the ocean. Caroline and I lay on our separate cots, both wide awake. "I'm having a disturbing thought," she said. "A feeling, really."

"I'll lie with you," I said, finding the floor with my feet.

"Wait," she said. "Let me say it."

I lay back down. There was a long silence, during which I discovered that I was afraid—physically afraid—for the first time in as long as I could remember.

"You did it," Caroline said. "Isn't that right?"

"Did what?" But I knew.

"Took the money. Or whatever it was."

"Jeffrey Fox has been whispering in your ear."

She ignored me. "I started thinking it a couple of days ago," she said. "I don't even know why. Tell me," she said, and I heard her turning to face me. "I won't blame you."

"Yes," I said.

"Sam. Why?"

"I don't know." It was the truth.

"Did you feel pressure? Financial pressure?"

"Maybe. I don't know."

I listened for some sound, some relief from any direction, but of course there was nothing. We were alone in the middle of nowhere. Of course, I thought—I'd dragged them to a place where they couldn't help but see it.

"Remember that prick who ripped me off?" I said. "That friend of Harry's who turned out not to be?"

"Yes . . ."

"He was— That was— It started then."

I heard a rustle of coarse sheets, and Caroline was beside me—her warm, familiar skin, the soft shirt she slept in when we travelled. "Sam, I'm so sorry," she said. She held me, her strong warm arms around my neck, and suddenly I was sorry, too, to see, for the first time, what I had become.

IT looked like the dead of night when Stuart roused us. Loudspeakers filled the streets, blaring some awful, tinny wake-up music accompanied by saccharine female singing. The street lights were a stark, fluorescent white. We sat on an empty bus, sat and sat, waiting for it to fill. As the first light streaked the sky, we finally started to move.

Caroline and I were in opposite seats, Kylie beside me, Melissa next to her. Stuart sat directly in front of me. By now he felt like family, somehow—enough to eliminate the need for talk at this hour. At last the bus swung out of town. The sun came up. Peasants got on, some carrying chickens, one clutching a pig. Most were folded into sleep the instant they sat down. My girls slept. After a while Stuart slept, too, his head back against the window, mouth open slightly. I got a long, close look at his face in profile, studied his pores and Adam's apple and found myself wondering who the hell he was. He looked like anyone. I tried to remember Cameron Pierce at Harry's party, but the vision of him that had haunted me these past two years was gone. So then, how did I know this guy was the one? I tried to put myself back in Kunming, where I'd recognized him. Eyes? Chin? But that encounter, too, was murky now. Stuart was a guy sleeping inches away, his expression not much different from my daughters'. And then I was terrified: of having put my family in the hands of a total stranger—not the man who had robbed me.

By the time we hit the wooded hills, the sun was up. The land looked unkempt, trees pushing and shoving against each other like people fighting their way through lines in China. Stuart woke and glanced at me, then turned to the window. "Almost there," he said.

We got off near a cluster of flimsy kiosks which marked the beginning of a path into the hills. The kiosks apparently doubled as overnight shelter for their proprietors, who were just beginning to stir. I heard more wake-up music from somewhere, but a powerful wind gushed through the trees and drowned out most of it. I was filled with a sense that something was about to happen. As Stuart led the way uphill, I took Caroline's hand. I saw Kylie reach for Stuart's hand—she's confused, I thought; she thinks he's me—but Stuart took her hand, and they walked together so naturally that I was sure he had a daughter, and a wife, too. He must have all this, somewhere. My legs burned as we climbed.

At the top of the hill, we came upon the base of a towering wall of sheer cliff, red-tinted like clay, pocked with rows of small openings that had to be the caves. A scaffolding of sorts had been erected for scaling this vertical surface, and we mounted a set of stairs and began to climb, Stuart first, still holding Kylie's hand, then Caroline and me. Melissa came last, looking tired and unsteady. I decided then to end my campaign against her.

We got off the stairs at the very top. There, beyond a series of curved openings in the rock, were the caves, their walls stained with bright, extraordinary colors, massive painted wooden Buddhas and Buddha-like attendants towering within each. "My Lord," Caroline said. Kylie and Melissa just stared.

My wife and daughters went ahead. I let them go, stopping before three caves that had been linked to accommodate one massive Buddha lying horizontally. He was half sleeping, it seemed, his almond-shaped eyes just slightly open, his head wider than the length of me. For a long time I stared at the Buddha. Then I turned to lean over the railing and look back down the mountainside.

Stuart joined me. "Well, here it is," he said. "As promised."

"You outdid yourself."

"So. What happens now?"

"Good question," I said, and laughed. "Now I go to jail."

There was a startled pause, then Stuart laughed, too. "Hell," he said, "don't do that."

"They've got me."

"I don't think you'll go to jail," he said.

He was probably right—the publicity would be too damaging. Something quiet and equitable was more like it: pay up, then fuck off. But our life style would suffer, no question.

"Anyway," Stuart said, looking down the mountain, "I don't see any S.E.C. here."

"The world isn't that big."

"It's big enough."

The sounds of Caroline and the girls were just scraps, tossed up by the wind, then washed away. I leaned over the railing, feeling the calm weight of the Buddha behind me. "You ripped me off," I said. "Twenty-five grand. In San

Francisco." I was afraid, almost whispering. But I wanted him to know the world wasn't as big as he thought.

"Wasn't it fifty?" he said.

I stared at him, a part of me thinking, Of course. "You knew? All this time, you knew?"

"Pretty much. Once or twice I started thinking I might be nuts."

"I don't believe this," I said. "Why didn't you run?"

"From what?"

"But I mean—why help me? Why bring us all the way here?"

"Bring you," he said, and laughed. "You begged to come. Fucking chased me to Xi'an."

I said nothing. What a horse's ass I'd been.

"Why?" Stuart asked, and in the silence I felt the prickle of his curiosity. He moved closer. "Why follow me? What did you want?"

"I was afraid you'd get away."

Stuart laughed, perplexed. "I am away."

And of course this was true, he got away two years ago. And ever since, I'd been filled with disgust at the waste of my life.

"It's my daughters," I said. "They've done me in. Drained me dry."

"They're good kids," Stuart said quietly.

I listened for them, as I'm always half listening for my family. But I couldn't hear them anymore, not a wisp of their voices or laughter.

"How does it feel, doing what you do?" I asked.

Stuart laughed. "Like everything feels when it's you," he said. "Like nothing."

I turned to him. He looked small—one small man, alone in the middle of China. And I thought I saw in him some diminishment or regret—as if Stuart's fortunes, too, had slipped since our previous meeting. I thought, He has nothing but his freedom.

"Where are they?" I asked, anxious for my family.

"Gone," he said. "You drove them away."

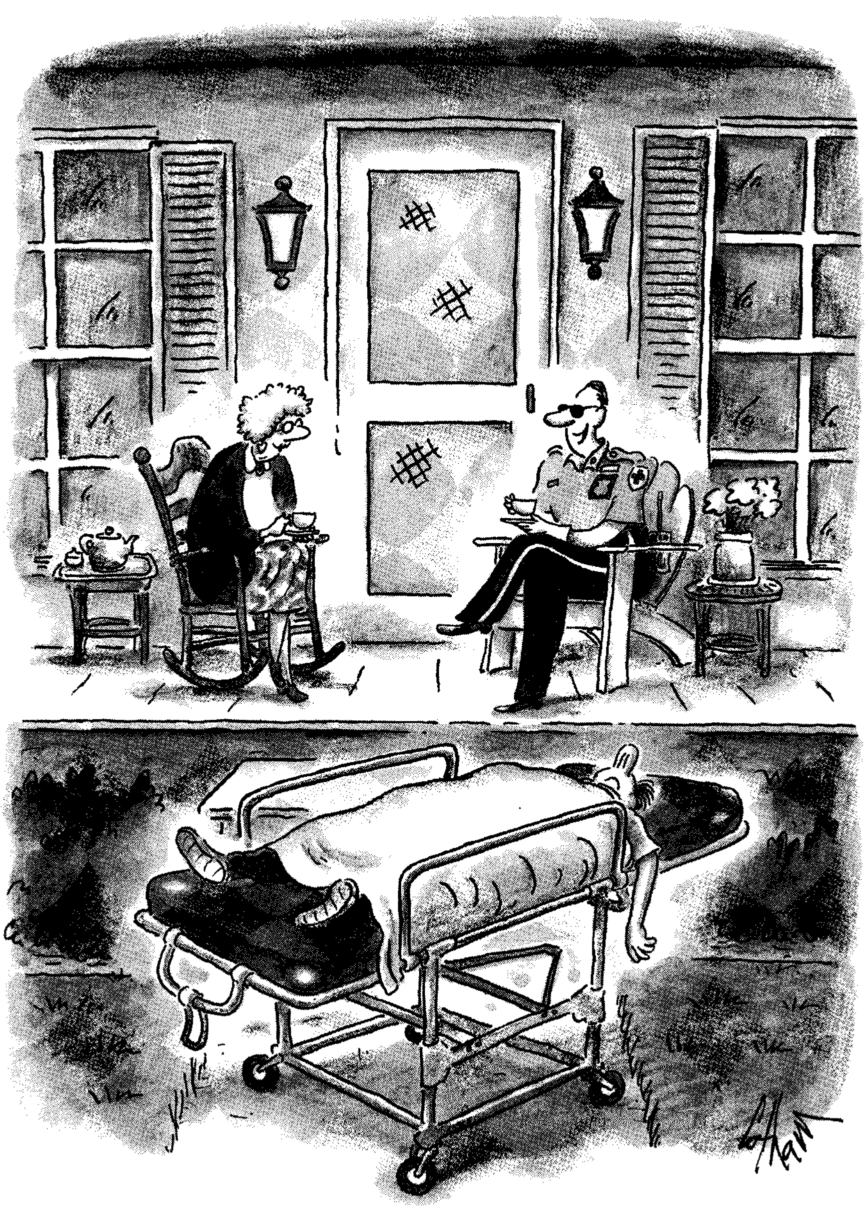
I grinned, uneasy. "Fuck you."

"Fuck you, too."

"I believe you did."

The wind blew away our laughter.

STUART walked us back to the bus. Then, to our surprise, he said he wasn't going with us.



*"I'd love to chat longer, but I've got to get this guy to a hospital."*

"Why?" cried the girls, with such keen disappointment that I felt a flicker of jealousy.

"Going to hang out here a little," he said. "Do some communing with the Buddhas."

"Do you ever get to San Francisco?" Caroline asked.

Stuart grinned at me. "Now and then."

Kylie clapped her hands. "Come to our house!"

"I might just do that," Stuart said, and I saw, to my relief, that he wasn't serious.

"Please," Melissa said. "You can watch me skate."

"All right, all right. Let's get on the bus," I said.

Stuart waited outside, then waved goodbye as we pulled away. Melissa sat alone. I moved next to her and put my arm around her small, athletic shoulders. But the gesture felt awkward. And I was struck by how long it had been—months and months—since I'd shown the slightest affection toward my oldest daughter. She seemed hardly to notice, twisting to look out the window at Stuart, whose narrow back we could barely see making its way uphill. When finally she turned back around I stared at her, amazed that a twelve-year-old girl could hold so much sadness in her face. "He was nice," Melissa said. ♦

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# AMERICAN BY INVITATION

*A conservative call to arms on a coming issue.*

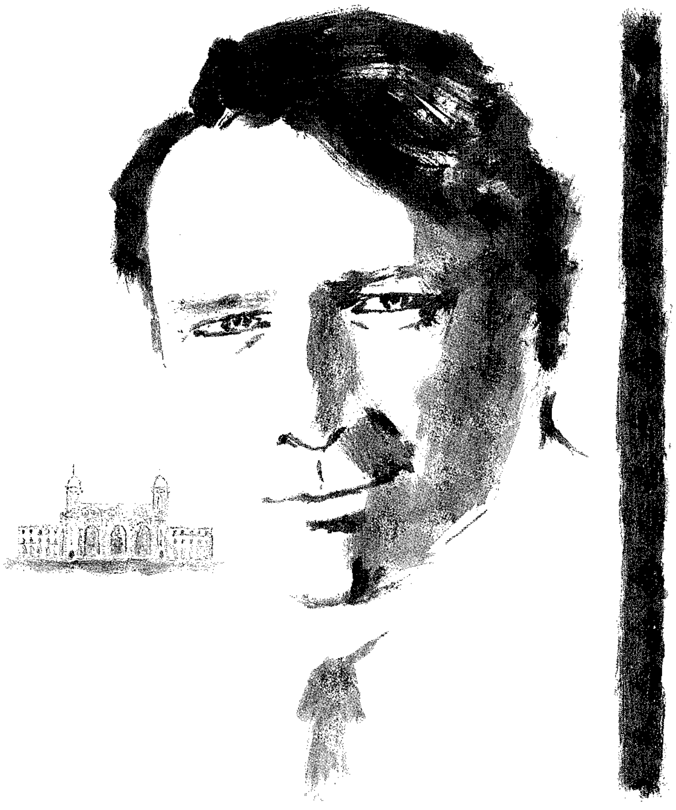
BY MICHAEL LIND

BEFORE Ellis Island became a port of entry for immigrants, it was used for the storage of ammunition. It's a nice bit of symbolism, for immigration is proving to be one of the most explosive issues of American politics in the nineties. The recent passage of California's Proposition 187—a package of measures aimed at illegal aliens—may be the first blast in a national campaign to demolish an immigration policy that has been in place since the Kennedy-Johnson reforms of the nineteen-sixties. A momentous new battle over who will be permitted to immigrate to America, and why, has begun.

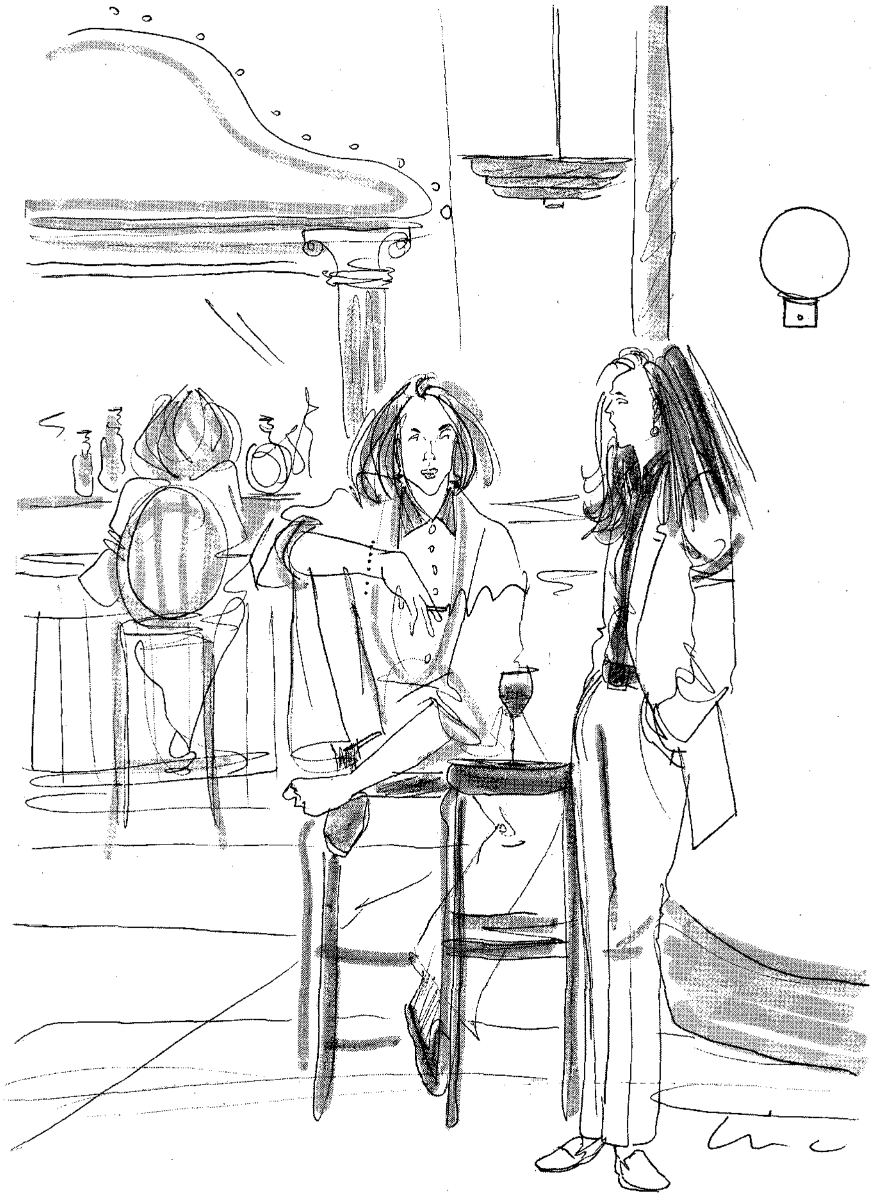
Until recently, of course, immigrants from Mexico and other poor countries were welcomed by the American political right—Pat Buchanan and a small circle of like-minded dissidents aside. During the nineteen-eighties, California's Governor Pete Wilson—who last year supported Proposition 187—campaigned, at the behest of agribusiness, to allow undocumented farmworkers to remain in the United States. Indeed, the pro-immigration consensus of the Reagan right was symbolized by a constitutional amendment proposed by the *Wall Street Journal:* "There shall be open borders." The mainstream conservative consensus cracked, though, when one English immigrant, John O'Sullivan, who is the editor of *National Review*, published a cover story in the summer of 1992 by another English immigrant, Peter Brimelow, who is a senior editor at both *National Review* and *Forbes*. In that piece Brimelow set out a range of arguments against immigration. He has now elaborated those arguments in "Alien Nation: Common Sense About America's Immigration Disaster" (Random House; $24).

KAREN CALDICOTT

As the title of the book suggests, Brimelow's main concern is with the effect of today's immigration on the nature of the American "nation" itself. He rejects what might be called the democratic-universalist vision of American identity—the familiar notion that America is a "nation of immigrants" united only by an idea. Democratic universalism has proponents all across the political spectrum, but it prompts an interesting question. If to be American is to believe in certain values, then who is to define those values? One volunteer is Richard John Neuhaus, a former left-wing Lutheran pastor who has become a far-right Catholic priest. In his right-wing version of democratic universalism, morally upright immigrants are preferable to decadent native-born Americans. In a debate over immigration in *National Review*, Neuhaus recently wrote, "We do have a very real problem with aliens. These are native-born Americans who are profoundly alienated from the American experience." In an article that appeared a few years ago in the magazine Neuhaus edits, *First Things*, he gave a more detailed description of the enemy within: "journalists, writers, academics, and a significant portion of the religious leadership" of the United States, and also "homosexuals" (who "are the very definition of social marginality"), "the urban and mainly black underclass," and a "civil rights overclass." There's something chilling in his designation of native-born or naturalized American citizens as un-American or anti-American "aliens" simply because they happen to be poor and black or to work for the media or for universities. By comparison, the old-fashioned conservative language of black-baiting, gay-baiting, and anti-intellectualism is at least straightforward.


*Peter Brimelow: lobbying for an overhaul of immigration policy.*

In the end, the claim that to be American is to believe in democratic values and virtues—whether these are defined by Neuhaus or by someone else—makes rousing Fourth of July rhetoric but has no basis in United States law. Congress has yet to pass an ideological equivalent of Israel's Law of Return and order the Immigration and Naturalization Service to grant automatic United States citizenship to any of the hundreds of millions of foreigners who profess sincere belief in the ideals of the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address. Nor is the United States, strictly



"I need a monster in my life."

• •

speaking, a nation of immigrants, for the simple reason that from the Colonial period to the present the majority of Americans, white and black, have been born on American soil and reared as members of a common American culture. The assimilated children and grandchildren of immigrants—white or black or brown, Jewish or Catholic or Protestant—aren't themselves "immigrants"; they're Americans.

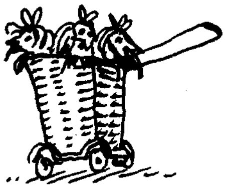
The obvious alternative to the kind of purely political or ideological conception of American identity represented by democratic universalism is what could be called liberal nationalism: a conception of the American people as a transracial cultural nation whose members share a common language—American English—and a common vernacular tradition, which includes black-derived music and Mexican-influenced Western dress and cuisine as well as the political institutions and ideals derived from the Anglo-American settlers. The old melting-pot nationalism endorsed only the fusion of white immigrant groups; the patron saints of a new, transracial melting-pot ideal would be found in radical white abolitionists like Wendell Phillips and black visionaries like Frederick Douglass and Jean Toomer, who saw the greatest hope for America's future in the greatest nightmare of traditional white conservatives: race-blending intermarriage.

THOUGH Brimelow acknowledges that "individuals of any ethnicity or race might be able to acculturate to a national community," he rejects both contentless universalism and transracial cultural nationalism. Instead, he sets forth what looks very much like a defense of old-fashioned white racial nationalism. "It is simply common sense that Americans have a legitimate interest in their country's racial balance," Brimelow writes. "Indeed, it seems to me that they have a right to insist that it be shifted back." He wistfully imagines what the United States would be like today if the white-only immigration policy of the nineteen-twenties had not been dismantled by the 1965 Immigration Act: "The American population would still be where it was in 1960: almost 89 percent white," instead of less than eighty per cent.

Brimelow defends the nineteen-twenties immigration laws, which sought to limit the number of Jews and Southern and Eastern Europeans immigrating to the United States, by noting, "As the Great Restriction's national-origins quotas were being legislated, President Calvin Coolidge put it unflinchingly: 'America must be kept American.' " Brimelow adds approvingly, "Everyone knew what he meant." Everyone knew, indeed. What Coolidge, then Vice-President, actually wrote—in an article that appeared in *Good Housekeeping* in 1921—was this: "America must be kept American. Biological laws show . . . that Nordics deteriorate when mixed with other races."

Lamenting the projected steep decline of America's white "ethnic core" as a proportion of the United States population, Brimelow compares the United States with multiethnic empires in Cyprus and in the Caucasus, where a single ethnic group, the "umpire"—Brimelow's term—maintained social peace. The United States "faces the direct equivalent of being abandoned by an imperial umpire: the breaking of . . . '*the racial hegemony of white Americans.*' " The result, he warns, will be the breakdown of American society, as voters polarize into racial voting blocs. "The uneven distribution of immigration will tend to force the country's regions even further apart," Brimelow predicts. "The experience of an Anglo-Cuban society like Greater Miami is going to have little in common with an Anglo-black society like Atlanta or even with an Anglo-Mexican society like San Antonio. These will be communities as different from one another as any in the civilized world. They will verge on being separate nations." And so the outlook is grim indeed: "The contradictions of a society as deeply divided as the United States must now inexorably become, as a result of the post-1965 influx, will lead to conflict, repression, and, perhaps, ultimately to a threat thought extinct in American politics for more than a hundred years: secession." Note the confident verbs of a jeremiad: "must now inexorably"; "will." Elsewhere, Brimelow repeatedly invokes a Delphic formula: "Race and ethnicity are destiny in American politics," and "Once again: ethnicity, and demography, is destiny in American politics."

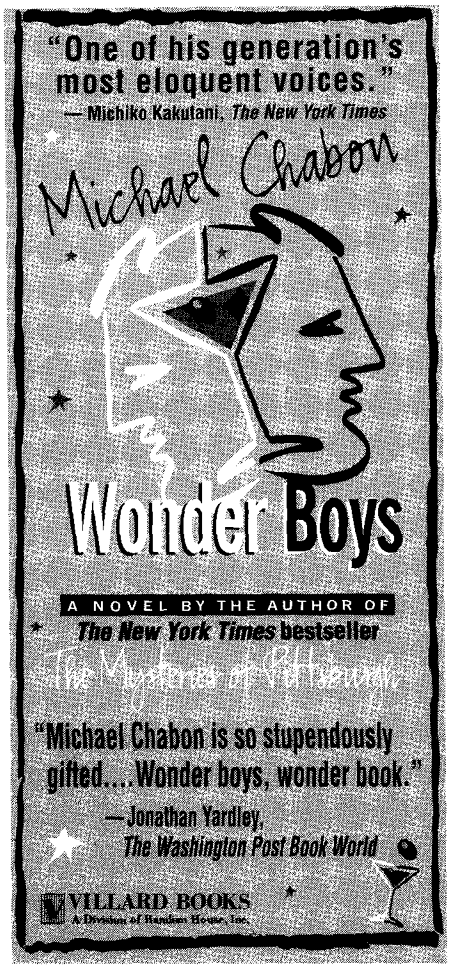
In the book's most ludicrous section, Brimelow compares today's immigrants from Latin America and Asia to ancient Germanic barbarians: "In some ways, the nearest thing to a precedent for today's world in motion appears to be the famous *Volkwanderung*"—he means *Völkerwanderung*—"the great 'movement of peoples' in the Fifth century that saw Germanic tribes overrun the Western Roman Empire." This sort of rhetoric is far from new: in an 1885 polemic entitled "Our Country" the Protestant clergyman Josiah Strong similarly described Italian, Slavic, and Jewish immigrants as an "army more than twice as vast as the estimated number of Goths and Vandals that swept over Southern Europe and overwhelmed Rome." Brimelow hastens to declare that the "German war bands" were less of a threat to Roman cultural unity than Mexican-American and Korean-American immigrants are to the integrity of American society, because, after all, "the Germans were Western Europeans." It seems that Theodoric the Ostrogoth had more in common with Boethius than Henry Cisneros has with Bill Clinton.



It's hard to know quite what to make of all this. Mexican-American bricklayers and Korean shopkeepers as Ostrogoths and Visigoths? Brimelow complains about being called a racist, but he uses the rhetoric of an after-dinner speaker at a Klavern banquet. The Democratic Party, he informs us, is the enemy of white people: "The brutal truth is this: the Clinton Administration is a black-Hispanic-Jewish-minority white (Southerners used to call them 'scalawags') coalition." What does Brimelow mean by "scalawag" if not traitor to the white race—a race that, curiously, appears not to include Jews?

To be sure, Brimelow does not join Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray in worrying about nonwhite immigration because of its supposed "dysgenic" effect on the American gene pool; people like Colin Powell and Richard Rodriguez are not inferior to Americans of Western European descent, it seems, but merely "incompatible" with them. Still, Brimelow's Spenglerian argument about the decline and fall of white America bears no small resemblance to the argument found in "The Bell Curve." He even one-ups the bell-curve graph with a diagram of his own, the "pincer chart"—a projection of demographic trends in the United States which shows the white population shrinking between the "pincers" of the black and Asian population, on one side, and the Hispanic population, on the other. Like the bell curve, the pincer chart provides crude prejudice with a striking, and reassuringly "scientific," symbol. In "Alien Nation," the anxiety of white-middle-class America at the fin de siècle may have found its second definitive expression.

THE questions that Brimelow raises about the effect of immigration on national culture are not in themselves illegitimate. His answers, though, are based on implausible extrapolations and a profound misunderstanding of American society. Consider that pincer chart, which lumps black Americans with Asian-Americans. If black Americans are considered to be members of the American cultural nation, then a chart showing the effects of immigration should show the immigrant population growing at the expense of the American cultural nation—white *and* black. Even that would be misleading if it treated the



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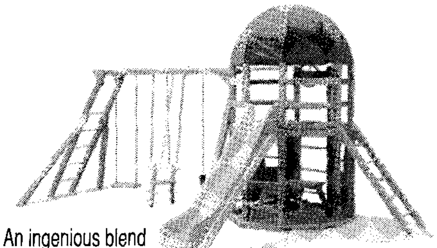

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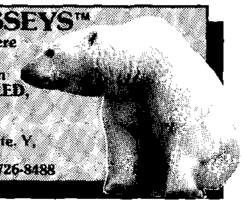

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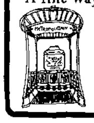

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descendants of Latin-American and Asian immigrants as members of perpetually distinct groups. Unlike European immigrants, Brimelow suggests, the new immigrants cannot be expected to amalgamate with the majority, because "virtually all immigrants are racially distinct 'visible minorities,' " from "completely different, and arguably incompatible, cultural traditions." Is it really the Spanish Catholic tradition that sets Latin-American immigrants apart, in Brimelow's mind, from culturally similar Italian immigrants—or is it their race? Even then, there's the effect of intermarriage to consider. Brimelow himself reports that, for example, more than half of Japanese-Americans marry non-Japanese, and that the intermarriage rate for Mexican-Americans in California appears to be between a third and a half. It seems that, with the possible exception of black Americans, intermarriage is gradually turning both pincers and pincees into a single mixed-race majority.

Then why is Brimelow so pessimistic about the prospects for integration and amalgamation? For one thing, he seems to have bought into the myth of the multiculturalists that there are as many "cultures" in America as there are "races." Even more important, perhaps, is the fact that the peripatetic Brimelow emigrated from Britain to Canada before crossing the border into the United States. In the troubles of the binational Canadian federation, he sees a portent of the American future:

> Foreign experience suggests that the breaking point could come well before whites slip below half of the overall U.S. population. In Canada, although the French-speaking minority has never been much above a quarter of the population, it has been able to dominate national politics for most of this century by voting as a bloc. English-speaking Canadians have been typically so split that federal governments based solely on their support have been elected very rarely, although they have comprised around three quarters of Canada's population.

The analogy is alarming; it's also unfounded. Where is the American Quebec? Black Americans aren't a separate nationality, and, besides, they tend to be concentrated in many of the same cities and states as the new nonwhite immigrants. Asian-Americans—who share neither common ancestries nor common languages—do not form a cohesive political or geographic bloc. The only potential "Quebec" in the United States would be a Mexican-American concentration in the Southwest. And yet Mexican-Americans are politically far from homogeneous: Mexican-Americans in Texas are much more likely to be Republican than Mexican-Americans in California. More important, most of them want to join the American mainstream, retaining, like other groups, a few elements of symbolic ethnicity. According to one estimate, a majority of third-generation Hispanics speak only one language: English. In the long run, Mexican and Chinese immigrants are more likely to resemble the Irish and German immigrants of yesteryear than the French Canadians.

"ALIEN NATION" is filled with apocalyptic passages that sound like excerpts from such notorious nativist tracts as Madison Grant's "The Passing of the Great Race" (1916) and Lothrop Stoddard's "The Rising Tide of Color" (1920). It's inevitable, therefore, that some liberals will seize upon these passages to dismiss all critics of today's immigration policy as racists or nativists. That would be a mistake. For one thing, the Republican political élite, whatever its ultimate consensus on immigration, is unlikely to accept Brimelow's equation of the American nation with white America. Senator Phil Gramm is married to a Korean-American; Jeb Bush has a Mexican-American wife; the favorite jurist of the right, Clarence Thomas, has a white wife; and the ideal Republican Presidential candidate is Colin Powell. One of the leaders of the new anti-affirmative-action movement in California is a black businessman, Ward Connerly. The religious right is more worried about the sexual habits of Americans than about their complexions, and country-club Republicans generally welcome anyone with the right income (as the Latin-American saying has it, "money whitens"). Conservative concern about the underclass is primarily a class issue; Charles Murray is no less worried about the troublesome fecundity, as he sees it, of poor whites than about that of poor blacks.

What's more, some of the familiar arguments that Brimelow makes against high levels of immigration—arguments based on concern about the economic

SHOWCASE

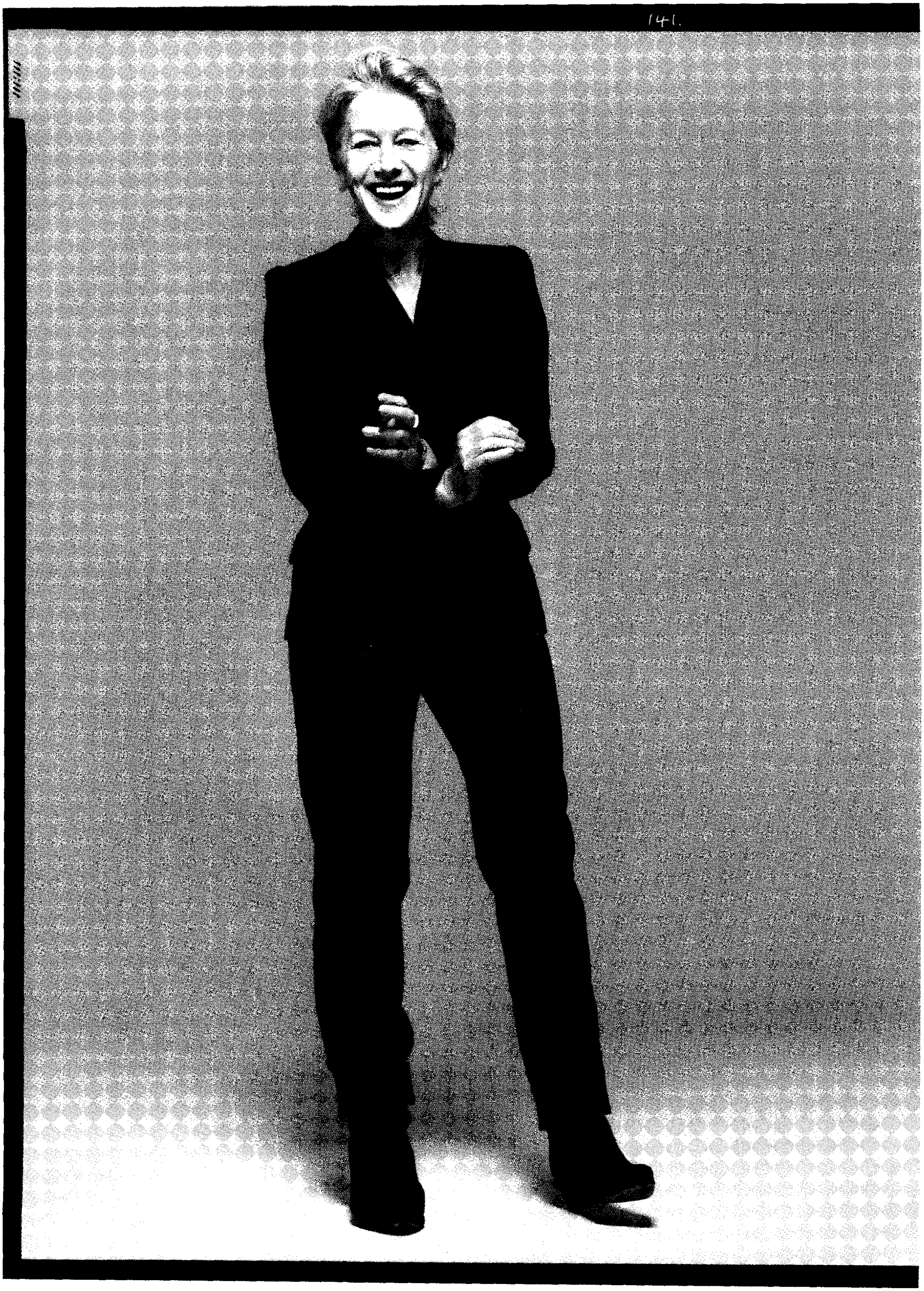
# HELEN MIRREN

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

"I'M in love," the British actress Helen Mirren says in the dusky bar of the Gramercy Park Hotel. She's in love with Manhattan: now a resident of Los Angeles, Mirren is making her first long stay in New York, starring in the Roundabout Theatre's production of Turgenev's "A Month in the Country." She is reprising the role of Natalya Petrovna, which she played in London last year, supplying spine in a play that often wilts. The praise she received from English reviewers set her up for a terrible thud. "I was mortified not even to be nominated for the Olivier Award," she says. She *was* nominated for an Academy Award, for her portrayal of the queen in "The Madness of King George." She harbored little hope of winning ("I always lose"), but she earned the praise of Judge Lance Ito; according to *Entertainment Weekly*, he recently wrote in a note that he was "delighted to see Helen Mirren . . . getting the recognition her talents command." That's one opinion unlikely to be overturned.

Although Mirren won art-house fame in such Eurotrash films as "Caligula," "The Comfort of Strangers," and "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover," it is her TV portrayal of Police Inspector Jane Tennison, in the "Prime Suspect" series, that has elevated her to pop-heroine status. It is a performance without an ounce of emotional slop. No matter how messy the crime, the ultra-efficient Tennison always manages to squeeze in a futile love affair. "Prime Suspect IV," scheduled for broadcast this fall on PBS, differs from its predecessors in comprising three separate stories rather than one extended arc. Tennison takes a different lover in each story, which is quite a turnover even for her. The shooting of the series makes Mirren shiver in retrospect: it was filmed in Manchester, where life is cold, damp, and oppressive. "I dread it," she says. "But once I'm on the set my motor begins running. There's nothing like playing a leading role." ♦

PHOTOGRAPH
BY RICHARD AVEDON
*London, September 26, 1994.*



and environmental consequences—deserve to be taken seriously even by people who utterly reject his reasoning on the subject of race. For example, there's the claim that immigrants contribute to crowding and thus to environmental degradation in areas like Southern California; that immigrants of some nationalities play a disproportionate role in organized crime; and that immigrants are more likely than native-born Americans to be on welfare. All these claims have been disputed, and none amount to anything like a knockdown argument; yet such concerns do deserve to be taken more seriously than they have been.

With less than five per cent of the world's population, the United States now accepts nearly half of the world's legal immigrants to the developed countries. The American approach to immigration looks increasingly out of synch with the policies of other industrialized democracies. German Social Democrats and British Tories alike now promote restrictive immigration policies. One after another, Britain, France, Germany, Austria, and other European democracies have tightened their laws governing immigration from outside Europe, and Canada has now adopted a more restrictive policy as well. (Japan never permitted significant immigration in the first place.) All these democracies are erecting "golden curtains" in response to three major trends: the population explosion in the Third World (as a result of which the populations of Europe and North America have shrunk in this century from perhaps a third of the world's total to at most a sixth); the post-1973 slowdown in Western economic growth, which has boosted the numbers of the unemployed in Europe and the underpaid in the United States; and the potential for mass economic migration from the impoverished countries of the former Soviet bloc.

Of these factors, Third World population growth is by far the most important. The economist Lester Thurow recently postulated "an iron law of economic development": "No country can become rich without a century of good economic performance and a century of very slow population growth." In much of Latin America, Asia, Africa, and the Middle East, birth rates are so high that not even rapid East Asian-style economic development would suffice to raise per-capita incomes near First World levels and thereby eliminate incentives to emigrate. Certainly it was always a delusion that the North American Free Trade Agreement, by raising Mexican incomes closer to American levels, would significantly reduce the motivation of poor Mexicans to emigrate; the gap in wages—widened since December's devaluation of the peso—is just too immense.

Perhaps the most persuasive economic argument against large-scale immigration centers on the displacement of black American workers by immigrants in the crowded market for unskilled labor. Brimelow writes that "the plight of poor American blacks must be considered before that of landless laborers in Latin America." He argues, further, that those who say "immigrants are revitalizing American cities" are "in effect expressing coded horror at the earlier effects of the great black migration from the rural South to the industrial urban North. Perhaps it is immigration enthusiasts, not immigration critics, who should be examining their motives." The notion of a conservative like Brimelow championing the cause of black workers may bring to mind the crocodile tears that his colleagues on the right have shed for decades over the minimum wage (they are concerned about its supposed effect of eliminating jobs for the black poor, of course). The message, however, should not be dismissed because of the messenger. In the nineteenth century, black leaders like Frederick Douglass complained that European immigrants were taking entry-level jobs away from black American workers. No one who lives in a city where taxi service and many other trades are almost monopolized by new immigrants can doubt that the same phenomenon is occurring again.

Still, the problems associated with today's high levels of immigration can be addressed without ending all immigration or attempting to shift the "racial balance" back in favor of whites by means of immigration reform (an option Brimelow speculates about). The goal of the Kennedy-Johnson reforms—which abolished the white-supremacist "national origins" system, imposed after the First World War to favor Western European immigrants—was the admission, on a color-blind basis, of a small num-

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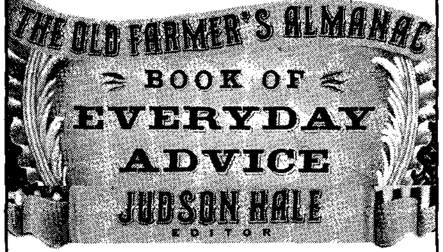

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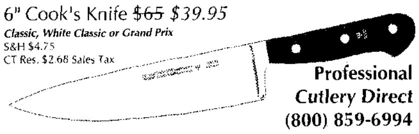

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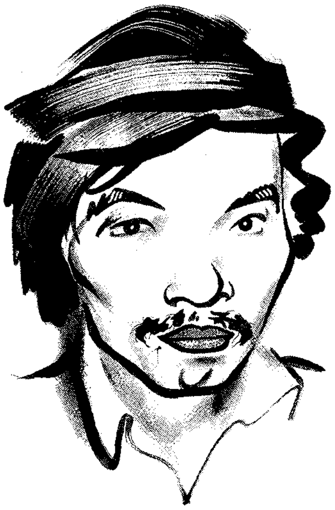
ber of skilled immigrants each year. Congress, by expanding the slots given to family reunification, turned immigration into an entitlement. It may be time to trim this entitlement, along with others; as Brimelow points out, "had immigration been restricted just to the 'nuclear' family members of American citizens—parents, spouses, and dependent children—only about 250,000 immigrants would have entered in 1992," instead of almost a million. By means of such prudent reforms, the United States could ameliorate many of the adverse consequences of large-scale immigration without surrendering to panic and shutting the gates on any particular group—Latin Americans, Asians, Middle Easterners, Africans. Or, for that matter, Englishmen. ♦

# GHOSTS

*The first novel from Vietnam to question Hanoi's victory.*

BY PHILIP GOUREVITCH



*Bao Ninh*

PAUL HAMLYN

APRIL 30, 1975, the day Saigon fell, is officially known in the Socialist Republic of Vietnam as Liberation Day, and one might imagine that for the Northern Army it was a day of pure joy. But for foot soldiers like Kien, the protagonist of Bao Ninh's novel "The Sorrow of War" (Pantheon; $21), the thirtieth was one more day of heat and rain and killing, followed by "a strange and horrible night." Two of Kien's friends, fighting their way to Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport, were incinerated in their tanks; a third ran directly into a machine gunner's fire, and his back exploded in Kien's face. That night, Kien, the sole member of his platoon to survive, sat guzzling brandy in the Air France terminal while his fellow-conquerors ran riot, savaging corpses and shooting up the place. "Peace had rushed in brutally, leaving them dazed and staggering in its wake," Bao Ninh writes. "They were more amazed than happy with the peace."

If "peace" seems an odd word here, the author is fully aware of its irony. The novel reads throughout like a meditation on Spinoza's observation that peace is not merely "an absence of war" but "a state of mind"; for Kien finds that the life of a veteran can be as intolerable as the life of a soldier—a condition of ceaseless mourning and disillusionment. Even victory is no solace: "Justice may have won, but cruelty, death, and inhuman violence have also won."

Not surprisingly, Bao's novel drew bitter criticism from Party officials when it was published in Vietnam, four years ago. The wonder is that it was published there at all; the Vietnamese constitution dictates that works of art must inspire "the entire population and mobilize them to participate in socialist emulation." No Vietnamese writer had ever before dared to write of Northern soldiers as anything but heroic revolutionary liberators, and Bao's novel is a chronicle of war's devastation, unmitigated by ideology. Despite the commissars' disapproval, the book achieved instant popular recognition as the truthful expression of a suppressed communal agony. Two editions sold out before the state publisher stopped printing it. Today, only used copies and pirated reprints of foreign-language editions can be had in Bao's homeland.

"The Sorrow of War" takes the form of a found manuscript, written and abandoned by Kien fifteen years after his demobilization. Its zigzagging chronology maps Kien's memories from battle to battle, back through his prewar life,

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and forward to the moment of writing. The device seems entirely organic to Bao's purposes, for the novel is not only a triumph of documentary realism but also a ghost story. In Vietnam, the unconsecrated dead are believed to linger forever as spirits, and there are some three hundred thousand Vietnamese who remain unrecovered from the war—"still loose, wandering in every corner and bush in the jungle, drifting along the stream, refusing to depart for the Other World."

When we first see Kien, late in 1975, he is part of the Missing in Action Remains-Gathering Team, collecting corpses from Vietnam's Central Highlands in an area known as the Jungle of Screaming Souls, where six years earlier he was one of ten men to survive the annihilation of the 27th Battalion. (Bao himself was one of the five-hundred-strong Glorious 27th Youth Brigade, and one of ten who survived.) As he revisits the battlefield, where "sobbing whispers were heard deep in the jungle at night," and even the bamboo shoots grow "with infected weals like bleeding pieces of meat," Kien is ambushed by the spectres of his lost company:

> "Better to die than surrender, my brothers! Better to die!" the battalion commander yelled insanely; waving his pistol in front of Kien he blew his own brains out through his ear.

Years later, the wraiths of comrades continue to visit Kien in his Hanoi rooms. The only way he can imagine to put them to rest is by recalling their shared past in his writings: the hunger, the malaria, the menace of shadowy American commandos in the jungle, the desertions, the repeated woundings, the craving for death, and the refusal to die.

"It was," Bao writes, "a stinking life," and "a world without romance." Yet his novel is, defiantly, a romantic work. Kien holds the individual sacrosanct in the face of the obliterating materialism of Vietnam's Stalinist culture. His neighbors regard him as Hanoi's "last true bourgeois." He is an artist; no less. He is also a lover, and Phuong, his beloved, is that rarest of presences in the literature of war, a truly independent woman. In fact, she is a freer spirit than Kien, and her absolute openness is portrayed as equally alluring and terrifying.

Kien and Phuong have been in love since early childhood, but both are still virgins on the eve of his conscription, when she seeks to seduce him, "because when you've gone your way, I'll go my own way too." Deaf to her threat, Kien resists her out of a fearful wish to protect his own innocence. When they are reunited after the war, it is Phuong who recognizes that they have missed their chance, and she leaves Kien alone with his writing—"his last adventure as a soldier."

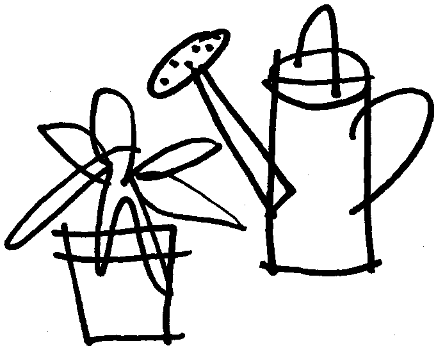
"The Sorrow of War," then, is at once a reckoning of Kien's private history, a corrective to official glorifications of the war, and a narrative of spiritual rebellion against the twin scourges of excessive memory and amnesia. As Kien chases his ghosts, the novel moves from its opening, at war's end, to conclude with the defining moment of rupture in his life, when he loses Phuong and joins his unit at the front. The density of the action in this terminus of memories is breathtaking—air raids, napalm, gang rape, bodies burning and flying, and the bleeding survivors riding quietly away on the bicycles of the dead. Kien's world is literally blown to bits, and Bao describes it simply and precisely in a crisp, idiomatic prose that seems the natural voice of his own rigorously examined experience.

For the veteran, Bao makes plain, peace can only be a memory, not what comes after war but what preceded it. Kien reflects:

> The future lied to us, there long ago in the past. There is no new life, no new era, nor is it hope for a beautiful future that now drives me on, but rather the opposite. The hope is contained in the beautiful prewar past.

This passage comes early in the novel, and it stands in sharp contrast to the protestations of the book's super-narrator, who enters at the end to explain how he acquired Kien's manuscript and to interpret the story:

> Our lives may not be very happy, and they might well be sinful. But now we are living the most beautiful life we could ever have hoped for, because it is a life in peace. Surely this was what the real author of this novel intended to say?



What are we to make of this ironic claim, with its ambivalent question mark? It reads like an attempt to reassure the government censors that the book is not really subversive. Or perhaps Bao, having written a great book, simply wants to provoke the reader to consider the eternal paradox: how the worst of existence can produce the best of literature.

When the current, highly readable translation of "The Sorrow of War," by Phan Thanh Hao, edited by Frank Palmos, was published in England, several critics aptly compared the novel to Erich Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front." But the excitement it stirred generally took the form of expressions of surprise that not all North Vietnamese are at peace with their victory; that, indeed, Kien appears to suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder—an affliction long thought to be an exclusive bogey of Western sensibilities.

Now American reviewers are offering the P.T.S.D. diagnosis, and the novel is being touted as a sort of handbook for curing American prejudices against the Vietnamese. Book-page headlines have been remarkably uniform: "THE ENEMY GETS A FACE," in the San Francisco *Examiner;* "GIVING THE ENEMY A FACE," in the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* "NOVEL PAINTS A HUMAN SIDE TO FORMER ENEMY," in the Washington *Times*. Yet to regard "The Sorrow of War" as a book of interest solely to those seeking to understand the Vietnam War is like calling "The Great Gatsby" a must-read for anyone alarmed about drunk driving. Bao's book is not just a good Vietnam War novel, or even just a good war novel; it is a very good novel.

Still, one cannot ignore the book's political significance. As always in the totalitarian scheme of things, Hanoi's censure of Bao only does honor to the authority of his dissenting views. His popularity with Vietnamese readers suggests that it is no accident that Hanoi is downplaying the twentieth anniversary of Liberation Day this April 30th. Why stir up old ghosts? As Kien's driver in the Jungle of Screaming Souls says, "people in hell don't give a damn about wars." ♦

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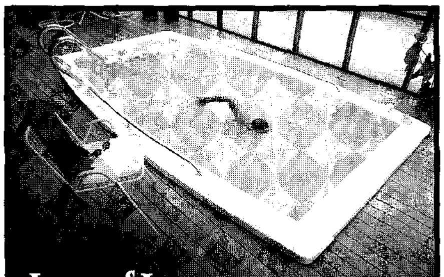

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# RECOMMENDED READING

### American Tabloid

by James Ellroy
(Knopf; $25)

Ellroy, the reigning laureate of noir, takes on the Kennedy assassination, tracking two F.B.I. men and an ex-cop from their modest beginnings to Dallas. The dizzying number of covert alliances and compromised loyalties that link the Mob, the C.I.A., Howard Hughes, J. Edgar Hoover, and the Kennedys comes across less like a cancer of epic proportions than like a kind of institutional dyspepsia. Ellroy's tabloidization of this chapter of American history makes it all the more queasy and real.

### How the Irish Saved Civilization

by Thomas Cahill
(Doubleday; $22.50)

Cahill's portrait of the fall of Rome does not scant the empire's virtues, nor does his account of the spontaneity of Celtic society fail to convey the brutality of its myths. But his story's hero is clearly St. Patrick, "the first human being in the history of the world to speak out unequivocally against slavery." And when Cahill shows the splendid results of St. Patrick's mission in Ireland—among them, the preservation and transmission of classical literature and the evangelization of Europe—he isn't exaggerating. He's rejoicing.

### Nine Parts of Desire

by Geraldine Brooks
(Anchor; $22.95)

Throughout the Middle East, many Islamic women are voluntarily returning to the veils and robes that their mothers were liberated from decades ago. This attire is a symbol of devotion to Muhammad's laws and a protest against Western values. It also signifies, as Brooks repeatedly illustrates, an acceptance of misogynist legal codes that forbid, for instance, some women to travel without written permission of a close male relative. The author's revelations about these women's lives behind the veil are frank, enraging, and captivating.

### Closest Companion: The Unknown Story of the Intimate Friendship Between Franklin Roosevelt and Margaret Suckley

Edited and annotated by Geoffrey C. Ward
(Houghton Mifflin; $24.95)

Miss Suckley, a spinster daughter of Hudson River gentry, died in 1991 at the age of ninety-nine, and left behind a cache of letters and diaries; Ward's selection gives us the clearest sense of the President's personality that we have had so far. The undemanding company of his country cousin—an unworldly but not unintelligent woman—allowed him, as he said, to relax and be himself. The friendship's—and the book's—consistent amiability is mysteriously refreshing.

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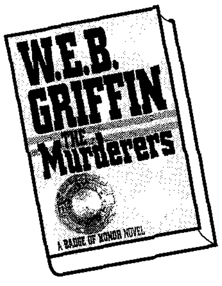

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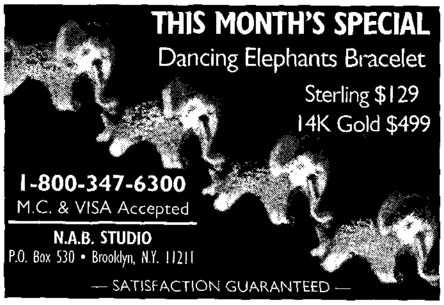

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## THE THEATRE

# SONGS OF THE SUITS

*Musicals by Frank Loesser and Anita Loos return to Broadway.*

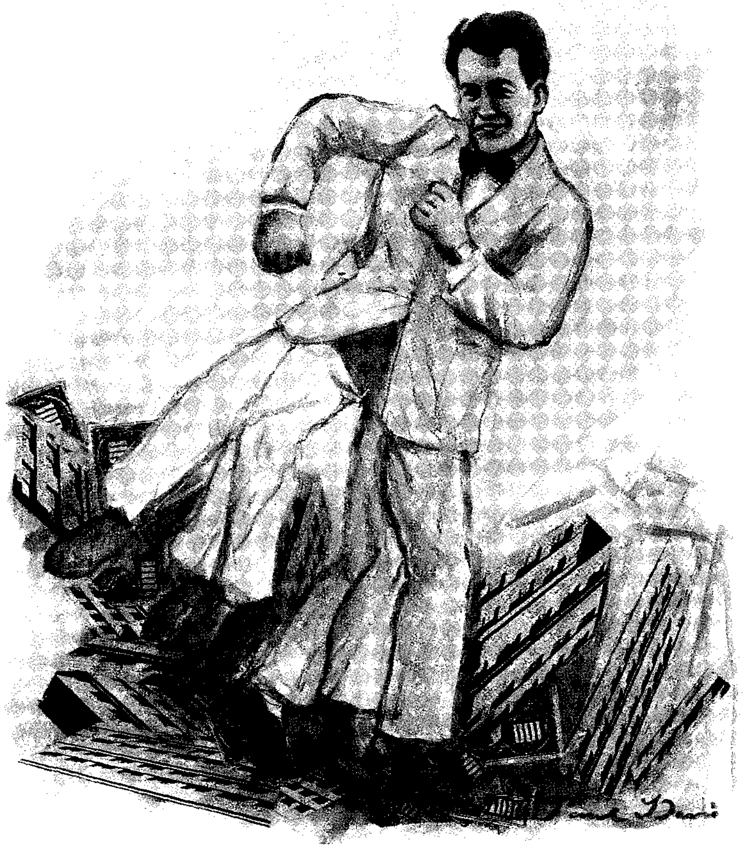
BY JOHN LAHR

ABOUT forty-five minutes into the second act of the revival of Frank Loesser's "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" (at the Richard Rodgers), Lillias White, who plays Miss Jones, the black secretary to J. B. Biggley (Ronn Carroll), president of the World Wide Wicket Company, steps up to take her solo in "Brotherhood of Man." Up to this point, the song (Loesser called it a "moralist handclapper") has been pitched by the office go-getter J. Pierrepont Finch (Matthew Broderick), and is another of Finch's craven maneuvers designed to move himself up the corporate ladder—a progression that leads from window-washer to chairman. At this penultimate moment, however, Finch is stymied. His ad campaign has flopped, and he pleads to the chairman of the board and the rest of the suits for compassion. "Remember, mediocrity is not a mortal sin," he sings. Soon after this, Ms. White, whose role has been almost incidental, takes up the song and single-handedly blasts mediocrity off the stage. "You, you got me . . . / Me, I got you-oo," she sings, and then, with the executives high-stepping around her and extolling brotherhood, she gleefully takes a lyrical U-turn. "Wip-bop-sha-beep-deeten-de-de-de-woo-woo-woo," she scats, and the song shifts from Wasp exhortation to gospel epiphany. The sound lifts the cheering audience to its feet and into that extraordinary zone of joy which is a successful musical's province. The executives, like the audience, are completely persuaded. Finch, Jones, and the chairman exit scatting. In the thrill, they forget the shill. *That* is how to succeed in show business. As a paradigm for the Broadway musical's con game—winning the public's heart while picking its pocket—Loesser's image of guile made glorious is as good as it gets.

Earlier, when Finch first launches himself into the bustling corporate world, the orchestra's conductor, Ted Sperling, throws the success manual—Shepherd Mead's 1952 best-seller, whose advice Finch follows to the letter—up to him onstage. It's a clever, playful touch that is typical of Des McAnuff's peppy production, and it is also emblematic of the show. The success of "How to Succeed" comes primarily from the pit, thanks to Loesser's music and lyrics, which shrewdly send up the rituals and clichés of office life circa 1961. Loesser, the least-known master of the Broadway musical, was a good businessman, who correctly looked on the musical as business art. "A show is not a toy, nor a series of gusts of saliva spray," he wrote to a friend in 1962. "It is some $400,000 worth of hard, sound business, all of it aimed at giving two and a half hours of continuous pleasure to an audience."

Loesser, who was born in 1910, managed to get himself expelled from both high school and college, never earned a diploma, and, as related in his daughter Susan's 1993 biography, fell into songwriting after what he called his "rendezvous with failure"—a series of inappropriate jobs that included cartoonist, classified-ad salesman, newspaper editor, and process server. When he found Broadway, he found his business. It was "not a bit different from cloaks and suits or any other industry," he wrote in a 1933 letter to his half brother, Arthur, a piano prodigy who never lost the Loesser-family condescension toward songwriting. Loesser was unrepentant about trafficking in "a flimsy, perishable article of merchandise," and he told his brother, "Popular songs . . . will make me a millionaire." And they did. In 1950, Loesser formed the Frank Music Corporation, which published not only the songs from his own shows—"Where's Charley?" (1948), "Guys and Dolls" (1950), "The Most Happy Fella" (1956), "Greenwillow" (1960), and "How to Succeed" (1961)—but also the music to "The Pajama Game," "Damn Yankees," "Kismet," and "The Music Man," among many others, and grossed between five and seven million dollars a year.

Loesser didn't particularly want to write "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying." According to the producer Stuart Ostrow, who ran Frank Music in the early sixties, "He told me, 'I've already done my wise-guy show,' meaning 'Guys and Dolls.' He was always looking for new syntax, a new tone, new rhythms. He never wanted to repeat himself." Although Loesser was wary of trying to repeat his earlier success with the producers of "Guys and Dolls," Cy Feuer and Ernie Martin, he did "How to Succeed" as a favor to the show's writer-director, Abe Burrows. The satirical corporate story provided him with an arena for displaying his skepticism about human nature. "I usually look for the worst in people," he once said. "And I'm never surprised." Here, for instance, the love song "I Believe in You" is sung by Finch to himself in the executive-washroom mirror while kazoos in the orchestra make the sound of electric shavers and predatory executives circle Finch like buzzards, singing in counterpoint, "Gotta stop that man / Gotta stop that man / Or he'll stop me."



*Matthew Broderick, playing the Broadway con game: winning the public's heart while picking its pocket.*

PAUL DAVIS

Loesser's first rule of songwriting, according to Ostrow, was "A lyric should be like peeling an onion: each layer should get closer and closer to the core of what the lyric is about." Loesser's prowess lies not just in defining a song's development but also in choosing strategic moments to sing about. In "Coffee Break," which gives the choreographer, Wayne Cilento, his best opportunity to shine, the coffee urn is running on empty, and this allows Loesser to turn the daily routine into an urgent drama with "an ominous cha cha rhythm." The workers' caffeine jitters become a showstopping spectacle, first of their addiction and then, by implication, of their alienation. "Hello. My name is Smitty, and I'm a coffee drinker," a character says. Everyone onstage answers, "Hi, Smitty." The audience, which knows all about addiction, laughs, while onstage the chorus goes cold turkey—flopping, feinting, leaping, and kneeling to beg for a fix as Smitty sings:

> If I can't make three daily trips
> Where shining shrine benignly drips
> And taste cardboard between my lips
> Something within me dies.

But here "How to Succeed in Business," which ran for a thousand four hundred and seventeen performances between 1961 and 1965 and won the Pulitzer Prize, doesn't seem quite as shiny a vehicle as it once did (although McAnuff does everything short of setting the stage on fire to make it glow). The set designer John Arnone's postmodern office, with colored panels, has the habit of occasionally blinking like a pinball machine at full tilt to punch up a joke. The paying customers get value for their money, but the musical doesn't get a great outing. The difference between good and great is the difference between Loesser's theatre culture and ours. The decline of musicals has brought a decrease in craftsmanship: an art form dies when there's no place to practice it. Today, there are only a handful of American directors who can actually mount a Broadway musical, the most American of theatrical forms. Once you've checked off Hal Prince, Tommy Tune, Jerry Zaks, James Lapine, and George C. Wolfe, you start to struggle. Now, with the success of "How to Succeed," which is a much better work than his previous hit "The Who's Tommy," McAnuff moves onto the A-list of four-star generals who can marshal all the forces of script, song, dance, and design. But an attenuation of talent applies to performers, too. Matthew Broderick, with his sweet face and charming manner, sells the songs well and has a lot of fun wheedling his way out of the mailroom and into the personnel office, faking the boss's old school ties, and outwitting the boss's whining nephew, Bud Frump (the goofy Jeff Blumenkrantz). Broderick has poise, polish, and good timing. But he does not possess the crazy gene that makes a musical star and gives a musical its vivid, idiosyncratic, and anarchic energy—the energy of individualism—elevating a great show from artifice to experience.

Still, the show ticks over nicely. Ronn Carroll gives Biggley the right ferocity, and Megan Mullally, as Rosemary Pilkington, the receptionist who sees herself as part of Finch's manifest destiny, almost manages to give credulity a good name. In "Happy to Keep His Dinner Warm," a kind of geisha hymn (in words far too knowing for the character), Rosemary sings:

> Oh, to be loved
> By a man I respect,
> To bask in the glow
> Of his perfectly understandable neglect.

She is a woman with no sense who falls for a man with no soul. It's hard to wring anything but laughter from the deliriums of such jugheads. And that's what "How to Succeed" does. "Darling, I don't care if you work in the mailroom or you're chairman of the board or you're President of the United States, I love you," Rosemary says in the play's last beats. "Say that again," Finch says. Rosemary obliges with another "I love you." Finch fixes her with a glance. "No, before that," he says. It's a shrewd Abe Burrows setup, and it gets a big laugh. In a musical about corporate America, it's only proper that overweening ambition, not love, should conquer all.

THE musical has been instrumental in defining the nation's sense of abundance. In its irresistible spectacle of well-being, the musical is America's most persuasive political theatre: its message is not revolution but acquisition, not change but stasis. So it is inevitable that the art form that made the myth of show business should celebrate those business characteristics—cunning, amorality, ferocity, and greed—which are the prerequisites for winning in the sweepstakes of capitalism.

"Possession is twelve-tenths of the law," the notorious gold-digger Lorelei Lee says in the revival of Anita Loos's 1949 musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (It is being mounted at the Lyceum under the auspices of the National Actors Theatre and the Goodspeed Opera House.) Lorelei is played by the wide-eyed KT Sullivan, who is out of her shallows. Like Finch, Lorelei is a psychopathic greedhead, here disguised as a flapper on a trip to Europe in 1926. She is always in a preternatural panic about survival, which only lots and lots of jewelry, cash, clothes, and other consumer durables can assuage. As she shouts during the show's best Jule Styne–Leo Robin song, "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," "Ray, ray, ray / For Cartier." Both Sullivan and her chippie sidekick (Karen Prunzik) are fifteen years too old to play these hustling ingénues who fleece the booboisie they carouse with. As a compendium of theatrical clichés, Charles Repole's miserable production almost achieves the slapdash and giddy awfulness of "Springtime for Hitler." The show has no style, no wit, no chance. Broadway needs theatre, but not dinner theatre. ◆

# PARTNERS IN TIME

## *"Having Our Say" and "London Suite."*

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

PARTLY because the truths about old age are so hard to face, Americans love to embrace its truisms: we like our old people cute, feisty, wise, and adorable. And, with our "Guinness Book of World Records" mentality, we never fail to be impressed and awed by those who cross the actuarial finish line and keep on going past the century mark. That attitude—which is oddly morbid, and irrelevant to understanding someone's life or experience of old age—is, happily, missing from "Having Our Say: The Delany Sisters' First 100 Years," the best-selling book that Amy Hill Hearth expanded from her 1991 *Times* article about Sadie and Bessie Delany, who had lived to the ages of a hundred and three and a hundred and one, and had made a home together for the last seventy-five years (and who are still alive). Members of a family that as early as a generation after the Civil War was at the center of North Carolina's black aristocracy—meaning not that they were rich but that they were educated—Sadie and Bessie were taught to "reach high," despite the constant dogging of Jim Crow, and they share a history that, for better and for worse, will never repeat itself. Ms. Hearth spent eighteen months listening to the sisters' stories and coaxing stories out of them, and the book she produced is a gesture of love, admiration, and respect: she preserved their complementary yet distinct voices by letting them speak for themselves.

The clarity and vividness of their voices has actually been heightened in Emily Mann's stage adaptation of "Having Our Say," now at the Booth after a successful short run at Princeton's McCarter Theatre (of which Ms. Mann is the artistic director). It is partly a matter of intelligent distillation of the material (though there are some nitty-gritty details in the book that perhaps shouldn't have been cut) and partly a matter of structure: the play is set up as a one-day visit to the Delanys' house, in Mount Vernon—the rotating set moves us from the living room to the dining

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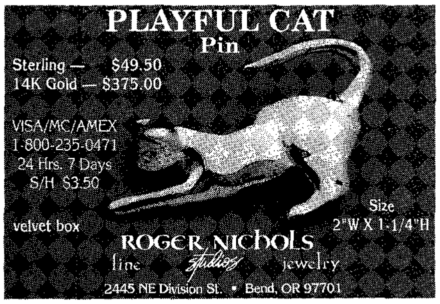

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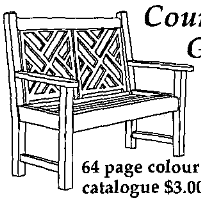

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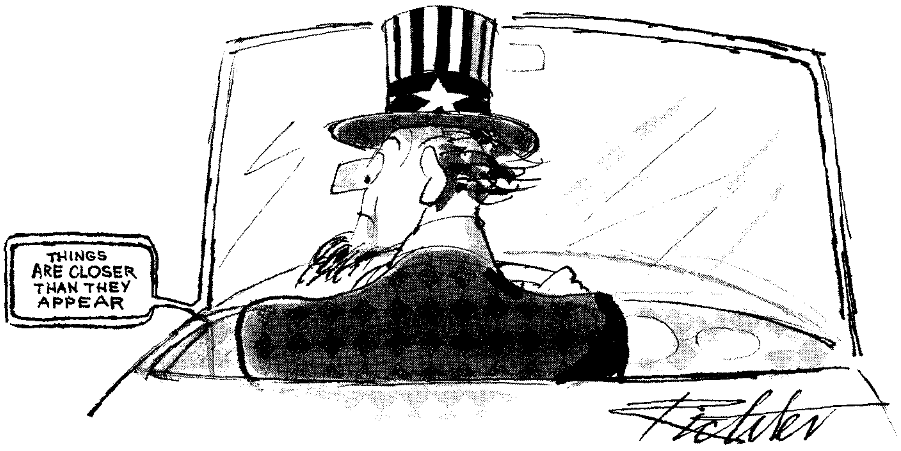
THINGS ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR

room to the kitchen as the play progresses—and the sisters address the audience as though it were a friendly interviewer. ("Stay as long as you like. We won't charge you rent," Bessie says.) When it came to casting, Ms. Mann, who also directed, had in mind only two actresses, and she got them: Mary Alice as Bessie, the younger and more outspoken of the sisters, and Gloria Foster as Sadie, who is softer, more burnished. The sisters describe themselves as vinegar and molasses, but onstage they are more like pins and a pincushion: they're different, but they're made for each other. These actresses are brilliant in their portrayals of the sisters' individuality and togetherness (and it can't be easy to play two people who have known each other for more than a hundred years). You feel their enduring connectedness in a way that you don't in the book: on the stage, each watches the other as she talks, and they often finish each other's sentences or finish them in unison. (In her book Ms. Hearth tried to approximate this effect by alternating Sadie's and Bessie's solo chapters with chapters that consist of stories they tell together, or tell the same way.) Their harmony is palpably loving without being sugary: Bessie may wrap a shawl around her sister's shoulders to keep her warm, but that doesn't prevent a note of restrained annoyance from creeping into her voice when she says at one point, "You're older than I am, so whatever you say goes," and then rolling her eyes as Sadie replies, "I think it about kills you to say that."

While we're observing this remarkable relationship, we're also hearing their remarkable story, which involves their journey from Raleigh, North Carolina, to New York, and how they pursued their careers here—Bessie as a dentist and Sadie as a teacher. There were ten Delany children, all of whom graduated from college and became professionals, and nine of whom came to New York; they made their mark in the city, just as their father, an Episcopal bishop who was born into slavery, had done in North Carolina. For all its inspirational value, the Delanys' story is nonetheless a tangle of injustices and imposed ironies. Their father's family, who were house slaves in Georgia, were taught by their owners to read and write; while taking note of the fact that the owners were breaking the law in order to improve their servants' lot, the Delany sisters speculate that perhaps the owners were also hoping to induce the slaves to stay put after emancipation. The sisters have several white forebears on their mother's side, and their mother was very light-skinned; the children were a range of hues, and out in the world they had the bewildering experience of being treated differently on the basis of their different shades. But at home, Bessie says, the color of your skin was not important: "You were *you*."

Near the end of the play, Bessie, after talking about her work at a dental clinic set up by the city during the Depression, proudly says, "I am the kind of Negro that most white people don't know about." That's probably true, but the bigger truth is that she is the kind of person that most people, white or black, don't know about anymore—someone whose sense of herself is at one with her sense of community. But a lament about values would be out of keeping with the spirit of the show and the two memorable performances. The absence of cynicism and sentimentality in this depiction of service and accomplishment and pride is absolute, and it lets absolutely no one off the hook.

MUCH was made of the announcement a few months ago by Neil Simon—you know, as in "Neil Simon, whose name has become synonymous with Broadway comedy"—that he would bring his new play, "London Suite," to an Off Broadway theatre. The play has now arrived, at the Union Square Theatre, and let's just hope that Neil Simon doesn't become synonymous with Off Broadway comedy. Simon, whose tales of middle-class American life, Jewish and otherwise, have contained many rich moments, has not made much of this opportunity to free himself from Broadway's commercial constraints. Being middlebrow is one thing—and not necessarily a damning thing—but being lazy about it is another.

Like the sixties' "Plaza Suite" and the seventies' "California Suite," "London Suite" is a collection of one-acts that are unrelated except for the fact that they all take place in the same hotel room. For Simon, time has stood still: the comic conceits in "London Suite" are painfully dated in both their substance and their execution. (And, no, even though this is Off Broadway, they are not "about" datedness.) Because of lame plotting, two of the playlets (a jaunty little word that in this case wrongly suggests the promise of brisk, fresh entertainment) have no hope of going anywhere, and two are full of Simon's trademark self-destruct mechanism—placing a wisecrack (sometimes very clever, sometimes not) directly in the path of emotion and stopping it cold. The evening's main source of pleasure is Carole Shelley, who shines in two of three roles: she does a wicked sendup of an English actress who has been working in TV in America and has returned to England for the first time in eight years, and she is a scream as the hotel's prim Scottish assistant manager. Kate Burton has a few good moments, and so does the boom-box-voiced Paxton Whitehead, but Jeffrey Jones drew the shortest straw. In one role, he's an apoplectic, gun-waving writer who has discovered that his agent has been stealing from him, and in another he's an enraged man whose back goes out, leaving him writhing on the floor for nearly the entire play. This is the kind of piece in which you know the phone will ring and the caller will hang up just as the tortured man has crawled across the room and is reaching for the receiver. There's no doubt that Simon knows how to cater to his audience, but enough with the leftovers already. ♦

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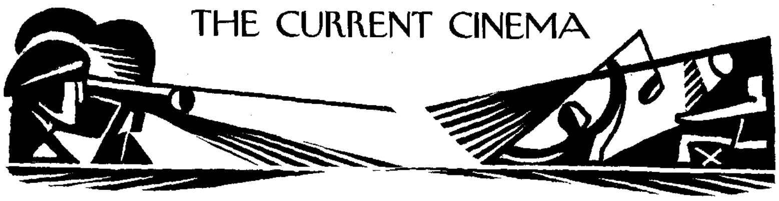


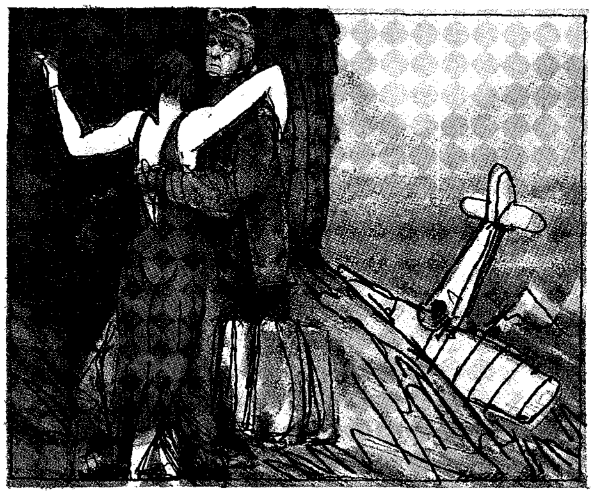
# BLOWUP

*Imax 3-D brings a new dimension to dramatic films.*

BY ANTHONY LANE

"WINGS OF COURAGE" takes place in 1930. With dizzying swiftness, it tells the story of those fearless young pilots who fought to steer their flimsy craft through fog and snow in a mad yet glorious effort to carry urgent mail over the hostile slopes of the Andes. What we have here, in other words, is a forty-minute film about a postal service.

Nevertheless, people will be lining up to see this picture, and paying nine dollars for the privilege. "Wings of Courage" is the first dramatic feature film to be shot in Imax 3-D, and will première at the Sony Theatres Lincoln Square, which has the vast screen you need to show it on: eighty feet high and a hundred feet wide. Everything about Imax is big: the negative frame is ten times as large as that of conventional 35-millimetre film; the cameras are the size of refrigerators; and the platters onto which the projectionist spools the film look like the paella dishes used to feed an entire Spanish village during fiesta. (Not everything is up-to-date: when the movie is rewound at the end of the show, it has to loop through a series of mad, Rube Goldberg angles, and the whole clattering procedure makes it look as rickety, as gratifyingly fragile, as any older format.) The Imax theatre opened last November and has until now been showing a couple of nature documentaries—"Into the Deep," which is partly about a species of fish called the sarcastic fringehead, and "The Last Buffalo." Now Sony Pictures has made the brave move of venturing into narrative with "Wings of Courage." Or, as I prefer to think of it, "The First Turkey."



*Eighty feet high and rising: Elizabeth McGovern and Craig Sheffer in "Wings of Courage."*

PETERS DAY

The movie was written by Jean-Jacques Annaud and Alain Godard; Annaud directed and produced. The plot, founded on true events, could not be simpler: Henri Guillaumet (Craig Sheffer) is hired by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (Tom Hulce) and Jean Mermoz (Val Kilmer) to fly a regular mail service between Santiago and Buenos Aires. This involves crossing the Andes range—or, in Henri's case, not crossing it. After one storm-smashed attempt, in which he is forced to turn back to base, he has another go, and succeeds in crash-landing in the middle of a cold white waste that resembles a planet made of vanilla ice cream. Henri, of course, refuses to be licked, and the rest of the film details his long, lonely slog back toward civilization. There are moments when he gives up hope, and these are intercut with moments when his wife, Noëlle (Elizabeth McGovern), sits at home and *doesn't* give up hope. You'll never guess what happens in the end.

There seems to be a calculated imbalance at work here. In designing a product to promote the latest technology, the studio has decided to give it extra muscle by choosing a story that depends on the breakdown of crummy old technology. Whenever Henri taps his frozen fuel gauge or sees his altimeter spinning backward (like the clock of a time-traveller), you can sense the film congratulating itself on being the herald of a new age, in which the instruments will never stick. But if the hardware is retro, so is Annaud's taste for old-fashioned heroics, and he works hard to load the movie with the moral glamour of his characters. Unfortunately, this plan is foiled by the fact that there *are* no characters. Kilmer and Hulce, both of them live wires, are pulled away from the core of the action and cut dead. We are left with McGovern and Sheffer, an interesting duo; it's as if Annaud had deliberately picked two of the flattest, least expressive stars he could find. Sheffer is so craggy and immobile that you can't quite tell where he ends and the Andes begin.

For a high-tech project, "Wings of Courage" is surprisingly keen on low-voiced solitude: Sheffer is left alone to gasp and grapple with nature, his voice-over droning with existential pleas such as "Tell me I can die," while poor Elizabeth McGovern is stuck in a room with her china-doll beauty and nothing to do. There's a dog that sits beside her and rockets straight up in the air whenever the phone rings: much the best performance in the picture, except that it may not be as natural as it appears—it could well be some patented Imax supermutt with spring-loaded paws. Annaud, of course, has become something of an expert in unlikely creatures. "Quest for Fire" was full of hairy prehumans, "The Bear" was what it sounds like, and "The Lover" starred Jane March, who was there to fulfill a variety of animal instincts and not much else. In "Wings of Courage," however, Annaud's indifference to human rapport verges on the cynical. Actors of any potency, you feel, would not have been welcome: they might have got in the way of the visual display. There's a strong scene at the end, which makes you wonder whether McGovern was actively encouraged to hold back; relief curls and crumples her up like a leaf, and this sudden onset of emotion seems to embarrass the movie—to be out of its league. Don't cry, honey, this is 3-D.

If you want to watch a film about mailmen flying over the Andes, don't go see "Wings of Courage." Go see "Only Angels Have Wings." In 1939, Howard Hawks told much the same story as Jean-Jacques Annaud, but he told it for different reasons. There is barely a chink of solitude in the movie; you don't cast Cary Grant opposite Jean Arthur and hope for a quiet time. Hawks made a wholly convivial picture that was also stripped clean of sentimentality. When Annaud's hero turns back in foul weather, everyone is thrilled to have him home safe; when Hawks's Joe turns back in similar conditions, tries to land, and dies in the attempt, the mood is even livelier—everyone goes off to have a drink and prepare for the next flight. "Who's Joe?" says Cary Grant, and he tucks into the dead man's steak. Jean Arthur may be appalled at first by the appetite for flying—"It's like being in love with a buzz saw," she says—but she soon gets the point of it. She feels that buzz. "Wings of Courage" is right there in your face, and it drops you into the cockpit, but it's mush. Hawks knew that the flying machines made the men magnificent, if only for an hour or two, so he concentrated on the men. Fifty-six years ago, with a fraction of Annaud's resources, he made the more stirring, stylish, and authentic movie.

I don't want to be a sarcastic fringe-head about this, but the process of getting ready to see "Wings of Courage" is far more fun than the labor of watching the film itself. This is hardly unusual these days: the whole experience of moviegoing—the proud unhealthiness of the foodstuffs, the bone-rattling sound systems, the trailers that last almost as long as the films they are supposed to promote—has become so exciting that it's kind of dreary to settle down and concentrate on a mere movie. But "Wings of Courage" gives you the high point of comedowns. Right up until the start of the action, you're in heaven. For one thing, you're wearing a headset that was handed to you as you entered the theatre—a chunky pair of wraparound goggles made of gray plastic. These are a cunning combination of

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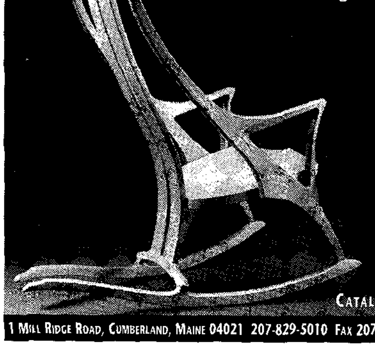

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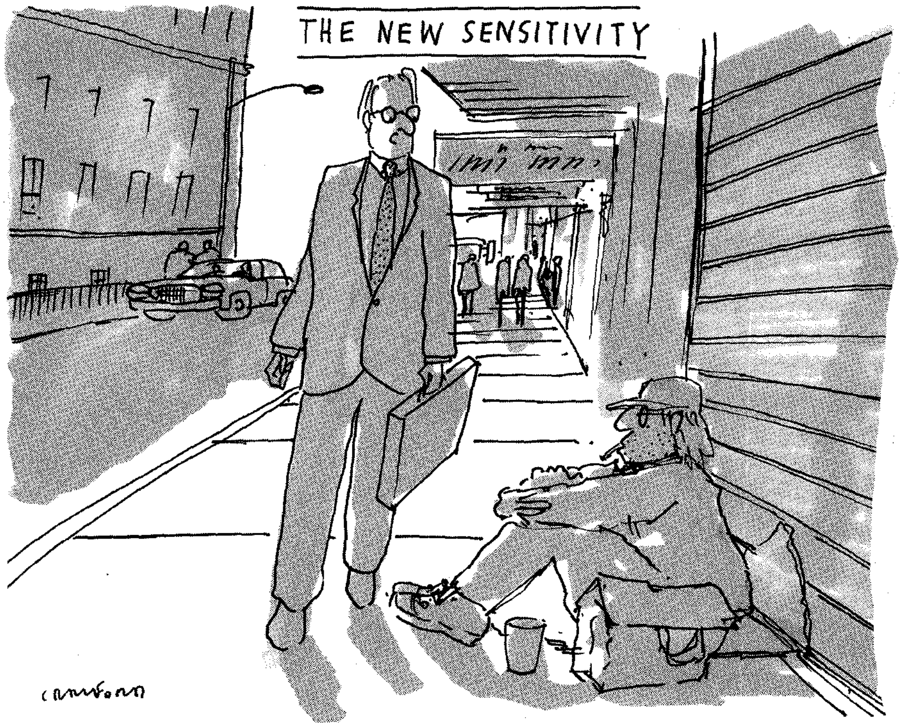


*"I was out of work once, but I got off my duff and cleaned out this rich old babe in Riverdale."*

• •

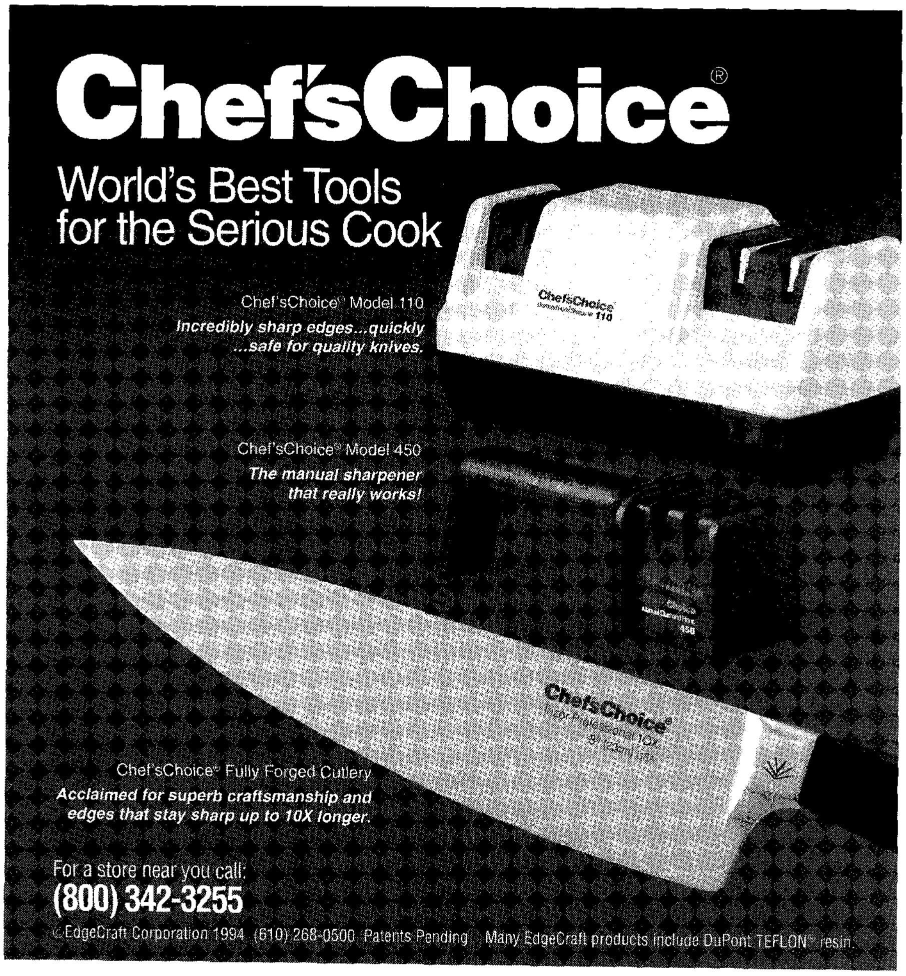
3-D spectacles, headphones with infrared pickup, and romance protection barrier. Try French-kissing your date and you'll blow half the fuses in Lincoln Square. The trick is not to let the pressure of this contraption bear down on the bridge of your nose but, rather, to tighten the strap around the back of your head—"kind of like a baseball cap," said the guy who instructed us, and that seemed a telling comparison. Taking your place in the Imax auditorium, you feel you're on the threshold not of an artistic experience but of a tense sporting event. The seats are raked as steeply as those at the Colosseum, and this somehow tilts the air of expectation toward the feverish; I was ready to watch lions lunching off a selection of tenderized Sony employees and was rather disappointed by the appearance of an old airplane, even if it was trying to land on the edge of a cliff.

The movie industry needs to decide pretty soon whether Imax is going to be a gimmick, like Sensurround, or a true broadening of possibilities, like CinemaScope. The Sony honchos have to believe the latter, and there's no denying the speed with which the eye gets accustomed to the new compositions, but I found my brain getting bored at the same rate. The whole thing reminded me of those placards that are periodically propped up in the windows at Saks: "Please Pardon Our Appearance While We Create an Exciting New Look." There are lovely vistas of deep-focus: when an extra passes between the camera and the principals, a movement you barely notice in an ordinary film, you think that someone is pushing past to grab a seat in your row. And the dialogue, courtesy of what Imax calls a Personal Sound Environment, floats around in your skull like the murmurs of a ghost, or a guilty conscience; during voice-overs, I kept wanting to turn around and tell emptiness to shut up. But, on reflection, I don't think I will pardon the appearance of this picture: it asks us to let our gaze rove promiscuously around the giant screen, but I found my focus resting naturally and loyally just below dead center, reluctant to shift away. Annaud claims that with Imax 3-D the spectator "is no longer inside an image but inside a *space*"—that "he is on the set *with* the characters *in* the action." First, I don't swallow this:

if anything, the full engagement of your senses has the odd effect of separating you even more clearly as a self. Second, I wouldn't want to be "inside" a movie. All good drama depends on our distance as much as on our sympathy; interaction is bunk.

So what lies ahead for Imax? Full-length feature films, for one thing, running at double today's speed; the image quality will be a dream, but whether the movies themselves will be dreamy is another matter. I don't think the new technology should even try to tell proper stories; there are only a few moralists still working in movies who would not be swamped by the sheer scale of the thing, so why not leave it to the magicians? Annaud's laudable effort to conjure up the spirit of Saint-Exupéry gets nowhere; the most heart-thumping shot in the film is that of a blizzard whirling right at you, and it's no coincidence that it marks one of Annaud's few uses of special effects. Most of the time, he leaves the images alone. But movies are rushing in another direction: audiences no longer want to be tested; they want to be thunderstruck, so Sony might as well give them what they want—bring in James Cameron or Paul Verhoeven and gross us into outer space. Or, if you really want to break boundaries, shoot porn: blown up to eighty feet by a hundred, every orgasm will look multiple, and we'll be right in the thick of it. Someday, the prints will come.

And so the reel has come full circle. We sit there gaping at the buffaloes and airplanes zooming in our direction with the same sense of shock that froze the earliest moviegoers. They took one look at "Arrival of a Train," first screened by the Lumière brothers in 1896, and feared they were about to fall under the wheels. They paid to enter tents and sheds and halls, where they ducked as a two-dimensional man turned toward them and fired. Like those innocents, we delight in kidding ourselves that what we see onscreen is at least as real as the world around us; yet that uncanny likeness is not what matters most about the films that stick in our minds. After a hundred years, Imax is offering us another dimension, but something may be lost along the way—it may, indeed, have disappeared already. 3–D comes and goes, but Cary Grant lasts forever. ♦



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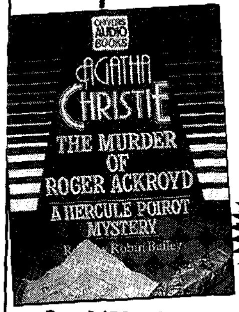

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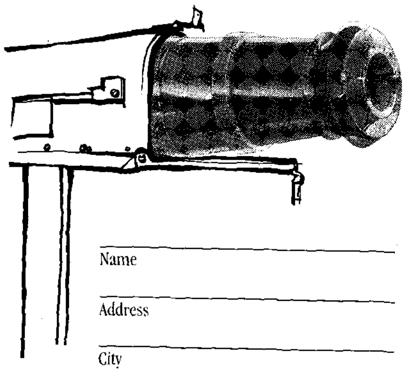

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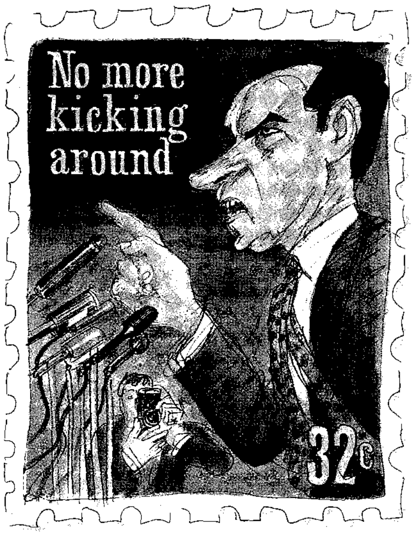
# SHOUTS & MURMURS

## LAST LICKS

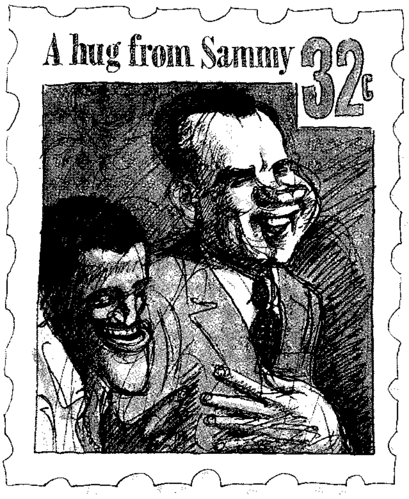
BY PAUL SLANSKY

ALONG with ten stamps featuring jazz greats and twenty depicting comic-strip heroes, the United States Postal Service is about to issue—as it does for every President in the year following his death—a memorial stamp for Richard M. Nixon. Doesn't this seem a little out of whack? Twenty lavish full-color commemoratives honoring the likes of Li'l Abner and Alley Oop, and one measly head shot for the dominant American politician of our lifetime? Which bile-consumed Nixon-hater made that decision?

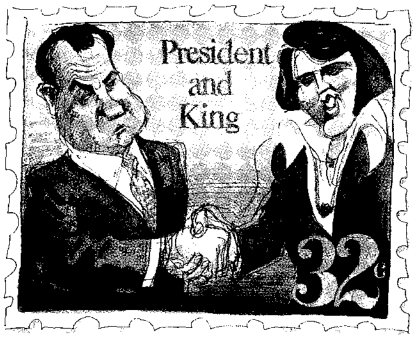
Postal officials are undoubtedly missing a financial windfall here: some thirty-six million dollars' worth of Elvis Presley stamps have been bought by collectors, who will never use them. Surely the phenomenal career of this extraordinary statesman has provided enough images worthy of philatelic immortalization to fill an entire series: Nixon telling the nation that "Pat doesn't have a mink coat, but she does have a respectable Republican cloth coat." Nixon, scowling and unshaven, debating the debonair John F. Kennedy. Nixon on "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In" quipping, "Sock it to *me*?" Nixon at Nashville's Grand Ole Opry dribbling a yo-yo and plonking out "Happy Birthday" on a piano. Nixon on his groundbreaking trip to China, visiting the Great Wall and declaring, "This is indeed a great wall." Nixon talking football to anti-war activists protesting the killing of students at Kent State, violently shoving press secretary Ron Ziegler in front of reporters outside an auditorium in New Orleans, scarfing down a bowl of his beloved cottage cheese and ketchup. Yes, the possibilities are endless. For starters, how about these?



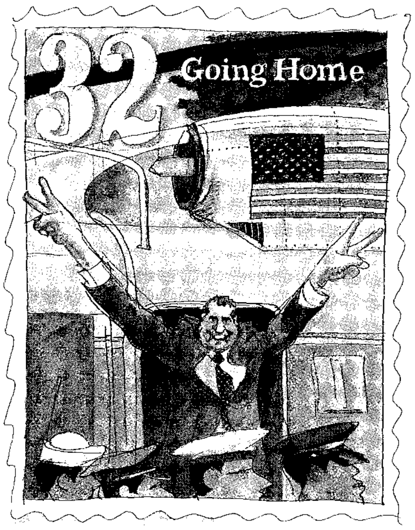
NOVEMBER, 1962
*Defeated in his race for the governorship of California, a bitter, hungover Nixon lashes out at the press. Six years later, in a testament to national amnesia, he's elected President of the United States.*



AUGUST, 1972
*Nixon further enhances his reputation for hipness by submitting to an embrace from Rat Packer Sammy Davis, Jr., at a G.O.P. Convention rally in Miami. Result: reëlection by a landslide.*



DECEMBER, 1970
*An obviously stoned Elvis Presley stops by the White House with a letter requesting that he be given credentials designating him a Federal Agent at Large in the war against drugs. Nixon gives Presley a badge. Presley gives Nixon a gun.*



AUGUST, 1974
*Cannily dodging impeachment by the House of Representatives and conviction by the Senate, Nixon becomes the first President ever to resign from office. Defiant to the end, he bids farewell to Washington by throwing up his arms in a triumphant—if wildly incongruous—gesture of victory.* ♦

EDWARD SOREL

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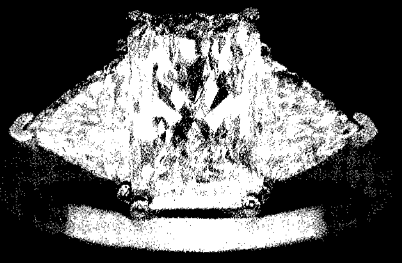

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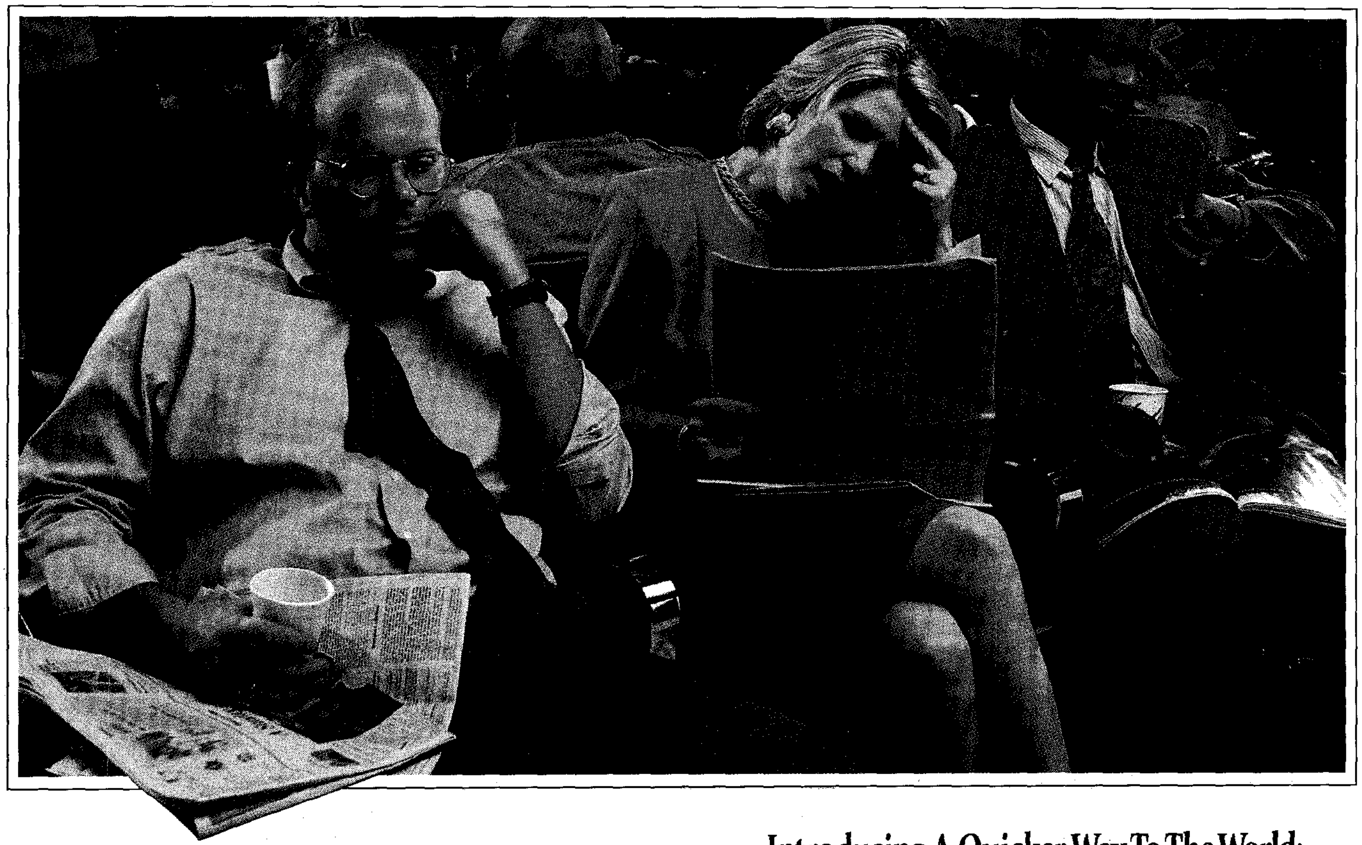

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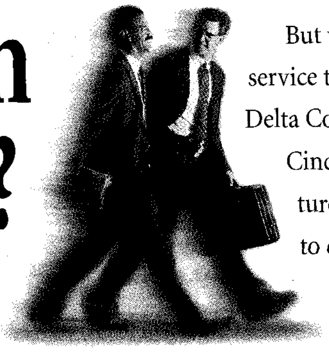

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